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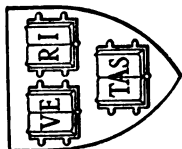
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GLEANINGS
FROM
SOUTHLAND.

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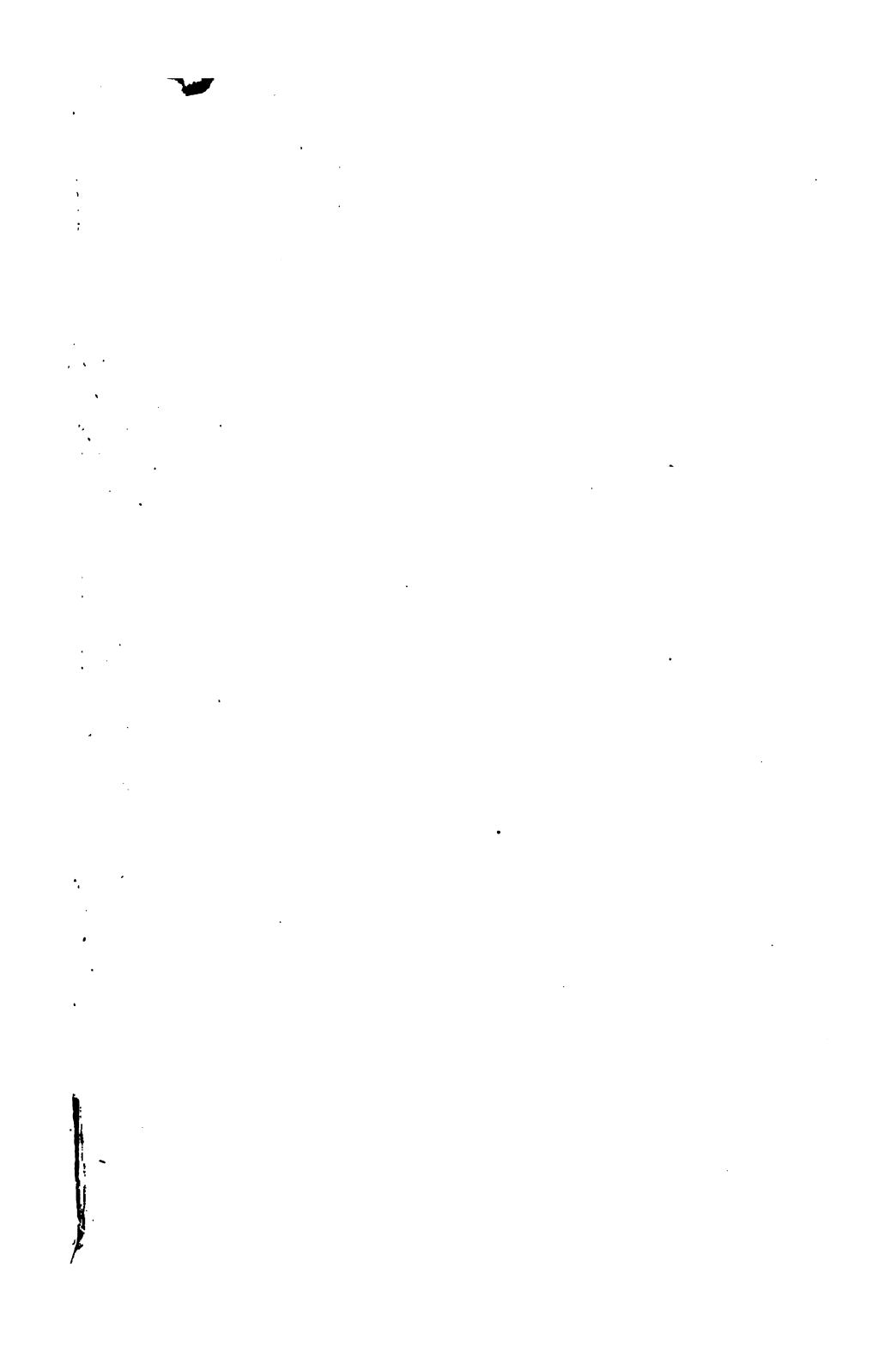
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To
Mr George Kitchener,
Kirk the author's Campfire,
Mobile Ala.
March 1901







Yours Truly
Kate Cumming

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GLEANINGS FROM SOUTHLAND



SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE
OF THE SOUTH BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER
THE WAR OF SECESSION, WITH EXTRACTS
FROM THE AUTHOR'S JOURNAL
AND
AN EPITOME OF THE NEW SOUTH

By KATE CUMMING
AUTHOR OF "HOSPITAL LIFE IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY"

BIRMINGHAM:
ROBERTS & SON
1895

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* ✓



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W

Dedication

TO THE
RIGHT REV. HENRY NILES PIERCE, D. D.,
BISHOP OF ARKANSAS,

WHO, WHILE RECTOR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,
MOBILE, ALABAMA, COMFORTED HIS SORROWING FLOCK
AND RAISED THEIR MINDS TO A HOME OF PEACE
WHEN AMID TRIBULATION AND
DESOLATION,

•

AND TO HIS EXCELLENT WIFE,
WHO BY HER ENERGY, INDUSTRY, AND GOODNESS OF
HEART, SUPPLIED THE TEMPORAL WANTS OF
MANY A SOLDIER'S WIDOW
AND ORPHAN,

THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, 1892.

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PREFACE.

SHORTLY after publishing my work, "Hospital Life," I sent a copy of the book to Mrs. Gen. Robert E. Lee. As soon as she perused it she wrote to me, saying: "I am thankful some one has kept a record of our trials." She also said she wished I had had the book published in the North, for she was certain that if the people there would read it they would have some idea of our suffering, and the facts so given would have a good tendency. It is with the same idea in view that I now offer this volume to the public. I have given our thoughts and feelings as they were at the time of our terrible struggle, feeling assured that no generous minded man or woman but will say they were natural under the circumstances. Being the victors, the Northern people can well afford to listen to our side of the story.

While visiting in the North, although treated with the greatest kindness, many circumstances served to show that there was need of just such a work as "GLEANINGS FROM SOUTHLAND." I have every reason to hope it will be the means of making the two sections better known to each other than they now are.

I sincerely trust that the people of this great land of ours may be long united in spirit as well as in name, and hope, in the words of our beloved priest-poet, Father Ryan, that

"The graves of the dead with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the war-path of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."



INTRODUCTION.

THE NEW SOUTH.

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear.
Look on it, lift it up, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

I HAVE no intention of entering into details as to the marvelous resources of the South, for that has been done systematically, and I may say truthfully, by abler pens than mine.* My desire is to show the thoughts and feeling of the people since remorseless war has been banished, I trust forever, from the land. I have no idea that a greater revolution in the social customs of any people ever took place than did those of the people of the South after the war. The negro, suddenly enfranchised, with no idea of freedom, excepting that it would give him a life of idleness and pleasure, not having the remotest idea of independence or how to make use of it; the once owners of these negroes, especially the men in the country, who had done little else after leaving college than enjoy themselves, were left almost helpless. In the cities men were unjustly thrust out of office, and they and their families left in want; the whole country was overrun by unscrupulous men, calling themselves upholders of the Union, who robbed the whites, and systematically preyed upon the credulity of the blacks. Even the earth for some years after the war refused us sustenance, and in many districts gaunt famine

*"The New South," by M. B. Hillyard and others.

stalked forth in his most hideous aspect. Car loads of provisions and large sums of money were sent from the more favored regions, or the distress would have been overwhelming.

With these and other troubles too numerous to mention, was it much wonder that for years apathy and despair filled all hearts? But I trust that all of our trials as a nation have passed away forever. The South at present (1892) bids fair to be one of the most favored spots on this beautiful earth. Its semi-tropical and varied climate, producing all that is necessary for the wants of man, and its vast mineral products, must eventually make it a most desirable place.

The various industries of the South that have sprung into existence since the war are truly marvelous. Birmingham, Ala., where I have been residing for many years, well deserves its title of "Magic City," for it is truly magical the manner in which it is moving in every direction. It has furnaces, rolling mills, electric cars, electric lights, fine church edifices, excellent public schools for both races, and just finished one of the finest water works in the States; magnificent public buildings; lovely homes in the suburbs; romantic mountain scenery; parks, in which are artificial lakes, embowered in lovely shrubbery and flora of all descriptions, making many of these resorts like fairy land; dummies running to and from these places, making them easy of access. There are numerous other improvements, all where less than twenty years ago were cotton fields. There are other cities scattered all over the State, stopping at nothing where improvements can be made.

The fact is, that the whole South is making vast strides in all that makes a people happy and prosperous. New railroads are being constructed to unite us with North, East and West, and the water facilities in every State are

being improved, emigration is encouraged in every possible way, and last, though by no means least, is the awaking to the importance of education in the rural districts—schools for the whites and negroes abound everywhere.

The greatest change is in the people themselves, for I am certain that both men and women can vie with any people for energy and industry. God is indeed showering his blessings upon this sunny land, for which I trust we shall ever be grateful. The prophecy made in 1867 by one of our poets is near fulfillment:

“Humbled today, but in the future see
Thy star ascending, and again we hear
Thy regal footsteps echoing along
Thy palaces of pride; upon thy brow
Its diadem regained; thy hand no more
Weighed down by gyves and deep corroding chains;
Wields its lost scepter o’er a sunny land,
Sounding again with pæans to the free.”

The once slave owners, as a rule, say they had no idea what a responsibility the negroes were until they lost them; so already the blessings of emancipation are being felt by the whites. Human nature is a strange anomaly anyway. I have known many of the descendants of those who fought to free the negro say he should be put back to slavery, being fit for nothing else.

On the outskirts of the city of Birmingham, Ala., are several rows of whitewashed dwellings running parallel to an avenue and on each side of it. Mr. T. T. Hillman, president of the Alice Furnace Company, had them put up for the negro employees of the furnace, so they are called the Hillman Quarters. I have often walked on the avenue and past the houses without one feeling of repugnance towards the inmates.

Several years ago while walking near these quarters I met

an elegant looking gentleman and lady, who accosted me, wishing to know if I could tell them where they could procure a furnished room to rent. On telling them of one near, the gentleman wished to know if in going to the city he should have to pass these negro quarters. I answered in the affirmative; and shrugging his shoulders, with disgust depicted in his countenance, he said, "I could not do that."

This gentleman and lady were from Pittsburg, Penn., and a most estimable couple they were. I afterwards gave them a room in my house, though I could not promise them immunity from passing negro houses, for they are everywhere. Their antipathy to the negro was amusing. The lady was refined, highly educated and had plenty of money, but did her own washing for fear her clothes would come in contact with the "darkies."

This *love* for the "colored brother" is so *beautiful* in theory, but how few of the theorists can stand the practice. Why the "civil rights" and the "force bill" reformers have never invited the "brother in black" to colonize among them has always been one of the mysteries. But I must drop this subject, for fear of saying something better left unsaid.

The many kindly reunions of the Union and Confederate soldiers, which are constantly taking place in the South, go far to show that at least the "Blue and the Gray" have no desire to keep up a feeling of animosity towards each other. This feeling of amity in the two sections was vividly felt by me while visiting Cypress Hills Cemetery, East New York. There I saw in the soldier's graveyard the graves of hundreds of Confederates, graves of men who had died in prison. The Federal and Confederate were placed alternately side by side. The keeper informed me that on Memorial Day the same flowers were strewn on all alike. It may comfort the heart of many a mother in the South to know that the graves

of their loved ones are receiving the honor due all brave soldiers. The spot is a lovely one, and speaks of peace and rest to our dead.*

“Life’s fitful fever o’er,
They sleep in peace.”

In reading “GLEANINGS FROM SOUTHLAND,” some may say it is written in too partisan a spirit; but in giving the feelings of the people of that epoch nothing else could be done. Certainly no one for a moment could think that the direful sacrifice made by our people, while contending for a separate nationality, was like a troubled dream or a hideous nightmare, never to be spoken or thought of again. If the South, as a matter of policy, were to ignore the past, I feel assured she would gain the contempt of those who so long and bravely opposed her. But such will not be the case, for the heroic past is too deeply engraved in our memories, with all that is great and noble, for one of its veterans or their descendants to have any such wish. We can stand sadly by the grave of our buried hopes, as we would by the graves of those near and dear to us, and speak lovingly of their many virtues without one thought of disrespect to the living. Such I am certain is the spirit of our people, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

I shall close this sketch by inserting an article taken from a Northern paper, written many years since, in condemnation of an officer who would not permit any honors paid to the remains of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. I quote it to show that we appreciate each noble sentiment in our once foes, and also in answer to a question asked me by a gentleman in New York City. He wished to know if the Confederate soldiers were not teaching their children that the cause for which they fought was wrong and unholy.

I feel certain that, even though reconstructed as we are,

*See appendix for list of Alabama soldiers buried there.

the sentiments expressed by this Northerner would be the answer to any such question, of every Southerner throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The following is the extract mentioned above:

"The spreading millions of Southern offspring will never admit that their fathers did aught that would bring the blush of shame to their cheeks. The names of the prominent actors in the rebellion will always be glorified by them. The cause that is lost will ever be held in their estimation as one worthy of the highest exertions and greatest sacrifices of a free and enlightened people. We are not accounting for or justifying facts, but simply stating them that they may be recognized. And that, in view of them, thoughtless men may ask themselves whether it is the part of wisdom to be making the futile attempt to eradicate from the hearts of the Southern people what has come to be a part of their very nature, as the General Griffins in the army and in civil stations are doing. Such attempts serve to drive in rather than drive out the objectionable sentiments, and to perpetuate a feud that will make us forever two peoples. The South fought for a theory of government; we did nothing more."

As this writer says, the South fought for a theory of government, and such was the case. Lincoln and hundreds of prominent Republicans denied that the war was waged for the purpose of freeing the slaves, as many suppose was the case.

Would it not be well for many people in the North to inquire what that theory of government is before hurling the insulting epithet "rebel" at us? What so many eminent statesmen disagreed about and fought over so many years, we



lesser lights may surely be excused for upholding our views of the matter.

“Rebellion! foul dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name;
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame.”

Gleanings from Southland.

"The greatest friend of Truth is Time, her greatest enemy Prejudice, and her constant companion is Humility."

CHAPTER I.

MOBILE.

BEFORE the late war Mobile, Ala., was the second city in the Union for the exportation of cotton, and in consequence was the abode of much wealth and luxury.

The numerous hands through which the cotton passed before it was ready for transportation were the means of making money plentiful, and besides, the city was the winter home of many of the wealthy planters.

This flush of money caused an easy and rather indolent manner of living, which was enjoyed by the Southerner with a zest scarcely understood by the more hardy people of the North.

Real poverty was rare, and the rarest of all beings was a street beggar. If a case of want became known, it was speedily ameliorated by the goodness and proverbial generosity of the citizens.

A refinement of manner pervaded all classes, and a chivalrous spirit was shown towards woman which had a most elevating effect. The same deference was paid to old and young, rich and poor.

Oh! shade of the glorious past! I trust that the chivalry of the South has not passed away forever, like many others of its delightful customs.

The Gulf City, as Mobile is called, is situated at the mouth of the Mobile river and at the head of a fine bay (the Mobile). It is one of the most beautiful and picturesque cities in the States.

No finer drive is to be found anywhere than the one on the shell road down the bay, where to the right are to be seen charming villas nestling among magnolia and orange groves, and lovely foliage of every description; to the left the broad expanse of the bay, with the soothing murmur of its waters and health laden breezes coming from the Gulf, making you feel like dreaming your life away upon its banks. In the distance at all times could be seen the white sails of the ships of all nationalities riding upon the bosom of the bay, having brought merchandise and taking away "King Cotton" in exchange; and steamers plying between the city and the different watering places on the eastern shore of the bay. How delightful to listen to the numerous songsters, among them the king of all singers, the mocking bird, filling the air with melody.

Nothing could be more delightful to a lover of the "briny deep" than a moonlight excursion, where music enhanced the beauty of the night, making you think of the "better land."

The drive to Spring Hill, one of the healthiest spots in the States, the road being lined with elegant residences and embedded in shrubbery and exquisite flowers of every description.

Government street, called by a Scotch writer the "Prince's Walk" of America, is a charming promenade, and well deserves its name.

In the spring the city is one flower garden, for nowhere in the South do flowers grow more luxuriantly.

Mobile at one time was subject to yellow fever epidemics, but the fact of there being no cases during the four years' blockade, was full evidence that it was brought there from other places, so now we have a quarantine which has acted as a preventive of that dire disease.

When the presidential campaign of 1860 began, my home was in the Gulf City, and had been since my childhood. My father's family consisted of my mother, a young brother and sister, a widowed sister, her two children and myself. Like all Southern women, being perfectly satisfied with our rights, we thought it extremely unladylike to meddle with politics. I cannot tell why, but during that campaign we zealously entered into all concerning it. We knew about the split among the democrats, and tried to understand the platforms of the various candidates, and, although not allowed to vote, were ready at any time to advise the "lords of creation" on that all absorbing subject.

In the parlor, on the promenade, at balls and parties, and indeed everywhere, the subject of conversation was politics. We read with avidity the political speeches made North and South, and commented unsparingly upon their merits. We would leave our most important work to attend a speech or procession.

One of the candidates, Stephen A. Douglas, made a speech from the balcony of the court house, and as a matter of course we ladies were in attendance. We occupied seats on the balcony, and had a fine view of the audience. Government street, which is very wide, as far as the eye could reach was densely crowded with men, eagerly drinking in all the eloquent statesman had to tell them. The torchlights illuminating the many upturned faces had a weird and solemn effect. He spoke for hours and all listened with intense interest, as if the exigency of the situation demanded all the attention that could be be-

stowed upon it. I could not but wonder at the great power of eloquence, when one man could hold such a vast concourse spell bound such a length of time.

The whole scene reminded me of what I had read of the Roman Senators haranguing the multitudes from the forum. While listening we all felt that "he was the man to save the country," and for the time were ready to give him our votes.

The next great speaker that came was the "Golden Mouthed" Yancey, called by some "The Fire Eater." I was unable to go and hear him, but shall never forget my amazement when being informed, by one of my sisters who did go, that he wanted the Southern States to leave the Union. On expressing my astonishment she remarked that he had made it all very delightful, and that from his standpoint we would be much better separated.

At that time few if any of our personal friends favored secession, not from any thoughts of its being wrong, for all conceded the right to leave the Union when it became inimical to our interests to remain in it, but almost every one dislikes the severing of old ties.

At last one morning, while busy with our household duties, the booming of cannon was heard announcing that South Carolina had severed her ties with the Federal government. It was not unexpected, and we all knew the signal. Our work was suspended for the time as boom after boom filled the air, sounding like the knell of some terrible calamity about to befall us. It must have been foreboding of the fearful fratricidal strife, that swept like a besom of destruction o'er our fair land so many sad and weary years. By night all of our depression was forgotten, and we were as busy as the others assisting in the rejoicing. The city was one blaze of light from the illuminations, scarcely a window in the whole city that was not lit. The noise from the fireworks and fire-

arms was deafening. Speeches were made, processions paraded the streets with banners flying and drums beating, and in fact everything was done to prove that Mobile, at least, approved of what South Carolina had done.

One Southern State after another followed South Carolina, and ceased to cause comment. The climax was reached when the grand old mother of States, Virginia, after calm and due deliberation, joined the galaxy of Southern States. Who among us can ever forget when the cry "Virginia out! Virginia out!" shouted by myraids of voices, rent the very air. All business was suspended, and young and old, rich and poor, gave themselves up for a grand carnival of rejoicing.

We saw upon the closed shutters of Seth Roberts' drug store, written in large letters with chalk: "Virginia out, 'nuff said." Many wept for joy, for all felt that no matter how much the Northern States wished to keep us, they would never be mad enough to try to coerce the South back when leagued with the State from which so many wise and eminent statesmen had come.

If our hearts fainted within us as the booming of cannon for the secession of South Carolina fell upon our ear, we were delirious with joy as boom after boom for "Virginia out" rent the air.

At night none were too poor to illuminate, and the city was brilliant from one end to the other. At times the din from the fireworks and cannonading was fearful, and was what I supposed the sound caused by the din of battle. I think that scarcely anyone closed their eyes all night, for joy had banished the balmy restorer from all pillows.

The forts within nearly all of the seceded States were seized by our troops. Two companies, one the Continentals, to which my brother belonged, were sent under the command of Captain Maury, to capture Fort Morgan, which is at the en-

trance to Mobile Bay. They took it without striking a blow, and their prisoners, a lame man and a mule, were brought up in triumph to the city; the man was made a hero of by being carried over the town for exhibition. The fort had been garrisoned by a few United States soldiers, who, anticipating the capture, had gone on board of two small sloops lying near the fort, and had taken all they could with them. One of the officers, Lieutenant Reese, had been a visitor at our house, and had been our escort at the speech making, parades and illuminations. We had freely given him our opinions of the Northern government, never thinking for a moment that he was not one of us. Among other items we informed him that one of our men was equal to five Northerners, as we had principle on our side, and the men would fight in defence of their homes, while the men of the North had no such incentive. This axiom he never contradicted, and appeared to acquiesce in all we said. We never saw him after the capture of the fort, and he doubtless returned North a much wiser man than when he came South, fully impressed with the *wisdom* of all of our views of his people.

I paid a visit of several weeks on board of a large cotton ship, the *Oconaster*, commanded by Captain Hatfield, of Nova Scotia. The ship was anchored near Fort Morgan, and one day the captain took his wife, children and myself in a row boat to the fort. When nearing the wharf we were hailed and ordered to keep at a respectful distance, and a most imperative demand was made as to whom we were. The captain, fortunately, had put an old British flag on a seat for his wife and myself, and that had to be shown to prove that it was not the stars and stripes, and as we were hoping for aid from the British Lion, the sight of the old flag appeared to conciliate the officer on guard. After the captain informed the officer who I was, and that I would answer for the fealty of the others, we were permitted to land.

My brother's company was not there, but I met with many old friends in the company, the Cadets, then in charge. We were shown all over the fort, and then the officers treated us handsomely to wine and cake. We could not keep from laughing at the rueful faces made by John Soto and others, whose names I have forgotten, telling of their hard lot, for even then they were not sleeping upon beds of down, nor was their fare such as they would have gotten at Delmonico's; but, poor fellows, no doubt many of them recalled these comparatively halcyon days with longing while enduring the hardships of camp life.

Captain H. and his wife were charmed with the visit, and no doubt recalled the incident many a time in a foreign land when reading of our *real war*.

The bay was filled with ships of all nationalities, and it was customary when a ship left to be saluted by the others in lowering their flags, a bidding farewell, as it were. While I was there several Northern ships left carrying the stars and stripes, and not the least notice was taken of them by any save their own people, for, though war had not been declared, they were thought to be in hostile waters.

History has recorded the new Confederation which sprang into existence with Montgomery, Ala., for its capital, and Jefferson Davis, a famous statesman of the old regime, for president. I remember a speech made in Montgomery by the Hon. Leroy Walker, and how by many it was deplored. He urged the raising of an army as speedily as possible to capture Washington, but, as the South had no thought of invasion, but simply desired to be let go on her own way, no heed was paid to the advice, though some contended that Washington, being in the Southern States, really belonged to us.

A martial spirit pervaded all ranks, and the energy and zeal displayed astonished even the heretofore indolent South-

erners themselves. All who had opposed secession, after their States went out, accepted the fiat as inevitable, and in many cases were more zealous than those who wore the blue rosette, the secession badge, and cried war to the knife. Military companies were formed and offered to the government with an alacrity that appeared marvelous. The order of the day was drilling, and indeed at night as well. Many a dark night we could hear the tramp, tramp, and the "right, left," though the warriors were invisible, we knew they were not far off.

All this time war was in abeyance, and we were anxious enough as to what would be the issue. Buchanan, who was president when nearly all of the States seceded, did nothing; and from his inaction we hoped for peace, and in fact, though military furore was raging, few of us expected war. Peace commissioners had been sent to Washington, and they had been flattered and cajoled into the belief that war was not dreamed of by the administration. They were told that the time had passed for coercion, as Buchanan was the one who should have acted in the matter.

My mother, two sisters and a brother-in-law went to England on the ship *Oconaster*, and the very day they arrived in Liverpool news reached there of the fall of Fort Sumter. My mother never saw her home again until after the surrender. We were thankful she escaped the terrible ordeal through which we passed, but she suffered much from anxiety.

After the fall of Fort Sumter, the war spirit of the North, and Lincoln's call for 75,000 troops to invade the South, obliterated all hopes of an adjustment of the difficulties, excepting through war.

The tone of many of the Northern papers was appalling. Some advocated an immediate "On to Richmond," and urged Lincoln to devastate the South for daring to leave the "best government the world ever saw."

All the States that were hesitating immediately joined us. Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland, did not act promptly enough, and the Federal authorities prevented their ever doing so.

We were much rejoiced when many of the highest officers in the United States army resigned and joined us. Report said that General Scott wavered, and for some time we expected him also. A wag, writing from Washington, said that one of the most beautiful sights to behold was General Scott taking the oath. He took it before his morning bath, before breakfast, before dinner, and in public at least once a day, so that the very sight of his loyalty inspired confidence and made the people happy.

The pibroch was sounded from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Gulf; and from prairies, mountains, and glens, the summons was answered with an alacrity that dispelled all doubt as to the South's being a unit, notwithstanding her difference before the coercive measures were adopted by the North.

Large plantations were left without a white man, and not the least fear was felt, though hundreds of negroes were on them. Whole regiments were fitted out by private subscriptions. Every woman that could hold a needle was busy making clothes, and providing in every way for the comfort of the troops. Thousands of sand-bags were made for the defense of Fort Morgan and other places. Concerts and theatricals for the benefit of the troops were all the rage. Never did a people labor with more zeal and enthusiasm for what was deemed a holy and righteous cause.

An actor named Duffield wrote several songs, which he sang most pathetically and heroically in the theatre. He afterwards went through the lines, and, we were told that he altered the same songs, and sang them with as much enthu-

siasm to the Northerners as he had to us. One of them, to the tune of "God Save the Queen," I give below :

God bless our Southern land,
 Guard our beloved band;
 God bless the South.
 Make her virtuous, famous and glorious,
 Spread thy shield over us;
 God bless the South.

God of our sires arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 Who mock thy truth.
 Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks,
 In thee our faith we fix;
 God bless the South.

In the fierce battle hour
 With thy Almighty power
 Assist our youth.

May they with victory crowned, join in the choral round,
 With heart and voice resound;
 God bless the South.

At one theatrical performance the seceded States were represented by young ladies gaily attired, while Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky, were draped in mourning, bowed down with grief, weeping and wringing their hands in despair at not being permitted to go with us.

When such men as Bishop Polk cast aside the cassock to don the sword, could we doubt the holiness of our cause?

One of the most touching appeals ever heard was made by Bishop Otey to Seward. He implored him by all that was sacred to let us have peace, and after picturing to him all the horrors of war, said: "If you wish for fame, such as has never been achieved by man before, use your great influence to stop this fearful strife."

My father espoused the cause with all the fervor peculiar

to the sons of "Auld Scotia;" and called upon Scotchmen and the sons of Scotchmen to "rally round our flag," which call was met with an immediate response. A company was formed called the Scotch Guards, with my brother-in-law, Gavin G. Watson, as captain. It was uniformed in grey, with tartan facings of red and black.

Before going into camp, nearly every company went in a body to church the Sunday previous. The Scotch Guards went to the First Presbyterian, and devoutly listened to a sermon from the pastor, Dr. Burgett. He said the first thing they must do was to ask God's blessing on their undertaking, and all would be well. He related an anecdote of Queen Victoria, which I never forgot. It seems that when she was informed she was queen of Great Britain, she immediately turned to the bishop who gave her the news and requested him to kneel with her in prayer, and implore God to guide her in the great responsibilities now cast upon her.

Oh! but we were full of zeal and patriotism in those days! We thought it an honor to fit up the camp of the Scotch Guards with the best our house could afford.

These things I am recording may appear trivial to some, but the thoughts, feelings and actions of a people make the history of a nation. I have noted down nothing without a motive, knowing full well how the people of the South have been misrepresented in many ways, and, without vanity, I think I may hope that these pages of the inner life of that time may have a beneficial effect. What I have said of Mobile was but the history of every city in the Confederacy.

The severest conflict was expected in Virginia, as the capture of the then Confederate capital, Richmond, was the aim of the North. One regiment after another left us for the seat of war, many of the soldiers going full of glee, still thinking there would be no fighting, saying they were going to

spend a nice summer in "Old Virginia" away from the heat of Mobile. Alas! how little they knew what was before them, for few of these husbands, brothers and sons ever returned to gladden their homes with their presence.

"Few, few will part where many meet,
The grave shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

The ladies presented the companies and regiments with flags, and the usual ceremonies on such occasions were gone through with. As a matter of course they were not "to trail in the dust," and history has proved that the pledges in many cases heedlessly given were held sacred and kept, though the best blood of the land was shed in the keeping.

One glorious, sunny Sabbath morning the Alabama State Artillery was presented with an elegant flag, and nearly the whole city turned out to witness the presentation. After that the company, with many others, were sent to Pensacola to keep the enemy in check. The troops remained there during the long hot summer of 1861, under the command of General Bragg. The heat was so intense that at several dress parades the men dropped down from exhaustion, and many of them envied those who had been sent to Virginia. Many a box of "good things" found its way to our "poor boys," who we thought were enduring such terrible hardships.

My aim now is to relate what we thought, said and did then, not what we feel now, since Time the healer has healed many of our wounds, and I trust and pray has driven all animosity away from both sections.

Well, to return to my story. I had a brother who was detained in New York City on business he could not well leave. I implored him to return home, saying I did not see how he could live with such people, and that I would rather

starve in the South than live in luxury in the North. But he refused, and said that no one in New York thought the war would last long, and soon all would be amicably settled.

A young cousin, Edwin Lessel, from Nova Scotia, who had been but a short time in the States, joined the Scotch Guards. He said from a small boy he had wished to get a shot at the Yankees, and now was his opportunity. His father wrote from Nova Scotia applauding his resolution, and said: "Whatever you do, don't be shot in the back."

Our joy was unbounded at our victory of Manassas, and how earnestly we all did pray that the North, seeing we were in earnest, would let us go, for that was all we wished. Instead of this, their defeat appeared to make the Northern people more ferocious than ever.

Some blamed Davis for not making the army push the victory on to Washington, but Davis did not wish to invade, and our people only wanted their own. The victory of Manassas gave us a prestige over the whole world. My mother wrote from Aberdeen, Scotland, that the people there were fairly amazed, for they had believed the Northern reports about the army of the South being only a rabble.

I trust it will not be out of place to make a few remarks upon a book, "Rose Mather," written by Mrs. Holmes. The scene is laid in a New England town, and the time the commencement of the war. It opens with the women working and the men enlisting, evidently with as much zeal and enthusiasm as we were doing at the same time in the South. What surprised me in the book was that all of this ardor and enthusiasm was for the cause of *Liberty*. Was there ever a greater perversion of that sacred word, for every act of the Federals fully demonstrated the fact that subjugation of a free people was their sole aim. And the South from the first said she only wished to be let alone. This authoress in the same book

describes the battle of Manassas, which, were it not for the dire scene of carnage depicted (which alas! was but too true), would be simply laughable.

The Northern troops are represented as a lot of poor, innocent lambs, enticed to their slaughter by myriads of voracious wolves, the Confederates, ready to devour these unsophisticated lambs on the shortest notice. The very yell of these said wolves was so terrible that it paralyzed the hearts of the innocent lambs, making them all unfit to defend themselves. This lady has given us the reason of the great stampede at Manassas, for which enlightenment we should all be most thankful. Not one word of pity does she have for the homes left desolate in the neighborhood of the battle by these liberty loving invaders, nor for the desolation and woe brought to thousands of once happy homes throughout the South by the killing of husbands, fathers and sons, who fought for home and their native land.

“O! Liberty, what crimes have not been done in thy name?”

When this class of literature is read by thousands who do not take the trouble to learn facts, it is not much wonder that the Northern people did, and many yet, feel bitter towards the South.

When reading such *veracious* accounts where we had ten men to one Union soldier, I suppose the authors must have thought that our army was supplied by men from the gods, the same as the Greeks and Trojans were in the siege of Troy, for we were so blockaded and hemmed in on all sides that it would have been impossible to have gotten men from foreign countries, as the Federals did, even if we had had the money to pay them. But we did not have the money nor the way to recruit the army, so had no alternative than to fight the great odds which, the whole world knows, was brought against us.

One Sunday morning our pastor, Rev. Mr. Pierce, startled us all by saying, after giving out his text (Psalm lxxv: 5), "Cotton is King." Then pausing, said: "No, my friends, God is King." He earnestly warned us about putting our trust in anything earthly, and, after enumerating all of the evils that might befall us, said that brave and pure-minded as our leaders were, some of them might be tempted to prove recreant to their trust, as had happened in the time of the immortal Washington. I wondered how he could talk in this way, for I thought such a thing impossible, for we were bound to each other by the holiest of all ties—that of self-defence.

Mr. Russell, of the *London Times*, paid us a visit, and he was escorted over to see all that was to be seen. He predicted our success, and said we would in time be the wealthiest nation on this continent, and that it was no wonder the North was unwilling to let us go, as our natural resources were so much greater than theirs.

How ready we were to believe all such flattery, for we were so sanguine of success! We were certain Great Britain would recognize us for her great need of "King Cotton," and we needed her manufactured goods. Why should we not have wished for foreign aid, when the colonies had so much assistance from foreigners during the revolutionary war?

There was much fighting in all of the border States, which was most distressing. We deeply sympathized with the people living in these localities, as they were between two armies.

Mr. George Donaldson, a Scotch friend, paid us a visit. He had passed through Kentucky and Tennessee, and came near losing his life between the two sections. He had a pass from Lord Lyons, which saved him. The scenes he depicted of the sufferings were truly harrowing. Those having relatives in the Southern army had no mercy shown them by the Unionists.

We had a long, dreary and anxious summer. The city was in a most defenceless state, and could easily have been captured, and no doubt would have been, had the fact been known to the enemy. Our people were determined not to give it up without a struggle, so we did not know how soon the war ships would pass Fort Morgan, and throw shells into our midst. Some buried their valuables, others packed them in trunks, expecting to have time to convey them off after the attack commenced. We had trunks that were never unpacked during the whole four years. We made strong, large pockets in which to put combs, brushes and other necessities. Everything was arranged for sudden flight to the woods. In case of an attack, none of the women and children would have been permitted to remain in the city. The signal was to be the ringing of the town bell, and if it happened to give an extra clang, we were on the alert in a moment.

The blockade kept away the yellow fever, which was one blessing for which we were thankful, but it deprived us of one essential—ice. The public pumps were then the fashionable places of resort. We never thought of taking an evening promenade without having our goblets with us, so as to imbibe the nectar which flowed from the pumps, for it was a great improvement on the hydrant water. We were fast awakening to the distressing fact of our great dependence on the North for almost everything.

Though few of our Mobile troops who had gone to Virginia had been under fire, we were daily expecting to hear of their having conflicts with the enemy. We were hourly expecting to hear of fighting at Pensacola and also at Fort Morgan.

The spirit of the saintly Bishop Cobbs winged its flight to the better land. Many thought he died of grief at his country's woe, and at the perils which surrounded his native State—Virginia.

Every confidence was felt in our rulers. Davis and Stephens were well known in the old regime to be statesmen of unsullied fame. The cabinet officers would have been an honor to any nation. And the army could number in its ranks men of martial fame, many of whom the whole world has since delighted to honor.

President Davis' proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer showed the Christian as well as the refined scholar. Dr. Pierce preached from the text: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." As our good pastor expounded line upon line and precept upon precept of the Divine text, they fell upon chastened and humbled hearts. He told us that wronged though we were we must not hate, and unless we had the spirit of Christ we were none of his. He also said that the proclamation had been issued in no hackneyed sense, but, from the character of the president, had emanated from a true Christian spirit. The day was celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the land in an humble and devout manner.

Amid all of our trials and anxieties my father and self were taken ill, and several months elapsed ere we recovered. No one but those who have passed through such an ordeal can realize its depressing effects. I never closed my eyes in sleep without thinking it might be the last time I would enjoy the comforts of a bed. We had heard of people having to fly to the woods for safety, and we did not know how soon such would be our fate.

We had heard of the arrival of the ship *Oconaster* in Liverpool through the *Journal of Commerce*, but not a word from any of our folks, so our anxiety was extreme. We had our rays of sunshine, but many of them vanished in the darkness and gloom. My father fairly wept for joy when news came of the seizure of Slidell and Mason, our ministers to France and

Great Britain, by the North, for he was sure Great Britain would never submit to such an insult, and war between the two nations was inevitable. But this delusion, like many others on which we had placed our hopes, vanished like the morning dew before the rays of the rising sun, for, as we know, the United States acceded to all the demands of Great Britain and released the men.

In the early part of 1862 my brother-in-law, Mr. McLeod, and our Scotch friend, Mr. Donaldson, ran the blockade. Mr. Donaldson's account will give some idea of the difficulties incurred by blockade running:

"Mr. McLeod and I shipped on board of a schooner, the *Cuba*, Dominick Irwin, master, loaded with a cargo of 127 bales of cotton for Havana, Cuba. We sailed down the bay and anchored off Navy Cove, a few miles from Fort Morgan. We remained there two or three days waiting for a favorable wind and a dark night. The wish for the latter was to avoid being seen by two gunboats which lay anchored about three miles off, one upon each side of the channel leading out to the Gulf.

"At last a favorable wind arising, and the night being dark and stormy, we hoisted one small boat into the davits, and arranged everything ship-shape for starting. Making a rough calculation of how long it would take to clear the enemy, we extinguished our lights, and the enemy having done the same, there was utter darkness over the surface of the sea.

"Just about the time when we had calculated to pass between the gunboats, a crash of breakage occurred, and that, too, at the very moment when we were to shape our course to the southeast. In such darkness, we could not understand the cause of the noise, but the first streak of daylight explained the mystery. While altering our course the main-

boom came round with great violence and carried away one of the davits, to which our small boat was suspended, and it dropped into the sea, being damaged fatally. We had dragged it astern through all the dark night, and it had greatly retarded the progress of the schooner. The captain ordered it to be cut loose, so thus we parted with our only chance of escape in case of foundering.

"On peering through the gray fog astern of us we saw Uncle Sam's two assistants quietly and comfortably reclining in their banks, at a distance of fully ten miles from us. Bidding our "uncle" good-bye, we opened every inch of canvas, and about sundown arrived at the entrance to Havana, and under the guns of Moro Castle, which warned us not to approach. We could see the sentinels pacing along the battlements. As no vessel is permitted to enter the harbor before daylight, we kept cruising about until dawn. Just as we were entering the harbor the Federal battleship Cherokee came steaming out with flying colors. Passing her we hauled up the Confederate flag, and gave her a cheer which she did not return.

"Mr. McLeod and I breakfasted at Delmonico's in Havana, and after remaining there a few days, sailed for New York on the steamship Roanoke."

CHAPTER II.

OFF TO THE FRONT.

THE year 1862 opened with disasters to the South. The tales of the sufferings of our troops, unused to hardships, were heartrending, and made us pray hourly that the terrible conflict would soon come to an end.

The zeal and patriotism of the women were as great as ever. Societies of all kinds were formed for the benefit of the soldiers and their families who needed help. The wealthiest ladies in the city worked as hard as the poorest. All vied with each other as to who would do the most.

The government contracts to clothe the soldiers gave work to those who needed it, and for the time being proved a great help.

Blankets and comforts of all kinds were sent to the Mobile troops in Virginia, for as yet their sufferings were those incidental to camp life in a cold climate, which were pretty severe on men reared almost within the tropics.

The troops were all recalled from Pensacola and sent North, we supposed to Kentucky, and my brother remained a few days with us ere taking his departure.

One day, while assisted by a few friends, we were all busy getting his clothes ready. We could not keep from weeping, as we thought of the battles in which he would soon be a participant. Noticing us, he said: "What is the matter? I am perfectly delighted that I am to have a shot at the Yankees, and I have no more fear that I shall be hurt than I have of swallowing that wardrobe." This speech caused a hearty laugh, and for the time cheered us up. It was most singular

that he never even received a scratch, though a participant in every battle fought by the Western army, and I was often told by others he was brave even to rashness. He left us, and hundreds of others, midst our tears and blessing, and sad! sad! were the hearts left behind.

Illness prevented my going to church for several months, when one Sunday morning my folks came from service very much excited. The Rev. Mr. Miller, an old friend of ours, had made an address in the church, calling upon ladies to go to the front and nurse the sick and wounded. My father looked around the dinner table and said: "Well, no one can go from here." I answered "No," but from the depth of my heart added: "Oh! how I would like to go." I assisted all I could those who were going, and procured from friends blankets, quilts and delicacies of all kinds for the troops. I was refused by none, as all were ready to give up everything for the benefit of the poor fellows.

About forty ladies volunteered their services, and among them the authoress, Miss Augusta Evans. Mrs. Ogden, the widow of a major of the United States army, was to be the chaperon.

Regiment after regiment left us for the scene of the conflict, and many were the grief stricken hearts left behind. But there was not one of those sorrowing mothers, wives or sisters that did not assist in buckling on the armor of their loved ones, and wishing them godspeed, bade them go forth and battle for the right.

The last regiment that we went to see off was the Twenty-first Alabama. Many of the men we had known from boyhood, had been schoolmates and been associated together at Sunday school and church. I resolved then and there that if Mr. Miller would take me, I would go with him and do my best. I had never been inside of a hospital, and was wholly

ignorant of what I should be called upon to do, but I knew that what one woman had done another could.

My father approved of my resolution, but I met with much opposition from my brothers-in-law. One said no sister of his should take such a step; another that nursing soldiers was no work for a refined lady. One of them, whose sister and mother went with Miss Nightingale to the Crimea, told me I would be mistaken if I thought our position would be like theirs, for they went under the auspices of a powerful government, who gave them every assistance, while ours was too poor to give us any. All of this made me more determined than ever. If our government was too poor to assist us, there was the more need of assisting it. And, as to the plea of its being no place for a refined lady, I wondered what Miss Nightingale and the hundreds of refined ladies of Great Britain, who went to the Crimea, would say to that!

All honor to the brave warriors of every clime, and especially the common soldier, as he is called, who nobly stems the current of oppression; he cannot be honored enough. But am I not excusable in drawing a parallel between our army and the one at the Crimea? As a rule, the latter was composed of the standing armies of the respective countries who composed that army; men who knew of little else than discipline and war, while, as a rule, ours was composed of men nurtured in the lap of luxury, leaving comfortable homes to endure the trials of camp life; to be subject to a discipline which, in many instances, was galling in the extreme, and to war, with all of its attendant horrors. I knew the character of all of our relatives and friends who had enlisted, and I was well aware that nearly the entire Southern army was composed of men of the same stamp.

My subsequent experience proved that none, excepting the most high-toned and refined women, had any business

doing that most sacred of all duties—alleviating suffering. I said that if my brother was sick or wounded, and not properly cared for by any woman that might be near him, that I never could forgive her; and I could not expect any woman to do for him what I was unwilling to do for others. A cousin, who had been ill at Fort Morgan, said he thought the sight of a woman would have cured him.

I was fitted out with every convenience that my friends thought necessary for the wounded. Mr. McLean gave me a beautiful spirit lamp for heating drinks for the patients at night. Every friend gave me something, thereby showing his or her appreciation of the work in which we were to be engaged.

Well, I got all ready: a mattress, pillows, quilts, boxes full of eatables, and a large trunk. In fact, I had a car load of articles. I believe nearly all of the ladies had the same amount of luggage.

“Ignorance is bliss,” so says the proverb, and if true we had a superabundance of bliss, for our ignorance, in this respect, was lamentable, as we afterwards learned.

The army had gone, we did not exactly know where, but we thought into Kentucky or Tennessee. We waited several weeks with our staffs in our hands, ready to take our departure at a moment’s warning. A young friend, Miss Booth, and myself were to be under the special care of Mrs. Ogden. Miss Evans declined going on account of ill health.

One bright, beautiful Sunday morning in April, when nature was putting forth her glories, and adorned in her most lovely garb, the air being redolent with the perfume of the magnolia, cape jasmine and other delicious flowers, all around speaking of peace and happiness, rumors reached us that the conflict had begun.

On that holy Sabbath, while the gospel of peace was being

preached from every pulpit in the land, the invading hosts of the enemy had been met by our army, and the conflict was raging.

At night, Mr. Miller rushed into all of the churches, announcing to the congregations that the crisis had come, and telling them to send their supplies early in the morning, as we would all leave by the first train.

Alas ! words are inadequate to portray the feelings of the people in nearly every home that night, for there were few who had not some loved one in the battle. As it took place quite a distance from telegraphic communication, all were in doubt as to the fate of their loved ones. Many remained all night at the depot waiting for the train to come in. As morning dawned the train arrived, bringing but meagre reports, and the scene was heartrending. Fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters were there eagerly asking about their loved ones. A few had heard of the death of their relatives, but all was doubt and uncertainty.

History has recorded the battle of Shiloh, one of the most desperate of the war, but at the time of which I am writing, we knew very little about it. As none of our family had been to church at night, we did not hear the news of the battle until the next morning, so were spared the anxiety that tortured many hearts.

On being informed in the morning I hurriedly collected my baggage for departure, and on arriving at the train found Mr. Miller and the ladies, many of whom I had never seen before. A vast number were there to see us off, among them the Revs. Dr. Pierce and Massey, and Alabama's new bishop, Wilmer. As each lady was being intrusted with messages by her friends to relatives in the army, and many being greatly excited, we were a noisy crowd.

All social barriers were cast aside, and we were one family united in a sacred cause.

CHAPTER III.

CORINTH.

(Copied from my Journal.)

APRIL 7, 1862.—Left Mobile by the Mobile & Ohio Railroad for Corinth, with the Rev. Mr. Miller.

A gentleman, Mr. Shates, has heard his son is among the killed, and is going to the front to bring back the remains of him who a short time since formed one of his family circle. May God give strength to the mother and sisters now mourning the loss of their loved one. May they find consolation in the thought that he died a martyr's death, was offered up a sacrifice upon his country's altar, and that when we have gained our independence, he with the brave comrades who fought and fell with him, will ever live in the hearts of a grateful people. I cannot look at Mr. Shates without asking myself, how many of us may ere long be likewise mourners? It is impossible to suppress these gloomy forebodings.

At one of the stations, about midnight, a dispatch was received prohibiting any one from going to Corinth without a special permit from headquarters. As military orders were peremptory, there was nothing for us to do but submit.

April 8.—We arrived at Okolona, Miss., this morning, which place is sixty miles south of Corinth. It had been raining very hard, and all around had a most cheerless aspect, and when we were informed that there was not a hotel in the place, our prospects for anything like comfort, were gloomy indeed. We were about as wearied, harrassed, and sorrowful human

beings as ever emerged from a train. But as "all the year is not December," so ere long our hearts were warmed and cheered by the intelligence that the citizens, on hearing of our mission, had sent their carriages to bear us to their homes.

The people here can tell us little or nothing about the battle, so we are not yet certain that we have been victorious.

As we were all exhausted by anxiety, disappointment and loss of sleep, we did not go to the train which passed at 11 a. m. Our kind hostess' two grand-daughters went, and the reports they brought back filled us with dismay :

Captain Ketcham, of the Alabama State Artillery, my brother's company, was reported killed, and his whole command either killed or captured. They also reported that the Twenty-first Alabama Regiment was cut to pieces. On hearing all of this I was never more wretched in my life. I could see nothing before me but my slaughtered brother, and the bleeding and mangled forms of his dying comrades ; and also the men of the gallant Twenty-first Alabama whom I had seen leave Mobile but a few weeks before, radiant with life and hope.

The battle was fought at Shiloh, twelve miles from Corinth, and we had gained a victory at a terrible sacrifice. I tried to take comfort from the assurance that God was doing all for the best. Oh, if they would only let us go to alleviate the sufferings of the poor fellows, it would be some consolation ! It is raining in torrents. Nature weeping in anguish for the loss of so many of her gallant sons !

About midnight, hearing a train come in, I jumped up and awoke Miss Mary Wolfe. Hurriedly dressing ourselves, we took a servant and rushed down. We had not gone far when we met a number of ladies returning, who as anxious as we, had gone to the train. They had heard nothing, as it was but a car sent down for negroes to build fortifications.

April 9.—I have been to the train, and had a true statement of our losses. Mr. John McGuire, of Mobile, was on the train. He is wounded. Captain Ketcham was slightly wounded, and one man, John Ashby, killed, and about eight wounded. I have letters for two of the Twenty-first Alabama Regiment, viz.: Charles Farrow, who is a prisoner, and John Ostella, who is now sleeping his last sleep. The train was filled with wounded, and all told fearful tales of the sufferings of our men who have nearly all been taken to Corinth.

We have had a dreadful battle, fought on April 6 and 7. The first day our army drove the enemy back near the Tennessee river, within range of their gunboats. On the second day, the enemy being reinforced, we fell back near Corinth.

Nearly every State in the Confederacy has to mourn the loss of some loved one, and the whole country has to weep for the setting of one of our brightest luminaries, the good and great Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was in command. It is said he was wounded while recklessly exposing himself to the enemy on the first day, but ere his noble spirit took its flight, he had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy driven back in dismay and confusion. May his soul rest in peace, along with the numbers of his brave comrades who so nobly tried to stem the unnatural torrent which is pouring down like an avalanche on our sunny land.

“Oh! for the death of those
Who for their country die;
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie.

“How beautiful in death
The warrior's corse appears;
Embalmed by fond affection's breath,
And bathed in woman's tears.

“Their loveliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In the dear land that gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.”

April 10.—We were much rejoiced this morning when informed we could go to the front, but my joy was somewhat dampened on finding that my friend, Miss Booth, was too ill to go. Knowing that it was my duty to remain with her I had to submit, though I must confess it was not done very graciously. I was kindly received by Miss Booth's hostess, Mrs. Henderson, a most charming lady, and I remained at her home until we left.

Okolona is a very wealthy place, and food of all kinds appears abundant. We have been treated with the most generous hospitality, for which at all times the South is so proverbial. Nearly all of the men are in the army, and the women are managing the plantations the same as their husbands did. The patriotism and enthusiasm of the women are unbounded. At first I was the guest of a wealthy widow, Mrs. Haughton, whose family consisted of herself and one daughter, Miss Lucy. This lady gave us sweet potatoes for coffee, which was excellent, and she declared she intended to use no other as long as the war lasted.

Mr. Clute, the Episcopal minister, was most indefatigable in his attentions to us.

On April 11 Miss Booth and I arrived at Corinth, and oh! for the pen of a Scott or a Hugo to portray what we witnessed on our entrance. But alas! even the pen of these literati would fail to paint the horrors, discomforts, and harrowing scenes which met us, look which way we would. They have to be witnessed to be realized.

The rain had been pouring for days, and as we neared the city we could realize the condition of an army after a bat-

tle. Mud and slush were everywhere! We saw wagons in the mud left hopelessly to their fate, and men on horseback struggling to extricate themselves from it. In the midst of all this slop and mud, as far as the eye could reach, the tents of our brave army could be seen through the trees, making a picture suggestive of anything but comfort.

All the men we saw had a sad and wearied appearance, and it was not much wonder, for the inclement weather, added to the horrors of the battle and retreat, would produce a depressing effect on the most sanguine nature.

The crowd of men at the depot was so great that we found it impossible to cross the platform to the hotel by ourselves. Mr. Miller not being present to receive us, a friend, Mr. Redwood, was our escort. We found Mr. Miller and the ladies at the Tishomingo Hotel, which, like every other one in the place, was taken for a hospital, the yellow flag flying from the top of each denoting its use.

Before entering the wards Mrs. Ogden tried to prepare me for the scenes I would witness. But alas! nothing that I had ever read or heard, gave me the faintest idea of the fearful scenes presented before me.

Words are not in our vocabulary expressive enough to present to the mind the realities of that sad scene. I could not say that none of the glories of war were there, for the glory of uncomplaining endurance was vividly presented. Gray-haired men, men in the pride of manhood, boys in their teens, Confederates and Federals, mutilated in every imaginable way, lying on the floors just as they were taken from the battlefield, and so close together that it was almost impossible to walk without stepping upon them. I could not command my feelings enough to speak, for the tears would flow; but thoughts crowded fast upon me. Oh! if the authors of this cruel, unnatural war could but see what I beheld there,

they would surely try to stay the conflict. What can be in the minds of the enemy now arrayed against us, who have never harmed them in any way, but simply claim our own? May God forgive them, for surely they know not what they do!

This was no time for recrimination, there was work to be done. Nothing can ever make me forget the gratitude of the sufferers for every little thing done for them—a little water to drink or the bathing of their wounds was gratefully received.

The Federal prisoners were receiving the same kind attention as our own men, and they were side by side. Many poor fellows were just being brought in from the battlefield, the roads being so bad it was almost impossible to move them sooner.

The first thing I did was to assist in giving the wounded, who were upstairs, their supper, which consisted of bread, biscuit and butter, tea and coffee without milk. As there were neither waiters nor plates, the men took their food in their hands, and were very grateful for it. I assisted a lady to give some Federal officers, who were in a room by themselves, their supper. They were all in good health, only two of them being wounded. Before going in I thought I would treat them with courtesy and say as little as possible, but when I found them joking and apparently indifferent to the woe they had assisted in bringing upon us, I could not resist being indignant. One of them remarked that he was from Iowa, and that was usually called out of the world. I told him that out of the world was where I wished him, and everyone like him, so they would trouble us no more.

April 12.—I sat up all night and bathed the men's wounds, and gave them water to drink. Everyone in attendance is completely exhausted. Several doctors informed me that they had not closed their eyes since the battle. The surgeons treat the wounded with the greatest kindness, and are nurses as well as doctors.

The wounded are lying in their blankets, just as they were brought from the battlefield. The foul air from this mass of humanity at first made me faint and sick, but after awhile I recovered. The blood from the wounds and the water spilt in bathing them is what I have to walk through, but in trying to alleviate the sufferings of the poor fellows, that trial is lost sight of.

One old man about sixty, who had lost a leg, groaned all night. He lived near Corinth, and came in town the morning of the battle to visit his two sons, who were in the army, and he could not resist the temptation of shouldering his musket and rushing into the fight. Poor man, how my heart bled for him! He seemed to derive much comfort from praying to Him who alone could give consolation.

Another, a very young man, wounded in the leg and in the lungs, had a most excruciating cough, and suffered awfully. One fine looking man had a severe wound in the shoulder, and every time I bathed it he thanked me, and was very grateful. He breathed his last this morning before breakfast. Men lying near him told me he never ceased praying until the last.

I could fill whole pages with descriptions of the harrowing scenes before me.

Mrs. Ogden and the other ladies are kept so busy that we have no time to speak to each other.

Rev. Mr. Miller is doing much good in comforting, with spiritual advice, the suffering and dying.

This morning several ladies and myself took some hot coffee, bread and meat to a large number of sick men, who were lying at the depot awaiting transportation. The man who had them in charge said they had eaten nothing for some days, and the eager manner in which they ate what we gave them, proved the truth of the assertion.

I have been busily employed all day, and can scarcely

tell what I have been doing. There is little or no order, and we all do pretty much whatever our hands find to do.

I think our good, kind leader, father Miller, has found out that he made a mistake in bringing so many inexperienced nurses. But wonders were accomplished by these women, even with their inexperience. I suppose their nursing was a talent born of the necessities of the hour.

I had many a time wondered how I should feel, in going into a hospital, where there were a number of wounded men, but the moment I saw the sufferings of the poor fellows, and knew what I could do to better their condition, I completely lost my identity, and several days passed ere I once thought of my peculiar position.

After reading my "Three Years' Experience in Hospitals," I have had ladies say, "I know I never could have stood to see what you did."

I usually ask them what they would do if accidentally thrown in the company of sick and wounded men, who needed their help. Would they allow these men to suffer on account of their feelings? How preposterous to ask such a question! We all know that feelings would be cast aside and engulfed in the gratification of relieving suffering.

When I remember now the blessings I received at Corinth, for doing what seemed to me a very small matter, I feel that I would not exchange places with any mortal on earth. During the first few days spent there, I have many a time looked around that crowded hospital, for one lone spot where I could pour out to God, in secret, my heartfelt thanks for leading me where I could be of some service to stricken humanity. When our sympathies and compassion are aroused by suffering, we are very apt to forget our feelings. My three years' experience in hospitals taught me this.

April 13.—Last night I enjoyed my first sleep since com-

ing here. We all lay down, with our clothes on, on boxes or anything we could get to rest our weary limbs upon. Being worn out with fatigue, I never slept sounder in my life. I can since realize how a soldier, after a hard day's fighting or marching, can throw himself down upon the ground and sleep as soundly as if he were on a bed of down.

People are constantly coming and going looking for relatives. Many leave with sad hearts, being unable to learn anything of their fate, while others are overjoyed to find their loved ones but slightly wounded, and being cared for by some good family in the neighborhood.

There is no end to the tales of horror related about the battle. A friend, Mr. Johnston, told me that on going to a spring, after the first day's fight, to get some water for a wounded Federal, he was shocked to see three dead Federals, lying with their heads in the spring. They had doubtless dragged themselves there to slake their thirst, and breathed their last while thinking of their far-off homes. Tales such as these fill me with dismay.

“O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damned
Firm concord holds ; men only disagree
Of creatures rational ; though under hope
Of heavenly grace ; and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife
Among themselves ; and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy.
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man has not hellish foes enow besides
That day and night for his destruction wait.”

Dr. Little, of Alabama, told me today that he had left his plantation, on which there were a hundred negroes, in charge of his wife, and no white man upon it excepting the overseer. He had told the negroes if they wished to go they could do so, but he was certain not more than one or two would go.

I conversed with a wounded prisoner named Nott, who is very talkative. He said he disliked Lincoln and abolitionism as much as we do, and said he was fighting for nothing but to save the Union. All of the prisoners to whom I have spoken say the same thing.

Quite a number of "bunks" arrived today, and the most severely wounded are being placed upon them. They will prove a great blessing, both to the patients and attendants, as the filth can be taken from the floors.

One of the doctors requested me to go down stairs, and see if there was a Federal lying upon a bunk, and if so to have him taken off, as he had a badly wounded man needing one. A Mrs. Royal had been talking very bitterly against the Federals, and to her I bent my steps for information. She said she knew where there was one, but nothing would make her tell me where he was. Her true woman's nature showed itself in spite of her dislike. Seeing an enemy wounded and helpless, is a different matter from seeing him in health and in power. The first helpless one I saw banished every feeling of enmity from me at once.

Mrs. Royal, being unwilling to tell me where to find the man I was to expell from the bunk, I went in search of him, and soon met with success. I went to all of the men on bunks and asked them where they were from, and one, quite a youth, with a childish face, said "I am from Illinois." On my asking him about his mother and why he had ever left her, tears filled his eyes and his lips quivered so he was unable to speak. I was deeply moved myself, and after speaking a few words of comfort, left him in possession of his bunk. Not for any thing would I have taken it from him. Poor child, there will be a day of reckoning for those who sent you on your unholy mission.

The men all love to speak of their mothers, wives and

sisters since being denied their company. "Home, sweet home," never was as dear to them as it is now.

There is little or no system yet with any thing. We eat in the kitchen, which is not the nicest place in the world, but it matters little, as we have but time to take something in our hands, and eat standing.

April 16.—Mrs. Ogden and the rest of the ladies are completely worn out, as we have all had to sleep any place we could get, and as to making our toilets, that is out of the question. I have not undressed since I have been here. My trunk and load of baggage have never been opened since I left Mobile.

As many patients have been sent to Columbus, Miss., Mr. Miller, Mrs. Ogden, and nearly all of the ladies from Mobile, have gone there. I remained with Mrs. Glassburn, from Natchez, as I have become interested in my patients and do not like to leave them. And besides, I wish to be as near as possible to my brother.

April 18.—Dr. Smith having been put in charge of the hospital, everything is in better order.

Almost everyone is complaining. Mrs. Lyons, of Mobile, has had to leave on account of illness, and many others also. Mrs. L. has been indefatigable in her attentions to quite a number of wounded of both armies, who will sadly miss her kind nursing. She came to Corinth to nurse two sons, who were ill, but finding they were well cared for in another hospital, she came here where she was more needed.

Subsequently this lady's two sons were killed in different battles, and their bodies left in the enemies' lines. She heroically made her way through the lines and brought their bodies home.

A Federal surgeon, named Young, is attending the prisoners. Dr. Lyle refused to do so, as he has just heard that

his aged father is a prisoner, and that two of his brothers are killed. His feelings are so wrought up by these calamities, he is afraid he would not do the prisoners justice. He says if there were no other doctors to care for them, he would try and do his duty.

Several of my patients, that I thought improving, have gone to their long homes. All is very trying, and I sometimes feel that it will be impossible to stand these trials long.

The Sisters of Charity have charge of a hospital which I visited today. The building they are in is a very large, handsome one, and I believe was a young ladies' college. It is situated quite a distance from the depot, so they have not the trials to which we are subject, viz: the constant coming and going of patients; the Tishomingo being the receiving hospital, none but the severely wounded are left in it. At present the wounded who are brought in are from skirmishes, which are continually taking place between the two armies. They receive immediate attention, and are sent elsewhere as soon as they are able to be moved. We do not like this, as many patients are carried away just as we begin to see that our nursing is of some benefit.

April 19.—Quite a number of our old patients died today, and several of them have their homes in the enemy's lines, so we cannot let their families know of their fate.

A Canadian named Smith, a member of the Sixth Tennessee Volunteers, died. He was badly wounded at Shiloh, but I did not see him until he was in the agonies of death. He could scarcely speak, but I managed to understand that he wished me to write to his sister, Mrs. H. Hartmain, Arovia, Canada West. I regretted not having seen him sooner, and was grieved to see him die, I shall not say among strangers, for none are who are fighting with us in our sacred cause. He lost his life in defence of liberty, and when maidens come to

deck the graves of our patriots they will not forget one who sacrificed so much for us.

I received a large box from Miss Lucy Haughton, filled with eggs, crackers, and delightful fresh butter, also a lot of pickles, all of which are relished by our patients. When the wounded are first brought into the hospital they are ravenous, but in a few days the wounds begin to tell upon their system and their appetites leave them.

While visiting some of the prisoners, one of our surgeons asked a captain, who was quite intelligent and had been an editor of a newspaper in Cincinnati, how many men the Federals lost at Shiloh. He answered, "About eight hundred." The doctor turned away without speaking, but I laughed and asked him if that was the case why they did not take Corinth, for they came there for that purpose. I do hope that our people will hold to the truth, let the consequences be what they may, remembering that "Where boasting ends true dignity begins."

April 22.—All of the patients who are able to be moved are being sent off in anticipation of a battle. All are speaking of the expected battle with the utmost indifference. It is astonishing how soon we can become accustomed to even these horrors. The report is that Fremont with a large army is about to reinforce the enemy, so heavy fighting is expected.

One of our chief surgeons told me that the chilly, wet weather we have had is the cause of much sickness in the army, which is in a most deplorable state. Were it not that the enemy are as bad off as ourselves, they could annihilate us with ease.

April 24.—Several of my patients who were wounded at Shiloh have had limbs amputated, and nearly all have died right after the operation. The doctors are despondent, and think our men will not be able to endure the hardships of camp life.

Some think that the balls of the enemy are poisoned, but I cannot think them guilty of so great an outrage. One fact leads to this conclusion; that is, that none of the prisoners have died, but we have had so very few compared with our own men.

The amputating table for my ward is at the top of the stairs, and when I know an operation is to be performed, I keep as far off as possible, but today I had to pass just as they cut off the arm of a young man, Mr. Fuquet, and the sight I there beheld made me shudder and turn sick and faint. A stream of blood ran from the table into a tub, in which was the arm. The hand which but a short time before had grasped the musket, was hanging over the edge of the tub.

The amputating room below stairs is in our passage to the kitchen, and many a time I have seen the blood flow in streams from under the door. I often wish I could become as callous as many appear to be, for there seems to be no end to these horrors.

Many of my readers will doubtless shrink from these recitals, and ask why they should be recorded. When so many honors are showered upon those who have "waded through slaughter to thrones," it is high time that something should be said about the terrible consequences of the "grand clash of arms," and about the heroes of the hospital.

* * * * *

It is more than a quarter of a century since these events transpired, and they come up before me as vividly as they did then, and will not down at my bidding. I know but too well the truthfulness of what I write, and wish from my heart I were penning some romance; but no, these were the stern realities that were transpiring daily and hourly in every hospital North and South. God grant that this great, united land

may never pass such another four years, either in foreign or civil wars!

* * * * *

April 24.—Mr. Fuquet lived but a few hours after his arm was amputated. Dr. Hereford knows his family in New Orleans, and intends informing them of his death.

Fighting is reported in Monterey. A wounded man has just been brought in.

April 25.—A rainy, cheerless day, and well accords with news just received, viz: that New Orleans is in the hands of the enemy. What a severe trial this will be to the proud, patriotic people of that fair city.

Sunday, April 27.—My brother and a friend called this morning, and we took a walk around Corinth, and enjoyed the beautiful spring day.

We visited a hospital in charge of Dr. Capers. An Irish lady is matron, and is a woman of strong nerve. On the night following the battle of Shiloh, not being able to hear of her son, she was fearful he was among the slain, so she visited the battle-field and searched for his body. Not finding it, she soon heard he was still living.

As we have no chaplain, we have no service; but I keep the day as well as possible, in reading the Bible and other good books to the men. This they are much pleased to have me do, as all whom I have met have a great respect for religion.

One of my patients named Love, of Texas, is badly wounded. He is one of nine brothers who were in the army, three of whom were killed in the battle of Manassas.

We feel much more secure now, as Gen. Price with his army is here, and many more troops are continually coming in. As we are right by the depot, we have a good view of the troops as they arrive.

April 29.—I had the honor today of an introduction to Gen. Sterling Price, the great Missourian. He had to shake hands with his left hand, as his right is disabled, from a wound received, I believe, at Elkhorn. I said to him, "General, we feel quite safe now in Corinth, since the arrival of you and your brave army." His answer to me was a dignified bow, with a look as if he thought I was saying a great deal of nonsense; but indeed I meant every word I said, and felt quite proud of having the honor of shaking hands with one, whose deeds of valor have endeared him to all lovers of true patriotism. In the afternoon he visited the patients, many of whom had fought under him. They speak of him with the greatest veneration, as if he were a beloved father, and I am told he treats them as if they were his dear children.

April 30.—Gen. Price rode off to camp to-day. Though in bad health, he could not be induced to remain longer with us. His abode is with his soldiers in camp, where he shares their joys and sorrows, and it is this that has so endeared him to them. He has a most commanding appearance, and when on horseback reminded me of a picture I had of Lord Raglan, in the same position. On showing the picture to several of the soldiers, they agreed with me in thinking the resemblance complete.

Our hospital is now in perfect order, under the supervision of Dr. Smith. We have negro cooks, so the food is much better prepared. Having dishes, knives and forks for the patients, they eat much more like civilized beings. The food is very good, but we have very little milk, which is a very necessary food for invalids. We get a little from the few remaining inhabitants of Corinth, but not near the amount required. We have a quantity of arrowroot, and I was told by several that it was useless to prepare it, as the men would not touch it. I tried another mode of preparing the article from the

usual one, which proved a perfect success, as we now use gallons of it. I make it into a liquid, and while hot stir in several well beaten eggs, then season well with preserves (those slightly acid are the best), then let stand until cool. With wine instead of preserves it is excellent. It makes a pleasant and nourishing drink, will ease a cough, and is beneficial in cases of pneumonia. The men all drink it with a relish, but I do not enlighten them in regard to the nature of the mixture.

Dr. Smith has told us to do what is necessary for the prisoners, but say as little as possible to them. The captain from Cincinnati is still here, and one of his lieutenants is my patient, and is in the same room with the captain. Being provided with all the Southern papers, he was quite happy the other day as I entered the room, and said: "Your government has made a proposition to mine for an exchange of prisoners, which I do hope will be accepted, so I can see my home once more." I remarked that all the humane proposals came from our side, and I do hope this one will be accepted, so our poor fellows, who are enduring such hardships in Northern prisons, could get to their homes.

We are still quite busy, as wounded men are constantly being brought in from skirmishes. The same sad ordeal witnessed, viz: amputations and deaths.

The day is bright and beautiful, and we have just been witnessing the advent of a number of troops belonging to Generals Price's and VanDorn's army. Poor fellows! they had the appearance of having endured many hardships, which is the case. I have been informed that they marched hundreds of miles, through frost and snow, sleet and rain, many of them without shoes, and nothing to eat but parched corn. The troops on the outside carried an old shattered flag of which they seemed quite proud. I wondered not a little that these war-worn veterans did not receive one cheer of welcome, and

I had hard work to keep from giving them one myself, which they so richly deserved. On remarking about this apathy to Dr. Allen, who stood near, he said that we had become so used to these sights they had ceased to be of interest.

May 2.—In company with some friends I took a ramble through Corinth, and had no idea that the country around was so picturesque. The surface is undulating, and the verdure clad hillocks and the forests arrayed in their summer attire had a pleasing and soothing effect. The “wind whispers” through the trees, calmed the senses like a sweet melody of other years.

“There is music in all things ; if men had ears
The earth is but an echo of the spheres.”

The whole wore an air of serenity and peacefulness, a vivid contrast to what is passing in the hearts of our remorseless foe. Alas ! how man “marks the earth with ruin,” and curses what God has made so glorious.

A company of “dire artillery’s clumsy car” passed us, not “tugged by sluggish oxen,” but drawn by war-like horses. Nature appeared so calm in contrast to these war monsters that it was terrible to think that ere long they would be belching forth their iron hail, bringing death and destruction in their path.

Our Bishop-General Polk passed us, accompanied by his staff. He appeared every inch a soldier, and is much beloved in camp.

May 3.—A warm day. I hear heavy cannonading, and am quite nervous in consequence, and am compelled to stop writing some letters, as I cannot keep my thoughts from the fighting. I suppose my brother is in the midst of it.

Seven o’clock p. m.—A number of wounded have just been brought in. There was no battle, but a skirmish at the entrenchments.



Sunday morning, May 4.—Have just seen a number of troops march out to battle. The sight was quite imposing, as column after column passed with their pennants fluttering in the breeze. The cavalry was splendid, and no knights of olden time rode their horses with loftier mien than did our brave warriors. I became quite enthusiastic, and enjoyed the scene, until the ambulances, with their white flags, passed in review. To me they cast a dark shadow over all.

Evening.—Our troops are all returning. It is said that battle was offered to the foe, but was not accepted.

We have just been looking at some of the troops encamped upon a hill near us, and the sight is most deplorable. The day has turned off cold and rainy, and these poor fellows are without tents or covering of any kind. Our being unable to aid them makes the sight most miserable to us.

I have spent the day reading and talking to the men, which they seem to enjoy, though they do not care to read for themselves.

A friend, Mr. McLean, sent me several copies of the *Illustrated London News*, in which is a full account of the Crimean war. I made sure that they would be of interest; but no, they cast them aside as unworthy of notice. I regret this, for if we do not know how others have suffered and fought for freedom, we shall not know how to emulate them. I believe with Longfellow, that :

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime.”

After hearing of a skirmish, and the wounded are being brought in, I hurriedly pass through the wards and scan the faces of the wounded, not knowing but my young brother may be one of them.

A few evenings ago, after quite a number of wounded had been placed upon the bunks, on going around as usual, I

came across a man with closed eyes, whose appearance denoted great suffering. I arrested my footsteps, and stopped to gaze at him, when he opened his eyes and with a feeble voice said, "Is not this a cruel war?" Seeing his feebleness, I requested him to keep quiet, and as I turned to leave, a gentleman approached me and remarked, "I see you have been talking to my friend, Captain Smith. He is going to die, and we can ill spare such men, for he is one of our bravest and best." This gentleman informed me that Captain Smith was acting quartermaster for the 25th Tennessee regiment, and he also acted as chaplain, being a Methodist minister. He had rushed into the midst of the skirmish, heedless of danger, and a ball had passed right through him in the region of the stomach. After this he carried a wounded comrade from the field. He was then placed upon a horse, which threw him, and after that he was carried several miles in a wagon, over very rough roads, and with all of this he had lost much blood.

After bathing his hands and face and giving him a cup of tea, I asked one of the surgeons what he thought of his condition. He replied, "You can do anything you please for him, for he cannot possibly live more than twenty-four hours." Notwithstanding all he has gone through, he is improving.

I have a patient named Sloan, a member of the Texas Rangers, who lost a leg in a skirmish. His father, a member of the same company, is with him and is very grateful to us for caring for his son. The poor little fellow is as cheerful as if he were at home playing with his brothers and sisters.

May 7.—A very lovely day. It is again rumored that the long looked for battle is to come off soon. The troops are being marched in the direction of Reinzie, where it is supposed the enemy are trying to outflank us, but we have nothing to fear as long as we have such vigilant generals as Bragg and Beauregard to watch them.

Evening.—The moon is resplendent, and the view from my window is lovely. Delightful strains of music fill the air, coming from the distant camps, carrying my thoughts back to more peaceful days. I fervently send up a prayer to Him who sitteth in the heavens to turn the hearts of our enemies so they may let us depart in peace. And I wonder how many of our brave men who are now quietly resting, by to-morrow's setting sun may be sleeping their last sleep. I think of the lone sentinel going his weary rounds, his thoughts on his home and loved ones. I pray that God may be with them all, so that living or dying, they may be His.

May 9.—Heavy skirmishing today, but as yet no battle. The same sad scenes—wounded men constantly being brought in, prisoners as well as our own men.

We were all introduced to General Hindman, who dined with us today. He is lame from a wound received at the battle of Shiloh. He is a peculiar looking man, having long light hair floating over his shoulders. I believe it is Shakespeare who says what a man lacked in brains he had in hair. As the former is much needed at present among our leading men, I cannot but regret that outward indications in this instance are unfavorable. Perhaps it is only my prejudice against everything foppish and effeminate in men. General Hindman may be an exception to the rule, and I trust he is.

May 10.—Scarcely an hour passes that wounded men are not brought in, and the hospital is again filled. I sat up all night to see that the nurses attended to their duties and to assist in bathing the men's wounds. One man, wounded in the arm, was quite cheerful this morning when I gave him his toddy, but was a corpse ere I could bring him his breakfast. When he was brought in yesterday the doctors wanted to amputate his arm, but this he would on no account permit; the result was a hemorrhage, and he bled to death.

Not a day passes that we do not see hundreds of sick men lying on the platform at the depot awaiting transportation. We know many times that they are really in want, but Dr. Smith, though one of the kindest hearted men in the world, has prohibited us from taking them any food, as it is strictly against orders, and besides he has not the food to spare. The railroads are much blamed for the suffering in not transporting them quicker.

Well, day after day passed, with plenty of skirmishing but no real battle. The sickness in both armies increasing, we supposed was the reason of no fighting. At one time nearly all of our doctors and nurses were ill, and many of the ladies besides. A move of some kind seemed indispensable, or Corinth would prove a very graveyard for us all.

The enemy were so close that, I was told, a shell from their guns could easily have reached us. Not a very pleasing prospect.

For some time a Presbyterian minister, a prisoner, ate at our table, and was rude enough to make sneering remarks about our people. Dr. Smith advised us not to mind him, and to say as little as possible. It was a difficult matter, as nearly every one at the table had suffered some personal wrong from the enemy.

Our druggist, Dr. Sizemore, had heard of a young brother breathing his last in a Northern prison, and of the ill treatment of the chaplain of his regiment, an inoffensive old man of seventy. This venerable minister of the Gospel had been treated as a felon, and not as a prisoner of war. Dr. Sizemore, knowing all of these things, had to endure this man's presence, and see him treated like one of our best friends. One day he said he did not think the South was united. I told him if he would ride through Mississippi alone I thought he would change his mind.

Sunday, May 25.—A bright sunny day, but cold enough for fires.

Last night I saw the ubiquitous chief, John Morgan, who is colonel of a Kentucky regiment, and one of the bravest and most daring of soldiers. It was amusing to see him followed by a crowd of admiring men.

On the 27th we left Corinth, but were unable to tell what the army were going to do. I went to Okolona to await its movements.

We left two of the prisoners who were wounded at Shiloh. It was a pitiful sight to see these two boys, aged 17 and 18 respectively, lying side by side dying among strangers, and the sight caused me to shed the bitterest tears that fell from my eyes. They forcibly reminded me of the many thousands of our brave men who were languishing in Northern prisons. If they receive anything like the kind treatment we have given these men, I shall be satisfied. They are both religious, and though very sad, are resigned to their fate. The doctors would have had them removed, but when we left they said they could not live any time.

We had seen many sad and harrowing sights in Corinth, still had much for which to feel grateful, as we fully realized "the blessedness of doing good."

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF CORINTH.

AFTER we left Corinth the enemy took possession, and fortified every part of it. On October 2, 1862, General Van Dorn, assisted by General Price, made an attack on the place, and were repulsed with great loss. I visited the town in 1866, and a lady, who was living there at the time of the battle, showed me one spot in which thirty-five Confederates were buried, "unknelled and uncoffined." Several Union officers were boarding with her just before the battle, and, I think, they put her and her children in a well for safety.

After this the enemy left the town, and before doing so burnt every church, school house, and every building of any public capacity. Every vestige of the Tishomingo Hotel, where we had witnessed so many horrors, was destroyed. At the time I speak of, a fine new hotel stood in its place.

After the enemy left Corinth, as they destroyed all of the railroads leading into town, the destitution was very great. This same lady, whose name I think is Evans, told me there was downright starvation for a long time. Many families, she among the others, were thankful to get enough corn meal to keep them from dying.

CHAPTER V.

OKOLONA.

ON arriving at Okolona, May 27, we found the patriotic little town filled with the sick and wounded, who had been sent from Corinth and other places. The people were doing all in their power to relieve the wants of those around them. Besides the soldiers, there were also many refugees.

In a few days we learned that Corinth was really evacuated, which was considered a great master stroke of Generals Bragg and Beauregard. The enemy had been digging entrenchments for months, spending millions of dollars, and losing thousands of lives in trying to take the place. The evacuation was done so quietly, that the last man was out before the enemy was aware of the fact.

There was little left for the foe to exult over, as the water was bad and the heat so extreme, that much sickness must have been the result. I sometimes wonder how many people know what a "masterly retreat" means. I did not, until I witnessed some of the consequences of this one.

In making a retreat, the principal object is to deceive the enemy. Many of the sick were not removed from Corinth until the whole army was about to leave. This was done as a blind, but was the cause of much suffering. I can scarcely realize now, all the distress caused by this "masterly retreat." As everything was done in a hurry, the distress was unavoidable, so we were told. I saw dozens of men come into Okolona looking more like spectres than living men; many of

them told us they had eaten nothing for four days, and from their appearance we could not doubt them. These men informed us that many of their comrades had died on the roadside, no eye to see them, save the all-seeing eye of Him who never sleepeth.

“By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.”

At a small station called Booneville, below Corinth, were a number of cars filled with wounded, and a band of Federal cavalry captured the cars and all on them, and we were told that they burned the sick and wounded in the cars. But later we learned that this horror was without foundation. I saw several men who were there, and they said that ample time was given to get all the helpless out before the cars were destroyed. Our cavalry came up in time to drive off the enemy, so no prisoners were taken.

As Rev. Mr. Miller, Mrs. Ogden and several of the Mobile ladies were at a place above Booneville, I was most anxious for their safety; so after awhile they arrived at Okolona in a car, where they had been for several days with scarcely any thing to eat. Some friends sent them their breakfast, as they did not leave the car. It appeared to me that I never saw so many cars in my life as were at the depot the morning Mrs. Ogden and the ladies came.

In trying to find my friends, I had to pass all of the others, and they were crowded with suffering humanity. The platforms were filled with the dead and dying, so that you could scarcely walk without stepping upon them. At one time I came across a group of officers having their breakfast cooked, and I stopped and asked them what was the cause of all this distress. They said in the hurry of the retreat they could not do better. I said I thought they could, and that the

doctors were to blame. Perhaps they were doctors, and I did not care if they were.

At every step I took I came across the same sad scenes : men lying all over the ground, many of them rolled in blankets, and could scarcely be distinguished from bundles of rags. My heart sickened at all I saw.

I was the guest of Judge Thornton, and the first Sunday I spent in Okolona I went to church, and for which act my conscience will trouble me as long as I live. Instead of going, Mrs. Thornton sent her two boys on horseback to all of the country people, telling them to send in cooked food, and she then went to work herself and cooked all she could and carried it down to the train and fed the men. I could not but think I ought to have helped her instead of attending service. She was up until 12 o'clock at night cooking for the starving men who came begging for something to eat. For a week or more the men would walk into the house and sit down to the table without being asked.

One evening the cook put her pail down in which was the night's milk, and as she turned around to shut the gate, a soldier snatched it up and carried it off, so we were minus milk for supper. Mrs. Thornton said she knew he needed the milk more than we did, and if he would bring back the bucket she would not mind it. In the morning it was returned. Such incidents as this were quite common, and was not called stealing, but *pressing*.

One great trouble was the scarcity of water. Everyone had a cistern, but as we had had no rain for some time, many were dry. The soldiers thought it hard that they could not get enough of water, but it is a poorly watered section of country, and there appear to be no natural springs, such as abound in Alabama.

There was the same trouble about water in Corinth, and

I have been told that many a time the horses would not drink what our men had to. The enemy did not suffer so much, as they were near the Tennessee river.

Shortly after going to Okolona I heard that John Morgan was to pass on the cars, and, though not feeling well, I could not resist the temptation of seeing so great a lion. I was introduced to him by a friend, and, as the train stopped quite a while at the depot, had a short conversation with this great chieftain.

I told him I regretted going home without seeing Kentucky, as I had fully expected to visit Cincinnati ere my return. He spoke in a most hopeful strain, and said the road there would soon be open to all Southerners. I told him I hoped to hear much of the good he would do the cause, and he said he hoped to hear of himself twenty years from then. I said if prayers would save him I knew he would be saved, as daily they were sent up for him, along with those of our other brave defenders. I paid him several well deserved compliments, which caused him to blush like a school girl. I thought him one of the finest looking men I ever saw. He had a most expressive countenance, and on being led to relate some of his exploits his eyes fairly glowed with enthusiasm, and at times with merriment. He told us about capturing a train of cars in Tennessee, and said: "The ladies on the train were as much alarmed as if I had meant to eat them." He facetiously remarked: "You know I would not do that."

While at Corinth he, in disguise, had called upon General Buell, and in the course of conversation with General Buell he informed him that John Morgan was in Corinth. General Buell answered that he knew better, and that he was in Kentucky.

Though perfectly free and affable in his manner, he was in every respect the dignified Southern gentleman; and from

what we knew of him he was a true representative of the Southern soldier—brave, chivalric and magnanimous, would scorn to strike a fallen foe or wreak vengeance upon the weak and helpless. His men fairly adored him, and it was not much wonder, as from the lowest to the highest they were treated by him as if they were brothers. He was in a box car, which was surrounded by his admirers, and when the train left they gave him three rousing cheers, and, much as he was used to homage, he looked abashed and again blushed.

How hopeful he and all of us were in those days, and what a blessing fate hides the future from our view. Had a wizard appeared at that moment and predicted the insults and indignities which were to be heaped upon this whole-souled patriot, and told us of the ignominy which was cast upon his lifeless body, would we not have told him "to preach to the coward?" and said:

"Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright."

For never could we have thought such a fate possible to one, who would have scorned to have treated the meanest of the enemy as he was treated. I was told by one of his officers, Captain Cloud, that when the men heard of their general's death they wept like children.

"A child will weep at bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A strippling for a woman's heart;
But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men."

Not even the noble Douglass himself, had the hearts of his countrymen more than had this dauntless chief.

As the army was encamped a short distance from us, Okolona was the headquarters of much of the army supplies. Col. Williams, quartermaster for Price's army, and

two young men assistants, boarded at Judge Thornton's. They had a small room outside in the yard, for their stores.

One of the young men being an Episcopalian, invited me to go with him to church, as Mr. Clute was to hold service in the open air. I recollected while on the way, that I was unacquainted with the name of my escort, so asked him what it was. He laughed so heartily, that he could scarcely tell me. Certainly these were strange times, for we never thought of requiring an introduction to a soldier, having perfect confidence in them. To be in our army was a passport, as the men were all gentlemen; at least I found them so.

The one I was then walking with was not an exception. His name was Curtis, and he was a captain in Price's Missouri State Guard at the time it was captured. He then was on Price's staff.

Mr. Clute was glad to meet me once more, and enquired after Mrs. Ogden and the other ladies. The service was held in quite a romantic spot, shaded by a large oak tree. The church, like every other in the place, was taken for a hospital.

Judge Thornton's home had every corner filled with sick and wounded, and Mrs. Thornton was most attentive to them. As soon as they were able to be moved, people came in from their plantations and took them to their homes, and the change proved of great benefit. As soon as one took his departure, another was brought in to fill his place. Nearly every one in the town did the same.

There were many hospitals in Okolona, and one I visited was under the special charge of the ladies. They cooked and prepared the delicacies and all at their own expense. It did me good to see the quantities of milk and nice butter.

Mrs. Thornton and her niece, a charming young lady, Miss G., and I visited some wounded and sick men in the tents. They were all lying on the ground, some without a

mattress. They were cheerful and contented, with the exception of a colonel, who grumbled at everyone and everything. This was so unusual that we asked his nurse, Mr. Crutchfield, the cause. He laughed and said he was an old bachelor, who was quite ill, and, having none of the soothing influences of home, on which to think, he was in consequence, cross and peevish. All the men we saw were from Missouri and Arkansas.

Miss G. and myself took a horseback ride, accompanied by Captain Curtis, our Missouri friend, and I had an opportunity of seeing a little of the fine prairie country, which is said to be one of the richest portions of Mississippi. The immense fields of wheat and corn we saw, went to prove that the enemy would have a difficult matter in starving us into submission, as they said they would.

The Captain is a fine looking man, and, as a matter of course, is fully aware of the fact, as all good-looking men are. He had told Judge Thornton that he was a married man, and as his manner did not indicate that fact, we were certain he was saying it for a joke. We concluded to take him at his word and treat him as a married man. We said what we pleased before him, saying we did not mind him, as he was an "old married man." The tables were completely turned, and nothing he could say to the contrary, would make us change our minds. It worried him not a little to think he should be so ignominiously laid on the shelf.

At this time each one was discussing the merits of our respective commanders, Bragg and Beauregard. As the latter had been one of my idols, I upheld him, and did not like the idea of having my idol shattered, for the tide was running in favor of Bragg. Many said if he had had his way at Shiloh we would have gained a complete victory. History and time have settled this matter, as it has others.

There were numerous tales told about Bragg's cruelty, and if we had believed one-half we heard, would have thought him a monster. One of the stories told was that on the retreat from Corinth he had a man shot for killing some one's pig.

The truth was, that orders were read to every regiment, informing them that they must on no account fire off their muskets while on the retreat, and telling them of the penalty of a disobedience of these orders. Some of the men disobeyed them and accidentally wounded their comrades. The man who was shot for killing the pig, also killed a negro, and besides was lawfully tried by a court-martial. So much for army tales. Long before the war ended I learned to take all I heard at a discount.

During this month (June) there were many battles near Richmond, the Confederate capital, and in Okolona there were numbers of anxious hearts, as nearly all had relatives there. About the middle of the month news came that Judge Thornton's son was badly wounded, and his mother bore the tidings with true Christian fortitude. A few days afterwards word came that he would be up on the train, so his cousin and myself, accompanied by the Judge, went to meet him. When a short distance from home we were stopped by a guard and told that we ladies could pass, but not Judge Thornton. We were in a dilemma, for we could not go on without him; but the guard settled matters by telling the Judge to go around a tree that was near, as he (the guard) had no jurisdiction over anything but the road. The young man was not on the train, but came home a long time afterward and died of his wound.

Mr. John Fowler, of Mobile, was in Okolona nursing his brother, Captain Fowler, of the Twenty-fourth Alabama regiment. I left for home in the company of these gentlemen. I regretted leaving many of the patients at Mrs. Thornton's, as we had been so long together they were like relatives.

CHAPTER VI.

MOBILE.

ON my return home the cars were so much crowded with sick and wounded convalescents that we found it almost impossible to obtain even standing room. I stood a short time outside on the platform, when a soldier inside gallantly insisted on my taking his seat. I did not relish the change, though fully appreciating the kindness, for I was almost suffocated from the closeness of the atmosphere, caused from the excessive heat and so many sick men crowded together.

General Beauregard and staff were on the train; and had a baggage car and the ladies' car to themselves. This monopoly of so much room, by those in command, caused not a little murmuring, and it was not much wonder. The general was in bad health, but his staff officers looked well enough; and I, like many others, could not see why they should have so much spare room when the sick and wounded had to be so crowded, many of them lying on the floor. During the whole war I never spent a more uncomfortable time, as many of the men groaned all night, and I could do little or nothing to alleviate the sufferings of the poor fellows. To add to the distress water was scarce.

I caught a glimpse of General Beauregard several times, and was not a little surprised at the boyish appearance of the hero of Fort Sumter and Manassas. I expected to find something of the "venerable" in the man who had distinguished himself in Mexico and in our own war by his daring and

bravery. I also expected to see more of the recklessness and dash peculiar to the Louisiana soldier. I thought his countenance wore a sad and thoughtful expression, and I have no doubt he was feeling the instability of that hydra-headed monster, the public, who but a short while before had almost worshiped him, but then were ready to cast him aside for some one else. He had but to think of the many hundreds of great men who had shared a like fate. Human nature appears to be the same in all ages. History has done justice to his military genius, and I shall but add that the South had no truer patriot than General Beauregard.

There were several Missourians on the train, who left nothing undone to make matters as pleasant as possible to me, and I was most thankful to them for their kindness. I listened with the greatest interest to them relating their war exploits. Poor fellows, I felt sorry for them being so far from their homes and State.

We came about 250 miles, and on nearly the whole route we saw immense fields of corn and little or no cotton.

On arriving in Mobile I was much pained to hear of the death of many dear friends in the battles around Richmond. Though our cause was bright, as every army brought by the enemy had been repulsed, we could scarcely rejoice when thinking of the woe brought to so many households. The immortal Jackson, who had so nobly won the sobriquet of "Stonewall," was spreading dismay upon the enemy. For weeks fighting had been going on around Richmond, which terminated in the six days' battles, the last being Malvern Hill. The victories won by the South over such well equipped armies have few parallels in history, and ought to have convinced the whole North that the South was fighting for all that is dear to man. Much of the fighting was done near the Chickahominy river, and the sufferings of both armies brought

forth the following touching lines from my mother, then an exile from her home :

“ O thy soft rolling flood, Chickahominy river,
In thy flowing disturbeth my innermost soul,
All unlike is thy gliding so calm, to the horrors
Of carnage and bloodshed that round thee did roll.

If thy tale could be told, Chickahominy river,
Of the heart-rending pangs of the young and the brave,
Of the husband and father, whose soul in departing
Wrung with agony, prayed for a home in the grave.

Yet this is not all, Chickahominy river,
The sad hearts that are breaking are far from thy shore,
But their slain they have left in trust to thy keeping—
Chickahominy river. take care of thy store.

Let thy banks guard them well, Chickahominy river,
Let the dust of the hero lie calmly at rest!
Till the trump of the dead shall awake them to glory,
Immortal to live in the land of the blest.”

The heat of the summer of 1862, during the months of July and August, was extreme, and was the more felt through lack of ice. This luxury having been thought a necessity, we did not think it possible to live without it. The street pumps were brought into requisition, and we were thankful for a drink of “Jupiter’s nectar.” As I said before, we carried our cups and pitchers with us in the evenings when on the promenade, and had many a laugh at the novel proceeding—for we did laugh sometimes in those days.

I have often thought since that, had we given way to our feelings of grief that the surroundings called forth, none of us could have survived. Turn which way we would, the sad emblems of bereavement met us. The husbands of several of our friends had been killed and their bodies left within the enemy’s lines, and the uncertainty of their fate was harrowing

in the extreme. One lady pined away, and died from anxiety and grief. Another lady never rested until she went through the enemy's lines, and had her husband's body disinterred to be certain he was really slain.

A most heartless act was perpetrated, which I shall record here. The oldest son of Mr. Milton Boullmett, a member of the Third Alabama regiment, and a most promising young man, was killed at Malvern Hill. The mayor of Richmond had his body brought from the battlefield and properly interred, marked his grave and sent his Bible and other mementos to his bereaved parents. Some time afterwards Mr. Boullmett received a dispatch from a place between Mobile and Richmond, saying that his son was lying at this place wounded. The person that sent the dispatch asked Mr. Boullmett to forward him a certain amount of money, and he would immediately bring the son home. Instead of sending the money, Mr. Boullmett hurried to the place, with feelings alternating between hope and distrust, to find no son there, nor the sender of the dispatch. The act was a scheme to obtain money. The feelings of the poor mother, at this heartless proceeding, can better be imagined than described.

The health of the city was excellent during the whole summer, which was a great blessing. There was no sign of yellow fever and I do not recollect of hearing of a case during the whole four years.

General Forney had the city put into a state of defense, and we felt much safer in consequence. The ladies were leaving nothing undone to assist in taking care of the soldiers in the hospitals. They formed into societies of all kinds. I visited the general hospital which was under their supervision and they had everything in perfect order. They prepared the delicacies and took charge of all donations, and saw that they were properly distributed. It did me good to see our poor

fellows in such a delightful retreat, a great contrast to what I had seen near the army. There were other hospitals in the city, and all conducted in the same delightful manner.

The noncombatants formed themselves into relief societies, and did all they could to relieve the wants of those whose natural protectors were in the army. They had a supply society where they sold groceries at a very low rate to those who could buy, and gave to those who could not. In order to do this, men were sent up the country to buy produce as cheap as possible from the planters, who often sent handsome donations of eatables. A clergyman informed me that he had fewer calls for charity than he had before the war.

There is not the least doubt but we had numbers of "sordid sons of mammon," men who speculated on the necessities of the times, but I am certain that in no war was there more noble, disinterested kindness than there was in ours.

I trust that the history of one gentleman, whose deeds were well-known to the writer, will not be out of place here. He is now resting from his labors, and his works, I trust, are living after him. William P. Hammond was a native of Scotland, and for years a successful cotton merchant of Mobile. He married a Mobile lady, Miss C. Stickney, and when the war broke out had several children. Being a man of wealth, he was surrounded by all of the comforts and luxuries that money could procure, having a handsome town and city residence. His deeds of charity were many, as numerous widows and orphans could testify. He espoused the Southern cause with all of the enthusiasm for which his country is noted, thinking that the people of the South were the best judges of their own necessities. His faith in the justice of the cause was proved by his deeds, for when the war ended little or nothing remained of his wealth, excepting Confederate bonds. He was unable to enter the army, but his oldest son, quite a

youth, left college and, with the sanction of his patriotic father, enlisted as a private. He was a member of all of the relief committees for the benefit of the soldiers' families. When the collapse came all he owned was a home in the country, which was almost uninhabitable by being surrounded by fortifications, and a cotton warehouse, which an explosion leveled with the ground. Nothing daunted, he went to work, and with the aid of friends rebuilt his cotton warehouse, and fortune again smiled upon him. As is well-known to all, the poverty of the South for many years was extreme. Mr. Hammond was so very conscientious that not one cent did he spend upon himself and family but what was absolutely necessary, saying that he was nothing but a steward in God's hands, and it was his duty to give to others as had been given to him.

When General Thomas, by an unheard of arbitrary edict closed every Episcopal church in Alabama, our good pastor was left penniless. A scheme was started to raise money for his support; each member was to contribute what he could. As service was permitted to be held in the rectory, often Mr. Hammond handed the rector a twenty dollar bill, and at that time he could not be induced to buy himself a new suit of clothes, so his wife informed me.

I have given this history of Mr. Hammond, being cognizant of the facts, and there is not the least doubt that were they known, many others did as much in "doing what they could."

About the latter part of July the army left for Tennessee and many of the troops passed through Mobile. My brother's command passed through Tuscaloosa, and he wrote in glowing terms about the manner in which the troops were treated. He said the ladies and old men met them in the streets, with baskets full of eatables, and fed them as they passed along.

Captain Curtis, of Price's staff, called to see me on his way to the army and was in fine spirits, as General Price was expecting to get an independent command and go and free Missouri.

CHAPTER VII.

RINGGOLD—DALTON—CHATTANOOGA.

FEELING assured that we would have much more fighting, and, being anxious to do all we could in the cause, several ladies and myself made up our minds to go to Tennessee, and wait there until we knew the destination of our army, that rumor said had gone into Kentucky. I shall quote from my journal, though not verbatim :

August 28.—Today Mrs. May, Mrs. Williamson and myself left Mobile for Tennessee. Among the friends who came to see us off was our good pastor, Dr. Pierce (now bishop of Arkansas), who introduced us to a Mr. Fogle from New Orleans. We crossed Mobile bay in the steamer *Mary Wilson* to Tensas Landing, and then took the cars for *Montgomery*. The country through which we passed had numerous pine forests, from which much turpentine is manufactured.

Mr. Fogle was very attentive, as was also his friend, an old gentleman, who was a little crusty. This we did not mind, for, as I have said before, men seemed to think that women had no right to travel during war times.

We arrived at *Montgomery* the morning of the 29th and put up at a fine hotel, the Exchange, and paid one dollar each for an excellent breakfast. Mr. Fogle and his friend having important business to detain them in *Montgomery*, we were deprived of their company the rest of the journey. They very kindly provided a carriage for us and told the driver to take us to the car and put us in the care of the conductor, which he faithfully did. After the gentlemen left us Mrs.

Williamson naively remarked: "I expect my number of packages alarmed our two friends, and caused them to have such *important business* in Montgomery."

We thought we rather gained by having no escort, as the conductor, Mr. Phillips, was most attentive.

We met a lady on the cars taking her negroes up the country, as many supposed Mobile would soon be in the hands of the enemy. Mrs. General McCoy, of Mobile, was also on the train en route for Virginia to see her husband, who had been taken ill while nursing a wounded son, who afterwards died from his wound.

After changing cars at West Point we received the same kind attention from the next conductor. When we arrived in Atlanta, at dark, he escorted us to the train for Chattanooga, checked our baggage and secured us seats.

We arrived at Chattanooga covered with dust and wearied with our journey, having come six hundred miles in thirty-six hours.

When about thirty miles from Chattanooga a guard examined our papers, and, on finding that none of us had the right kind, informed us that we could go no further. We had gotten ours from the provost-marshal of Mobile, but orders had come from Chattanooga to allow no one to go there without a special permit. The men were very much incensed at this peremptory order and remonstrated with the guard, but all proved of no avail, for they along with some ladies, had to get off at the first station we came to.

Upon telling the guard of our mission and showing our order for transportation, we were permitted to proceed. I presume he thought we were government "officials."

A fine looking lady, Mrs. Hanby, whose husband was upon General Hardee's staff, had a permit from that general to go to any part of the Confederacy, but that *august document*

was of no avail, and she was ordered off just like the others. Great was the consternation of the guard when she very decidedly told him she would not go. Poor man! He might fight single-handed for or against state rights, but before woman's rights he was powerless, so said no more to her. This lady had just come from Kentucky, where she had been very harshly treated by the Federal authorities, having been taken for a spy. She eluded the vigilance of the officers and brought out quite an amount of contraband goods. We were very glad to accept some *contraband nutmegs* from her, as they were scarce, and we needed them to season delicacies for the sick.

We went to the Crutchfield House at Chattanooga, and were informed we could not procure a room without a special pass from the provost-marshal of the place. We were in a dilemma now, as we were not allowed to walk even a square without this pass, so could not get out to procure one.

The clerk of the hotel kindly informed us that we could wash our hands and faces in the parlor and eat breakfast. For this gracious concession we were properly thankful. After waiting for some time for water to be brought in, I ventured to ask a white girl, who was sweeping the hall, to bring us some, as we wished to get rid of the dust by which we were covered. This *femme de chambre* coolly informed us we could get none until the next day, and, as if to add insult to injury, deliberately walked into the parlor and vigorously plied her broom to the carpet, enveloping us in clouds of dust. Thinking we had borne enough even for war times, we left the parlor in disgust and went in quest of water. Fortunately we came up with our heroic friend, Mrs. Hanby, who this time was the favored one and had procured a room on General Hardee's pass. She most kindly gave us the use of her room, and we were much refreshed by the aid of that aqueous fluid, which appeared then to be contraband.

After breakfast a gentleman informed us that he knew of a by-road to the post-surgeon's office, where there were no guards, so Mrs. May and Mrs. Williamson took advantage of his kindness and accompanied him upon the surreptitious road.

After their departure, seating myself in the parlor to meditate upon the strangeness of the times, my cogitations were broken by the appearance of an old Kentucky friend, Major Proctor, of General Hardee's staff. I was perfectly delighted to meet him, for I felt assured he could, and would, deliver us from the state of bondage into which we had fallen. He took me to see Dr. John Young, of Kentucky, medical purveyor, who, on Major Proctor's assurance that we were "no spies," but loyal Confederates, procured us passes to go through the streets and environs of Chattanooga until further orders.

The army had gone into Kentucky, as General Bragg had every hope that the Kentuckians would rise *en masse* and rid themselves of the hated Yankee yoke.

We lost no time in calling upon the post-surgeon, who received us very kindly and informed us that Dr. Thornton, whom we had come to see, was at Ringgold, Ga., about thirty miles below. Our Kentucky friend, Dr. Young, who was a whole-souled Southerner, procured us transportation to that place, and thither we bent our steps. We found it a pretty little village, and several hospitals, well filled with patients, already there. Mrs. Glasburn and several of the ladies of Corinth were in one of the hospitals, and also two of the Corinth doctors.

After spending a few days at the Catosa House, an excellent hotel, we procured board with a fine old lady, Mrs. Evans. I was much pleased with the place and charmed with the cordiality and kindness of the country people. Fruit, vegetables, butter, milk, and, in fact, all that one could wish of good,

wholesome food, was there in abundance. Springs of pure, cool water abounded everywhere. We visited several saltpeter caves, which the government was using for gunpowder.

A short distance from Ringgold is the now famous Chickamauga creek or river, a stream which flows north and empties into the Tennessee river at Chattanooga. I went fishing in its water, with a party of young folks, and I presume the noise we made gave warning to the finny tribe, for we returned without a single fish. The woods all around this stream are dense, and the country surrounding very lovely. Who among us at that fishing party but would have laughed at any one who would have predicted the awful fratricidal conflict, which was destined, in a little more than a year, to be enacted in these peaceful solitudes? Alas! how prophetic its name—Chickamauga, River of Death.

I shall again quote from my journal:

September 4.—Mrs. May and I went to Chattanooga to-day, accompanied by a gentleman friend. We visited the hospitals, in which there were very few sick men, and those few had the appearance of needing plenty of good food. Some of them had been in Mobile, and I was not a little pleased at the praise they bestowed upon the ladies of my city. Within sight of the Tennessee was one of the hospitals. After leaving it, we took a stroll on its banks, and the scenery was perfectly beautiful. The river rolled at our feet, and

“Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark blue mirror trace,”

While

“Aloft the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And higher yet the pine tree hung
His shattered trunk.
So wondrous wild the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.”

This is truly the "land of the mountain and the flood." I was enraptured with all I saw. The scenery that Scott has so beautifully portrayed was now before me. All was calm and still,

"Noontide was sleeping on the hill."

The city had been shelled a few months before, and we sat upon a bank and ate our lunch opposite to where the Federals had planted their batteries. We were told that no warning was given to the inhabitants, and when the balls came pouring in the panic was fearful, as women and children flew in all directions to escape from the deadly missiles. The enemy took possession, but afterwards gave the place up.

In the afternoon we paid a visit to another hospital, where Mrs. May met an old friend in the surgeon, Dr. Hunter. He was much pleased to meet her, and wished her services immediately. As soon as the hospital could be enlarged he wished Mrs. Williamson and myself. The hospital was composed of the upper part of several large warehouses, each one opening into the other, and a current of air blew right through them. As a disinfectant, all were thoroughly whitewashed with lime. The hospital was called "The Newsom," after a most beautiful lady I met in Corinth, and admired for her noble work among the soldiers. (See Appendix.)

No one appeared to know what had become of the army. I had not heard from my brother since his trip through North Alabama, and, like many others, was not a little anxious. All the Kentuckians in Chattanooga were more than hopeful that the Federals would be driven from the State.

Mrs. May and I returned to Ringgold to await further orders. We were very pleasantly situated with our kind hostess, Mrs. Evans, but as we had not left home for pleasure, were anxious to be at work. Mrs. Evans had a visit from her son, a Methodist minister, who wished to know about the

authoress, Miss Augusta Evans. He admired her so much that he named one of his little girls after her.

We visited the hospitals, and in one found a poor fellow fighting against some arrowroot a nurse was forcing him to take. I soon saw why it was not palatable. It was too thick. I took some and making it quite thin, seasoned it with wine. The patient drank a tumblerful right off and relished it very much. I have already told how much of this ingredient I used at Corinth, and I did so during the whole war. It would relieve a cough when nothing else would, and was excellent in diarrhœa and pneumonia.

Owing to having had dry weather sweet potatoes were scarce. Several of the men begged us for some, so we went on a foraging expedition to try and procure them. A very kind lady gave us the best she had, and for which she would take no money. This lady had two pretty young daughters who were busy spinning and weaving. This ancient custom had become quite fashionable, as the blockade kept all other goods out of the country. So much for being dependent upon others for what we ought to have had ourselves.

As I am writing about what we did, thought and said during the war, I must not omit a subject which touched us ladies very closely. At Ringgold, as at Corinth, some women, not of the right kind, had been in the hospitals. The people of the place had found them out, and on making complaint to the officials, the women had been dismissed. Several friends called upon us and advised us to return home, as they did not consider it respectable to enter a hospital. Heaven help us, or any people who have such false views of so sacred a duty! This was not the first time, by any means, that we had been told this, and I think it reflected neither good sense nor a humane spirit upon the Southern people. Were our fathers, brothers, husbands and sons to be left in the dreary hospitals,

on the terrible battlefield, far from friends and homes, without one cheering word to comfort them, or a friendly hand to smooth the pillow of the dying; because, forsooth, it was not thought respectable? No! Our duty was plain enough, and that was to go and do what we could for our poor suffering patriots—and little enough it was, when they were enduring so much for us. It is no idle gossip that I am writing, for we found out before the war closed, that many men, as well as women, were imbued with the same sentiments. Some say that we were not lauded enough, and I am writing this from wounded vanity; but such is not the case, for we were praised so much, that many a time I have asked if it was such an unusual thing for a Southern woman to do her duty? We all know that there were many noble and true women who came forward and faithfully did their part. Women whose deeds, were they all known, would make what Miss Nightingale endured at the Crimea, sink into insignificance. But alas! as I can testify, there were others who did little or nothing, while their country was bleeding at every pore. Oh! how much they could have done to alleviate the horrors of the cruel war. We all know that "evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart."

A young lady, Miss Julia Lowe, came to me after the war was ended, and said: "You have nothing with which to reproach yourself, for you have done your duty. Oh! how miserable I am at having done so little. In the next war I shall certainly do better." This lady I had often urged to come with me, for I knew she was well suited for the work, but she seemed to lack moral courage for the undertaking. She told me one day she would come if one of her brothers was a surgeon in the hospital. I asked her if the Sisters of Charity had brothers in them before they ventured in. I should like to have some one tell me why a Roman Catholic can go with

credit where it is a disgrace for a Protestant to go? I shall say now what, perhaps, I have said before, that a woman's respectability is at a low ebb when caring for the suffering will endanger it.

Hearing that Judge and Mrs. Thornton were at Dalton, I went down there to see them. The Judge had gone to Virginia to bring his wounded son home, and the poor fellow was so ill the father could get him no further, and his mother had come to help nurse him. When I saw him he was so wasted that he could scarcely speak. After remaining several weeks in Dalton, they managed to get him home, where he died shortly afterwards. Poor fellow; how patiently he bore his sufferings.

I was much pleased with Dalton, as it is romantically situated, in a valley, surrounded by mountains. Since the war it has become quite a manufacturing town. The people had a peculiar accent, such as we read of in Georgia scenes. They were enthusiastic Southerners, and were getting ready to take care of the wounded, who were expected. Historic Dalton! How little we dreamed of the fate of these good people, and the sad havoc that would be in these peaceful hills and dales, scourged by Sherman and his men on their "grand march to the sea."

After a short visit at Dalton I resumed my hospital duties in Chattanooga, along with my two lady friends. We were in the Newsom Hospital, which was capable of accommodating six hundred patients. It occupied two sides of the street, and on our side were three wards. I was assigned one, which was quite a distance from the room we occupied. It had many patients, some of whom were very ill—one died the day I took charge. His name was Hughes, a member of a Louisiana regiment. In a few days two more—Watt and Allen Jones, members of a Louisiana regiment—went to their long homes.

This, of course, was very deploring, but we had much to try us in those days.

Our hospital trials! How shall I ever recount them? In the first place we had nothing to cook upon for those who were ill but a very small stove, and that smoked. When we complained about it, Dr. Hunter's consolation was the history of a remarkable woman, a friend of his, who cooked for about five hundred people upon one of the same size. This did not mend matters for us, as she, not being there to perform this wonderful feat, we had to make out the best way we could. We were sadly in need of proper food for the sick, beef and excellent wheat light bread being our all. We made beef tea, and toasted the bread, making it as palatable as possible with a little butter. The men all begged for milk, and we bought a little with our own money. Every hospital was entitled to a certain sum of money for each patient from the government. The surgeon in charge, previous to Dr. Hunter, had overdrawn his dues, and we were suffering from his mismanagement.

After being wearied and sick at heart, at seeing so much suffering from lack of nourishment, I wrote home for money or anything else the people could send. My appeal was not in vain, and the good people of Mobile immediately sent supplies of all kinds, but our needs being so many, we were soon as bad off as ever. Our kind Kentucky friend, Dr. Young, gave us many articles, such as wine, arrowroot and spices, which were most needed for seasoning; he also gave me some clothing for the men, which helped us not a little, for after our day's work was finished, we usually made shirts and other articles.

We three occupied one room, and were very fortunate in having a most pleasantly situated one. It was in a third story front, and the view from the windows was grand. To the right was the Tennessee in its circuitous route meandering

through fertile fields and meadows ; facing us was quite a rise, dotted with handsome mansions, surrounded by lovely gardens of shrubbery ; and to our left was Lookout Mountain, looking like a lion couchant, frowning down upon the placid waters of the Tennessee, which flows around its base. Many a time, when worn out physically and mentally, have I forgotten my trials in gazing with rapture upon this lovely scene. Mr. Bryant, the owner of the house occupied it with us, and his wife was most kind. Poor thing, she, like many others, had to vacate her premises at the command of the government, and put up with any place she could find.

Another of our trials was our "help." We had several free negroes and they were anything but efficient. It was amusing to see the contempt the slaves had for them. The doctors had a good old negro cook, and one day she became quite angry at what some one had said to her, and remarked to me : "He speaks to me as if I was a free nigger, and had no master to care for me."

We found the convalescent soldiers the most reliable "help," but just as soon as we got them initiated into the culinary art they were sent to the army. At first we could scarcely keep our gravity, at seeing the soldiers standing by the stove gravely turning batter cakes, or frying beef steak, but, like everything else, we soon got used to them. Dr. Hunter was very kind and did all he could to assist us, but servants were not to be had, and as for the smoky chimney, though a disciple of Esculapius, he could not cure it. -

We were continually hearing reports of the army being in Kentucky, but nothing definite. Up to October the Kentuckians in Chattanooga were full of hope of soon getting to their homes. Dr. Young was so elated at the reports that he requested me to enlarge his vest, saying he had puffed out so with the good news, it had become too small. Poor

man! He, like many others, was doomed to disappointment, for he never saw the "promised land" until "Wild war's deadly blast had blawn."

By the end of October we knew the truth, that Bragg, not getting the assistance he expected from the people, had to abandon Kentucky. It was a terrible blow to us all, but our trials appeared endless. And in reviewing the past my wonder is how we stood them so well; but hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," must have buoyed us up.

Mrs. May had a stove to herself which smoked, as all appeared to do in Chattanooga. She had other trials and, not being very well, sank under her difficulties and returned home. We regretted this, as she was a true and faithful nurse and was liked by doctors and patients. Dear old Mrs. Williamson—"grandma," as the men called her—worked early and late for her "dear boys." How they did love her; and how comforting were the mild benedictions which she administered to the sick and dying. God only knows how many weary wanderers she was instrumental in bringing to Christ. And not the sick alone felt the influence of her humble Christianity, but all with whom she came in contact. I think I hear her mild accents yet, when sometimes we would be tried almost beyond human endurance, she would say in the gentlest tones: "Have patience and God will bring all right." She went to her reward a few years after the war closed, and died as she had lived—a consistent member of the Methodist church.

Our hospitals were filled with sick men from Northern prisons. They presented a pitiable sight, being almost destitute of clothing. We had also numbers from Bragg's army, and sad enough tales they told of their retreat from Kentucky. Many of them were ragged and barefooted, worn out from fatigue and hunger. Many of the Kentuckians, when leaving their State, wept like children.

In the midst of our work Mrs. Williamson was stricken down with typhoid fever, and lay for many weeks very ill. A negro girl was procured to take care of her, as it was impossible for me to do so. But the dear patient Christian required very little attention, for like many of our patients, she lay in a state of apathy, and did not appear to care what became of her. She frequently told me she was going to die, but God spared her, for He had more work for her to perform, and also many more trials for her to endure. As may be imagined, I had my hands full, as the three wards were under my supervision. Many a day passed without my seeing Mrs. Williamson, from the time I got up in the morning until I retired at night.

Besides all this, we received bad news from Kentucky, also that Price and Van Dorn had been defeated at Corinth. Alas! this cruel war; what woe and desolation did it not bring to hearts North as well as South? But how could we be expected to have any sympathy with the North? Were they not invaders, trampling upon the rights of a free people?

Four months elapsed ere we heard a word from my brother. He wrote from Tuscaloosa in July on the march to Kentucky. My father, in despair, telegraphed to me to see if I could find out anything about him. Oh, the anxiety of those terrible times! Can words ever portray what we endured? Never! as many can testify. Hearing that Wither's division, to which my brother belonged, was passing through, I took an escort and went down to the depot to try and learn his fate. There I met Colonel Buck and Captain Muldoon, of the Twenty-fourth Alabama Regiment, who informed me he was well, and that his company, the Alabama State Artillery, had gone another route.

We had first one kind of help in the kitchen and then another, when one day I was so fortunate as to procure the ser-

vices of an excellent woman, Mrs. Rally, who had come to see her husband. He had been all through the Kentucky campaign, and had succumbed to illness. Mrs. Rally was so thankful to be near him, and as he was recovering, she offered to assist us all in her power. We were getting along finely, when Mr. Rally took a relapse and breathed his last in her arms, a consolation thousands of women would have given worlds to have had—the satisfaction of being with their loved ones at the last. I did what I could to get her to remain, but as all reminded her of her loss, she would not do so. I could relate many instances of wives coming to see their husbands, who would be told, “He died a few days ago.” Oh, the despair those few words brought to the hearts of these stricken ones! There was one poor woman whose shrieks of despair I shall never forget. I used to wish that Lincoln and his emissaries could be brought where these heartrending scenes were enacted, and surely they would have held their hands when issuing their mandates for troops to go and massacre their fellow men. But as the poet says:

“One murder makes a villain—
Millions a hero. * * *
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brothers.”

Chattanooga was filled with hospitals, as it was the headquarters of the army. Ours belonged to Hardee's corps, and had bunks for seven hundred patients. As a matter of course, there was much to be done, and there was also much left undone. All we ladies could do was to see that the food for the very ill was properly prepared, and that they got it properly.

We had an excellent baker, but numbers of our men, being from the country, did not relish wheat bread. We made the stale bread into batter cakes and puddings, which were eaten with a gusto. We let the batter stand until it was fomented,

and as eggs were at a premium, the cakes were made without. The puddings were made out of the same batter, with the addition of molasses, raisins and spices. Of course the convalescents did not fare near so sumptuously, and my wonder now is how the men ever got well on the food we gave them.

Mrs. Newsom was matron of a hospital belonging to Polk's corps, and one day I saw her cooking for fifty men upon a small grate. She told me that in order to cook all, she had to get up every morning at 3 o'clock. Having been in the hospitals in their infancy, when they were much worse off, she did not murmur. She was with the army when Polk was at Bowling Green, Ky., and she told me the suffering of the sick and wounded there, from inefficient attention, was distressing. Poor thing, she had much to trouble her besides cooking upon a small grate. She had just received word from her home in Arkansas that her father, a Baptist minister, had been imprisoned because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the Federal government. It appears strange that a man whose mission is peace, should be imprisoned for not taking an oath that his conscience forbade his doing. But such instances of barbarity were by no means uncommon.

The Rev. John Murray Robertson had been an honored minister of the gospel for about thirty years, when the war between the States began. He was a native of Maryland, but was living in Huntsville, Ala., at that time. He espoused the Southern cause with zest, and being a man of strong convictions, was scarcely expected to change when the time of trial came. When Huntsville was first occupied by Federal troops, having several sons in the Confederate army, he was subjected to many indignities by a petty tyrant, who was provost-marshal. When Huntsville was a second time in the hands of Federal troops, Rev. J. M. Robertson, being a minister of the Episcopal church, did not use the prayer for the President of



MRS. ELLA KING NEWSOM
(The Florence Nightingale of the South.)

the United States. This omission was deemed in accordance with all civil and ecclesiastical law, as in this enlightened age no one can surely be expected to offer up a prayer they do not feel is right. Such a prayer, we all know, is mockery, and could not be acceptable at the Throne of Grace. But the redoubtable champions of the "best government the world ever saw," with the spirit of a Nero, were determined that the prayer should be said or he would be imprisoned. So one bright Monday morning a sergeant with a file of soldiers arrested him, and, on his refusal to do what his conscience forbade, he was imprisoned and treated very harshly. He was taken to the Tennessee river to be sent South, and there the *magnanimous* colonel, who commanded the guard in charge of him, had him put in a chicken coop, and though the night was extremely cold, did not allow him a blanket or covering of any kind. The next morning, when taken out more dead than alive, he commenced crowing like a rooster. This annoyed the guards so much that they threatened to shoot him if he did not desist, but nothing daunted, he kept on crowing. One of the soldiers placed his gun in a position to shoot, when this intrepid minister looked at him perfectly fearless and said: "You coward, you dare not shoot a defenseless old man." The man lowered his gun, apparently ashamed of his action. He was placed upon a raft and sent down the river, and crowded until out of the hearing of his captors. This, people of the North, is an "ower true tale," as numbers can testify; for this heroic soldier of the cross was well known in Alabama. He never recovered the effects of his terrible exposure that bitter cold night in the hen coop, and died from disease contracted there.

Some may say why recount these things? They can do no good. I trust they may do some good; there are always two ways of telling a story—the right and the wrong. I have read so much against the South in Northern books that

I think it is high time for the South to tell her own tale, and enlighten those who really have not the least idea of one-half of the outrages committed upon our defenseless people.

I was invited to take a horseback ride with a party, and feeling the need of recreation, accepted. General Hardee was of the number, and being well acquainted with the finest parts of this romantic place, was our pilot, and an excellent one he made. He took us up to a high ridge and from its summit we beheld a lovely panorama of the surrounding country. Below us was the river with its serpentine windings, making what had the appearance of many islands. Though we had had frost the trees had not shed their foliage, and were magnificently clad in the gorgeous hues of autumn. In these lonely woods where there was naught save the "silent worshipers," they caused a feeling of awe, which was the

* * * "felt presence of the Deity.
 Along these lonely regions where, retired
 From little scenes of art, great nature dwells
 In awful solitude."

At one time we were on the brink of a precipice, which on looking over I beheld a "darksome glen," where the "noble stag" which Fitz James so ruthlessly chased, might have been soon "lost to hound and hunter's ken." It was a most solitary nook, where doubtless the fairies loved to hold their revels. The sun was setting and

"The western waves of ebbing day
 Rolled o'er the glen their levelled way ;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.
 But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravine below."

General Hardee, "author of the tactics," was the *tout ensemble* of a soldier, and combined the *fortiter in re*, with the

suaviter in modo. At the beginning of the war he was in command of Fort Morgan, and since then he had held high positions in the army. He was the hero of many battles, and was much esteemed for his military knowledge, being a graduate of West Point and also of a military school in France. Major Roy, his adjutant-general, a very handsome and elegant gentleman, was of the party. He spoke of General Hardee in most affectionate terms.

On reaching home, I was much grieved to learn that one of my patients, Lieutenant Thompson, of the 27th Mississippi, had died in my absence. Although I had seen very little of him, having been brought in a few days previous in a dying state, still, I regretted being away, and thought I would never leave again.

Dr. Hopping, of Alabama, was surgeon in charge of my special ward, and a most kind, attentive one he was. Before Mrs. Williamson was taken ill, whenever we wished a spiritual adviser for the soldiers, having no chaplain, we called upon her. While she was lying ill one of my nurses came and told me that one of the patients was very ill, and that before being so bad, he had been very profane. The nurse was most anxious that I should go and speak to him on the state of his soul. I went over and spoke as well as I could. I read several chapters in the Bible, I think one was the last of Revelations; prayed with him and read several hymns. The man appeared much impressed with all I said, and the nurses were delighted with the change in his behavior. Oh! how gratifying it was to me to think that such a small act of mine would apparently do so much good. Before daylight the next morning the man was called to his account. His nurses told me he prayed until the last, and wished several times that I would come to see him again. The nurses did not think I ought to come, as the hospital was quite a distance from where we roomed. I would

gladly have gone to him, and regretted not being sent for. About the end of the year it was rumored that Bragg had requested Davis to relieve him of the command of the Western army; whether true or not, General Joseph E. Johnston, of Manassas fame, visited the army, and we thought had come to take charge. On calling on a friend, Mrs. Brooks, I met the general's wife, and was much pleased with what little I saw of her. She was a fine looking lady, with extremely affable manners and fine conversational powers. She said her husband was much pleased with the morale of the army, and thought Bragg had done all for it that could be done. I also met several of General Johnston's staff officers, whose names I have forgotten. These gentlemen, like all educated Southerners whom I met, were high toned, elegant mannered personages.

When we first went to Chattanooga several of the first ladies of the place called upon us, and were not a little surprised when we told them, most emphatically, that we did not expect to visit. In the first place, we had no time; and in the second, knowing we would have all kinds of diseases in the hospital, did not think it would be right to visit families and perhaps take the diseases in our clothes. I think these two reasons were enough, though we were most grateful for all the kindness shown us by the good people of Chattanooga. My visit to Mrs. Brooks was to beg a stove which I heard she had, or I should not have gone.

Mrs. Brewer gave a dinner party to Mrs. General J. on Christmas, and I was to have been of the party, but at that time was lying very ill. My health from the time I started for Corinth until then was splendid, but I suppose I was put upon a bed of sickness to make me feel for the hundreds of poor fellows, whom I was destined to see suffer so much. I often thought of them, and my admiration rose higher than ever for their fortitude and patient endurance.

In letters from home all contrasted this Christmas with former times, but the people of Mobile were thankful they were left in peace, while so many places had suffered from the enemy. There was much talk about the speculators and their carelessness, for some were getting rich on the misfortunes of the country.

The end of 1862 found us improved in many ways, though there was much suffering in camp and out of it. The haughty one had had another "On to Richmond," and had been repulsed. Virginia had again been drenched with the blood of martyrs.

December 31.—The last day of 1862, and how teeming with wonderful events has been the past year.

"How many precious souls have fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run."

The South has suffered—oh, how terribly! In every part of our beloved land there was mourning for the many precious lives which had been sacrificed upon their country's altar. Women and children had been left homeless and driven into the pitiless storm. Scotia's inspired bard had graphically pictured our woes:

Blow, blow ye winds with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter, biting frost!
Descend, ye chilling, smothering snows!
Not all your rage as now united shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting—
Vengeful malice, unrepenting—
Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man bestows.

See stern oppression's iron grip,
Or mad ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip,
Woe, want and murder o'er our land—

E'en in the peaceful rural vale
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale.

Amid all of our suffering that the above lines but too truthfully portrayed, the star of hope shone bright for our cause. Our armies were better fed and better clothed, and more improved, morally and physically, than heretofore. There was also a great improvement in the medical department. Surgeons had to be thoroughly examined before they could practice. Congress had passed a law providing for ladies in hospitals to take care of the domestic arrangements. Manufactories had arisen which were not thought of before the war. Women who thought such things impossible before the war, were making shoes, hats, knitting socks, spinning and weaving. Fields were teeming with grain, where once grew king cotton. Texas supplied us with beef, so day after day saw us more and more independent.

Although we had lost many great and good men, others had arisen to take their places. The foe had work to do before they could conquer Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Hill and a host of others in Virginia, with their invincible armies; Bragg and Johnston in Tennessee, Beauregard at Charleston, Hindman and Price in the far West, the ubiquitous Morgan, Forest and Wheeler; and I must not forget Vicksburg and its noble defenders, and hosts of others. These, with God's blessings, we hoped would soon bring peace to our then distracted land.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHATTANOOGA—MOBILE.

JANUARY 1, 1863.—Another year has commenced, alas, with bloodshed! When will it cease? I ask myself that question with nothing but echo for my answer. The North is putting forth all its energies to subjugate us, and seems determined to do its worst. May the God of Hosts be with us.

I wrote the above in my journal on hearing of the battle of Murfreesboro, which was fought on the last day of the year. We took thousands of prisoners and spoils of all kinds, but oh, the sacrifice! How fearful!

Another battle was fought on the 2d, and our army had to fall back to Tullahoma. As I had just recovered from a severe spell of illness, and Mrs. Williamson not being much better off, we had to content ourselves by remaining in our rooms and doing there what we could for the sufferers. Hundreds were brought in every night, and all who possibly could be moved, were sent off the next day to make room for more. Our surgeons and nurses were up day and night for about a week after the battle, and were thankful to rest but for a few minutes at a time. Every corner of the hospital was filled time and again. At one time we had five hundred wounded prisoners. I was told that scarcely one of them could speak English, being newly imported Germans. So much for the Federals getting foreign aid. From my room window several times I witnessed the Federal surgeons dressing the wounded prisoners in the yard, and was quite shocked at their rough-

ness, being such a contrast to the tenderness I had always seen displayed by our doctors towards the suffering.

Mrs. Williamson saw that plenty of food was provided. Bread, beef and coffee were all we had, but the wounded were thankful for that. The prisoners got exactly the same as our own men, as indeed, such was always the case wherever I had been. The people of the place were most kind, as not a train came in that there were not numbers of ladies and old gentlemen with all kinds of eatables to give to the men.

The weather was extremely cold, and the sufferings of the troops were bound to be extreme. At one time I saw many regiments of well prisoners pass through the city on their way to camp. They made the citizens very angry by saying that they would soon be there as conquerors, which prediction was but too well verified.

After more than a week's anxiety for my brother, I heard he was unhurt, though his company had suffered severely. Mobile was again called upon to mourn for many of her brave sons. The same sad tale, widows and orphans mourning for their loved ones.

Dr. Hunter being away during these battles, an excellent man, Dr. P. Thornton, was left in charge. Though young for the position, he was very energetic and left nothing undone to procure proper food for the patients. He sent foragers all over the country for eggs, butter, milk, or anything else to be had. As medicine of all kinds was scarce, it was most imperative for us to get delicacies. The government provided money, and besides the ladies of the place sent Dr. Thornton a donation. My friend, Mrs. Brewer, called and gave me a hundred dollars of her own pocket money. Mobile not only sent money, but lots of "good things," which were saved for our very worst cases. The Jews of Mobile deserve honorable mention in this respect, for they were constantly sending us

something. About this time I received a letter from home saying that the State of Alabama had paid off the interest of her debt in gold, and that a British steamer had called and taken the money.

After its departure a dispatch was received from Lord Lyons, British minister at Washington, telling the captain not to take money, as it was a breach of international law. My father was most indignant at the British minister's being so punctilious, as from what we could hear he was not so nice regarding the Federals.

Mrs. Newsom and I enjoyed many horseback rides in an endeavor to restore my health and to procure milk, etc., for the sick. While on one of our rambles we visited the small-pox hospital, where we both had several patients. We were not permitted to enter, but inquired after their welfare, and found all were doing well. We had one patient for whom I had a sincere sympathy. He was a prisoner, and was suspected of being a spy. His name was Thatcher, and he was one of Price's men, and seemed to feel the ignominy of his position. I paid him what attention his case required, and he was most grateful. He sent me a very complimentary note and a pretty gilt star. He was afterwards tried by a courtmartial, and, I was glad to learn, was cleared of the charge brought against him.

Notwithstanding all I did to regain my health, I did not get well, and the doctors insisted on my taking a trip home. I yielded to the inevitable and left for home, in company with my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, who were going to visit relatives in Tuscaloosa. We remained a day in Atlanta, where Mrs. Brewer paid \$150 for a velvet mantle. Mr. Brewer paid my hotel bill, which was \$5, for two meals. We put up at the Atlanta Hotel, the landlord of which, Mr. Thompson, did all he could to make it pleasant for us. Mr. and Mrs.

Brewer left me at Montgomery, and I made the rest of the trip in company with a Mr. Weaver, of Chattanooga, who was on his way South to find a home for his family. He intended bringing them to Selma, to be out of the way of the enemy, little thinking of the ruin and devastation that was to befall that part of the country.

I remained in Mobile three weeks, and found the people gayer than ever, but as the city was filled with troops, the ladies said it was their duty to entertain them, being so far from their homes. General Buckner was in command of the troops, and was having the city put in a state of defence. The bay was filled with tiles to prevent the warships from reaching the city. I visited a sister living on the eastern shore, twelve miles across the bay, and returning in a sailboat, it was as much as the helmsman could do to steer clear of the tiles. We passed several gunboats plying between the city and the forts. We came very nearly having a serious disaster, as one of the boats nearly carried us down in its wake. It was becoming harder than ever to live, and the fashionable topic of conversation was how to get something to eat. There was a good deal of speculation, though it was quite a disgrace to be rich. The principal light was from pine knots; as we could neither see nor read by that light, we had regular conversational parties seated around the fire. Our family had a little oil, which was kept for special occasions. Every one took such things in perfect good humor, as we felt confident our deprivations would be but for a short time. What a blessed thing is hope! We had to retire in the dark or have our complexions and our clothes ruined by pine smoke. We had many a hearty laugh at our bumps and falls on going to our rooms in the dark. I met, at my father's, several members of Fowler's battery, of Tuscaloosa, who at that time had never met the enemy, but, poor fellows, they saw enough of them

ere the "cruel war was over." They were nearly all musicians, which served to soften many of the asperities of camp life.

A lady, Miss Groom, accompanied me back to Chattanooga. We went to Montgomery by the river, and our transportation tickets were for the cars, so we expected to pay on the steamer; but on Captain Finnegan hearing of our mission he would take no money. We met one of our wealthy planters, Duke Goodman, and his wife. The latter showed me several homespun dresses made on her plantation. The colors were very pretty, the dye being made from bark and roots.

The Alabama is a noble river and is remarkable for its high bluffs. Many of them tower hundreds of feet above the river. Before the war thousands of bales of cotton were transported upon its waters to Mobile, and from thence to various parts of the world.

We arrived at Selma too late to see a fine gunboat launched, but saw two others in the stocks. There was much government work done in Selma. We spent several hours in the city, and had a most delicious cup of tea from an old friend, Mrs. Dodgson. On missing the West Point train at Montgomery, we put up at the Exchange Hotel, one of the best in the South. We had a splendid dinner, for which we paid three dollars each. It being Sunday, we attended St. John's Church, and an old friend, Dr. Scott, a refugee from Florida, preached an excellent sermon. I never liked the idea of traveling on Sunday, but we concluded we could not afford to remain over until the morning, so started on our journey Sunday afternoon. Like many other evil doers, we were punished by arriving too late in Atlanta for the Chattanooga train. We put up at the Trout House and paid five dollars each. We had pleasant company in a Mrs. Turner and her brother, Mr. Davis—the latter going to join the army and

the former to visit her husband, a doctor of the 7th Arkansas regiment. She paid fifty dollars for a hat worth about five in peace times. The brother had a very fine shawl stolen from the hall of the hotel, a great loss in such severe weather, especially when undergoing camp life.

We arrived in Chattanooga on February 10 and found a heavy fall of snow upon the ground. On visiting the wards I had to confess to myself that I had been away long enough to become completely demoralized. Before returning home I had been familiarized with the aspect of things, but after being away so long, the woe-begone look of the men and their dreary surroundings, made my heart sink within me. Some of our best nurses were then lying at the point of death. Blood poisoning from attending so many erysipelas cases was doing its deadly work. We had a ward near the river for all who were affected with this loathsome disease. In it was a Captain DeGraffenried, who had been wounded at Murfreesboro. He was said to be one of the richest men in Tennessee. One of his men was nursing him. He also had one of his slaves waiting on him, who had been with him all through the war and was fairly devoted to his master. It did not take me long to get over my demoralization and feel I would not exchange places with any one.

At this time we had a number of wounded prisoners, and their wonder seemed to be how we could be so kind to them. On asking them what they would do on regaining their liberty, they invariably said they would do all they could to keep out of the war, and some said rather than fight against us they would go to Canada.

During the spring of 1863 we had the same sad scenes to witness in the matter of sickness of all kinds. Too much rain, combined with bleak, cold weather, was the cause. Typhoid pneumonia was the prevailing disease. Mrs. William-

son and myself were kept busy attending to the domestic arrangements, and did not have time to attend to the men, as we would like to have done. I paid the wards two visits a day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, and saw that the worst cases were properly cared for. When I found a man needing special spiritual sustenance, I told Mrs. Williamson of his case, and she was never too busy to attend him.

In one respect we lived as Sisters of Charity are said to live. We were up every morning before 4 o'clock and took a bath, ate our breakfast in our room, and then to our duties—Mrs. Williamson to prepare egg-nog and toddies, and I to prepare delicacies for the very ill. After the duties of the day were over, we wrote letters to the relatives of the soldiers; at other times mended their clothes. Mrs. Williamson was up many a night until 12 o'clock working for her "dear boys."

There was one martyr that I mention in my journal of whom I must say a few words here. His name was James Scott, 18 years of age, from Fayette county, Ala., and a member of the 41st Alabama regiment. He was brought into the hospital perfectly helpless, having accidentally broken his thigh while on the march to Kentucky. After lying on his back for four months, he was able to walk about the ward. He was then taken with pneumonia; recovered from that, and then took diphtheria; recovered, and died from erysipelas. His patience through all of his sufferings was marvelous, and he won the love of all who came near him. Dr. Hopping, as usual, was as kind to him as if he had been his own dear brother. I here insert what I said about his death in my journal:

"His young life has been one of sorrows, but he trusted in Him who trod this vale of tears, and knew full well all this saint had to endure.

“Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now,
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow.

“Dust to its narrow place beneath,
Soul to its place on high;
They that have seen his look on earth
No more may fear to die.

“Lone are the paths and sad the bowers
Whence thy meek smile is gone,
But oh! a brighter home than ours
In heaven is now thine own.’

“May God comfort his poor, childless mother in her sad bereavement. This is the third son she has lost in this fratricidal conflict. If the other two died in the same faith and hope that this one did she has cause for rejoicing.”

About the middle of April Miss Groom's health giving away, she was compelled to return home. I went with her as far as Atlanta, and on my return found the train filled with troops going to reinforce Bragg's army. All along the route and at every station we passed, there were numbers of ladies with baskets full of flowers, which they threw to the soldiers, who hurrahed their tokens of appreciation.

On the train I met a Mr. Richard, who had just been exiled from New Orleans. He told me of a banquet given some one of note in Montreal, Canada, and that while the Northern generals were ignored, Davis, Lee and Jackson were highly complimented. Was that not a breach of international law?

As the Federal government would allow no medicines to be sent to us, we did the best we could without them. The doctors did not wish our deficiencies, in this respect, to be known. We got all of the milk, butter and eggs we could. We got plenty of whisky, but the vilest stuff that was ever

made. I improved it greatly by using it in making blackberry cordial. We paid \$2 a gallon for sweetmilk, \$1 for buttermilk and \$5 a dozen for eggs.

I took several horseback rides to the top of Lookout mountain, where was enacted the famous "battle in the clouds," which was so disastrous to our troops. Its highest part is called the "Point of Rocks," and the view from it is perfectly magnificent. The Tennessee river winds around the base of the mountain, and from its various meanderings gives the landscape the appearance of islands, on which are

"Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between."

There are many natural curiosities on it, but I never had time to visit them all. It is said that on a clear day, with a good glass, seven States can be seen from its summit.

At one time I went with my friend, Mrs. Brewer, to a picnic given in honor of General McGowan. On reaching the top we were joined by two beautiful young ladies, the Misses Cox,* who were the mountain nymphs of this enchanting spot. We were quite a gay party, and forgot for awhile that our enemies, who were trying to drive us from this lovely place, were so near. Mrs. Colonel Whitesides was one of the party, and took us to a large hotel, which she owned, but it was then unoccupied. While seated on the Point of Rocks, I asked a gentleman if he thought a cannon ball, thrown from below, could reach us. He replied, "I do not think it is possible for one to do so."

In May a shadow fell over the entire South, in the fall of one of our brightest stars, General Jackson. No people ever

*Some time after this, when the enemy was expected in Chattanooga, the father of these young ladies went further South, and on crossing the Chattahoochee river one of the girls was drowned.



had a grander champion in every respect. His meteor-like genius shed a luster on our armies that time cannot efface.

"Is there one who hath thus through this orbit of life
But at distance observed him, through glory, through blame
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and same ?

O no, not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave where such glory is shrined,
O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind."

In the spring many new hospitals were erected, some large two-story buildings, others simply of tents, which were made very comfortable. Dr. Stout, our post-surgeon, left nothing undone to have everything in the hospitals for the comfort and well-being of the patients. There was at least one matron in each, and in ours, the Newsom, there were several. Quantities of lime were being used, and with the exception of not having medicines and articles which were imported, I could not see how our hospitals could be better.

About the end of May one of my patients, James Barstow, a native of Yorkshire, England, died. He was much grieved to think his people in England would not know of his fate and was much comforted when I told him I could send them a letter through the lines. Poor fellow, he breathed his last without informing me from what part of Yorkshire he came, so I could not fulfill my promise. He had a cousin from the same place, who died in the service. He left \$100, which he gave to his nurse. We took some of it and put a head-board at his grave, on which was inscribed:

TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES BARSTOW,
7TH ARKANSAS REGIMENT.
BORN IN YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND,



DIED OF TYPHOID FEVER IN
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
May 19, 1863.
AGED 22 YEARS.

On the last of May we were all much shocked at the murder of one of our best surgeons, Dr. Thornton. He had charge of the distributing hospital. A few days before the tragedy I visited the hospital, and such was the vigilance at that time, that the guard would not permit me to enter without a pass. Dr. Thornton very kindly gave me one to go and come whenever I wished. The doctor and his wife lived in a small house near the hospital, and two of our nurses (Irishmen) went to the house in the middle of the night thinking it a saloon and demanded whiskey. The doctor ordered them off rather roughly, when one of them turned and stabbed him so severely that he died in a half an hour. The men were both good, kind nurses, and I am sure, would never have committed such a foul deed, had they not been intoxicated.

The beginning of June found us preparing for a battle. Hundreds of sick men were sent from the front—a sure sign. Erysipelas was proving very fatal. The doctors thought the air was full of it. Two fine looking white girls we had hired took it very badly from having had their ears bored for earrings.

On June 24 (St. John the Baptist Day), the Masons' anniversary, the country people gave our troops a grand picnic, and while in the midst of their festivities, they were surprised by the enemy and sustained quite a loss. Our army made a hasty retreat, and as usual, we had the same sickening scenes in the hospital—men mutilated in every possible way. In one place I saw three men lying side by side, each had a leg amputated. But why repeat these heartrending scenes? May I

not hope that having the horrors of war brought in review before us, we may not be so ready in plunging into it.

My brother had gotten a furlough and gone home, and I was congratulating myself that he would miss the retreat, when to my surprise, he returned before his furlough was out, and said: "I could not think of missing a fight." I did all I could to get him to remain in Chattanooga until we knew what the army was going to do, but to no purpose. He went and met the army running (or *retreating*, as it is called), and raced with it for nearly twelve days. On his return, when I beheld his woe-begone appearance, I could scarcely repress the tears. Having had a horse, he was much better off than thousands of our poor fellows who were on foot. As soon as he came into my room he exclaimed: "This retreat was worse than the one from Corinth; and I would not care, if Bragg had only let us fight, for I know we would have whipped the Yankees!" I heard many of the men say the same thing, as all seemed eager to fight, but Bragg knew best. Poor man, he was more abused than ever; but those who seemed to know, said he was confronted by too large an army to risk a battle.

Chattanooga soon had the appearance of Corinth; troops coming and going, wagons hurrying past, and everything else pertaining to a large army. The noise being very bad for the patients, the streets near us were barricaded. As it was rumored that the city was to be held at all hazards, and our hospital being near the river, we were in daily expectation of having a shell thrown into it; at present it was riddled with balls from previous fighting. On this account every man in the hospital was sent off, and for a week or two, Mrs. Williamson and myself were idle—"waiting orders." We spent the time in visiting our kind friends of Chattanooga. We also paid a farewell visit to the soldiers' grave yard, that hallowed spot where repose the dust of men from nearly every



State in the South. At the head of each grave was a small wooden headboard, numbered. But it matters little that no marble monument was there, for

“What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!”

No! 'tis a nation's tears which makes their resting spot sacred, and they shall never be forgotten by a grateful country.

I rode out to the encampment of the 24th Alabama regiment, in which had been a number of Mobilians whom I had known for years. Alas! how the sight of their camp saddened me, for they were a forlorn looking set of men. The only covering they had from the weather was their blankets put upon poles some three feet high. There were a few tents for the commissary stores and other things. I saw this regiment as it embarked for the army—a full regiment arrayed in gorgeous attire—but at the time of which I write few of its original number answered to the roll call.

When Mrs. Williamson and I visited the graveyard we returned by the way of the river, and the scene along its banks was truly enchanting, and reminded me of Scott's description of Loch Katrine in the “Lady of the Lake:”

“Not Katrine in her mirror blue
Gives back the shaggy banks more true”

than does the Tennessee the rugged hills guarding its placid waters. We saw many of our men at work upon the fortifications. They were cheerful and seemed in fine health. They had no faith in their work, and said they would not be at all surprised if ordered from Chattanooga.

The next day I made the acquaintance of Dr. Quintard, now Bishop of Tennessee, then one of the principal chaplains of Bragg's army. He appointed Mrs. Whitesides and myself a committee to collect money to repair the Episcopal church,

which was in a most dilapidated condition. We were not long in procuring all necessary funds, and in a short time the church was much improved. The readiness with which every one gave us the money showed that no one thought the place was to be given up very soon.

On July 19 Dr. Quintard preached a fine sermon from the text, "We are journeying into the land which the Lord hath said I will give it you." Certainly a very appropriate text for the time, for I am sure there were few there who were not sojourners in a strange land. The church was densely crowded, and I think every general in the army was there. In the afternoon Rev. Dr. Cannon, one of our surgeons, preached from the text, "There is a rest for the people of God," which was a fine sequel to the one in the morning.

Mrs. Williamson and I were to leave the Newsom Hospital and go to Kingston, Ga., with Dr. Hopping. Dr. Hunter, with the other ladies, was to go Cleveland, Tenn. As all of our hospital furniture had been sent off, we were very kindly entertained at the house of Dr. Taylor, a surgeon in the army. A friend, Mrs. Hodges, was keeping house for him.

I took supper at Mr. Corbin's, the father of Mrs. Dr. Fry, and had music and a delightful evening. I spent another with Mrs. Colonel Whitesides, who had a lovely family, and as she had several visiting friends, we had quite a musical treat. All were calmly waiting events. The last time I saw Mrs. Brewer she was packing to migrate South, as Mr. Brewer said he had no faith in General Bragg's throwing up breast-works.

CHAPTER IX.

KINGSTON—CHEROKEE SPRINGS.

ON July 22 we arrived at Kingston, Ga., and put up at a hotel, where we paid \$3 each for a night's lodging and breakfast. It is quite a small place, about sixty miles north of Atlanta, and twenty miles from Rome, to which town there is a branch railroad.

As usual, on going to a new place, new trials awaited us. The surgeon in charge, Dr. Avent, was a fine old gentleman, but very peculiar. He was not long in informing us that he did not approve of ladies in a hospital. That assertion was nothing new from a doctor, but we were a little taken aback ; being informed so bluntly. He then gave us his reason, which was that the accommodations were not good enough. We assured him that we were above caring for those things, and were good soldiers used to hardships. At their earnest request we had taken two very poor, ignorant white girls with us as servants. The doctor told us that they could not remain in the hospital in the capacity of servants, as he was going to have negro servants, and it was against his principles to have white and black on an equality. The next order was that Mrs. Williamson, the two girls and myself were to eat at the officers' table. The two poor girls begged hard against this, but had to submit, as, according to army rules, they must obey orders. This plan of eating at the doctors' table was of short duration, as Dr. Avent soon found out it was a breach of military regulations.

The hospital was made up of old stores and dilapidated old buildings, which entailed much work in renovating. As all of our cooks were ignorant negro field hands, we had much trouble with them. Dr. Avent said cooking was beneath the dignity of our men, so on no account would he permit them to help us. We had no wash-house, and on asking for one, the doctor said: "My mother and grandmother never had any but the canopy of heaven for theirs, and I do not see the use of any other." In vain we protested, telling him that a hospital was not a private home, and the soiled clothes must have a shelter from the rain; but in this, as in everything else he ordered, he was inflexible. The hospital soon filled with patients, and our cooks all took sick, the two white girls besides. The doctor still being unwilling to let the men assist, we concluded to leave, as we found it impossible to get along with one who had such unbounded faith in his progenitors.

With us was a young lady, Miss Ellis, whose family lived in Rome, so, before leaving Kingston, I took a trip with her to that city to do some shopping. It is a beautiful place, and at that time, was famous for having had, like its ancient namesake, a conquering hero enter it in triumph. Forrest had captured a large raiding party, and in so doing, had gained the fervent gratitude of its citizens. I was told that when he entered the city with his prisoners, his pathway and that of his gallant troops, were strewn with flowers.

The people were then in daily expectation of another raid, and having no troops to defend the city, would be at the mercy of the enemy. The many hospitals were being removed to other places, which was suspicious. I bought a calico dress for \$3.00 a yard, and a homespun for \$1.75.

I went to Chattanooga and called upon Dr. Stout, the chief post-surgeon of Bragg's army, who received me very kindly. He complimented the ladies for what they were

doing in the good cause, and said no hospital was complete without them. I told him I was surprised to hear him speak thus, as I had been told he did not approve of ladies in that capacity. He said he knew how he got that name. While in charge of hospitals in Nashville, the ladies had interfered with him so much he had to forbid their coming; but when they attended to their own duties, and not the doctor's, there was no end to the good they could accomplish. He informed me of a place he was certain would suit us, so we resolved to give it a trial. I had become disgusted with the service, and so demoralized that I had almost resolved to return home.

August 12 found Mrs. Williamson and I on our way to our new home, Cherokee Springs. We met Dr. Quintard on the train, who said much about having a sisterhood in the Episcopal church. He wished to know if our sun-bonnets were our uniforms. We told him we had never worn a uniform, but had made it a rule to wear the simplest kind of clothes in the hospital, as any other was sadly out of place. We met an old friend, Dr. P. Thornton, and General Hindman, the latter being on his way to rejoin the army. He told me he was proud to say he was of Scotch descent, his forefathers having fought for Prince Charlie at the battle of Culoden, and they had been exiled to this country for so doing. The general was named after that disastrous battle. Our destination being a watering place a few miles from Ringgold, we alighted at the latter place, and were met at the depot by Dr. Gamble, the post-surgeon, and Dr. Gore, friends of Dr. Quintard, who introduced us. We were sent in a wagon to our new home, accompanied by Colonel Gaither, of Kentucky.

We were not long at this delightful spot until we found out we had made an exchange for the better. In giving a description of the place, I think I cannot do better than by quoting from my journal. Before doing so I shall make a few

remarks about doctors and their rights. We had heard so much about their dislike to having ladies in the hospitals, that Mrs. Williamson and I always made it a rule never to interfere with their prerogatives, knowing that the patients were really under their care and not ours. As a rule, on first entering a hospital, the doctors wore an expression of "No woman shall dictate to me," so we were most deferential to their opinions; and after awhile the expression changed to "Do as you please, you know best," which was invariably said. This was our diplomacy, and certainly it was wise.

It was almost dark when we reached our destination. We were kindly received by the surgeon, Dr. Bemiss, who informed us we could have our meals brought to our rooms or eat at the officers' table. We were very much surprised when a very polite young soldier came and asked us, just as is done in a hotel, what we would have for supper. I could not keep from laughing, and said, "I did not know there was any choice in a hospital." He answered that he wished to know whether we would have tea or coffee, as supper being over, it would have to be prepared. In the morning the same young man came and asked us if we would go to the officers' table or have our meals brought to us. We chose the former, thinking it would save trouble. At the table we found officers of all ranks, among them a Corinth friend, Dr. Devine.

The house we occupied was a long frame building, such as is used at watering places for summer use. It had a hall in the center, with rooms each side. Dr. Bemiss called early in the morning and showed us all through the place, which being large, took up some time. The hospital covered about thirty acres of ground in a valley abounding in mineral springs. The whole was one of the most lovely spots I ever beheld, and put me in mind of a picture I have of the "Dream of

Arcadia." All around wore an air of tranquility, and if sick men could recuperate at any place, they would there. There were three wards, accommodating five hundred patients, in tents, very tastefully arranged. Each ward was separated by a lane, shaded by magnificent trees. At this time there were a few bad chronic cases, sent for the benefit of the mineral water.

As we had never been in a hospital of the kind, we were uncertain as to how we should like it, for it is most depressing to see men linger from day to day with no apparent change. It used to make us quite melancholy, and I have known it to have the same effect upon the doctors. Dr. Bemiss' manner to the patients was that which a kind father manifests to his children. We came to one man who had been very ill, and nothing could be gotten that he would eat. He wished a certain kind of corncake, and no one seemed to know what he meant. We understood right off that he wished corn meal battercakes, which were made immediately, and he ate them with a relish.

Each ward had a small house attached to it; in one were the lowest patients and in another the linen and ironing room, where a man had charge, besides a woman to do the ironing and mending. The patients and attendants had their washing done in the main hospital. The wash house had nothing but the "canopy of heaven" and some fine shade trees for a covering, but there were tents in which to put the clothes in case of rain. Near the wash house was a "branch," which supplied water for washing and a bath house. The bed spreads being made of cotton in its original color, there was a dye house where they could be colored; there was also a quilting room, in which quilts were made, and all was under the supervision of the man who had charge of the linen department.

Everything was so systematically arranged that Mrs. W.

and myself had time to visit the patients oftener, and talk and read to them—something we had never been able to do as much as we wished. Our duties were to see that the sick got the food ordered for them, and to take special care of the worst cases.

In this excellent establishment there were a fine bakery and a large kitchen, where cooking was done for the convalescents. There was also a large dining room in connection with the above. A horn was blown to call the men to their meals, and the reverberation through the woods was so musical and romantic, that it put me in mind of what I had read of in old feudal times. We visited the kitchen where the diet for the very sick was prepared. It contained four stoves, as many cooks, and a chief cook, who took charge of everything. Two hundred and fifty patients were fed every day from this kitchen, besides the convalescent officers. Though the latter had a separate table, their diet was the same as the privates. The chief cook saw that each nurse was provided with what was prescribed on the diet list for the patients. The doctors put on their books what kind of diet the patients were to get, which was copied by the head nurse in the different wards and handed to the steward, who then made a register of the number of men.

Dr. Bemiss had come up to Dr. Stout's standard, viz: in having the hospital as well supplied as any hotel in the South. There were plenty of fowls, vegetables and fruits; but one very important article—milk, was lacking; although the doctor said he yet intended to have cows.

We thought we had seen all of this excellent hospital; but we were mistaken, for it had a large reading room well supplied with books and papers. The chaplain, Rev. Mr. Green, had a chapel made out of the boughs of trees, and we had preaching every Sunday. We were unbounded in our admir-

ation for this delightful hospital, but Dr. Bemiss informed us that there was a better one at Catoosa Springs, a few miles distant, presided over by Dr. Foster, whose wife and nieces were matrons.

General Bragg was then an inmate of our hospital, but he and his wife were the guests of Dr. Gamble and wife, who occupied a house near by.

On August 16 Dr. Quintard preached twice under a large oak tree, as the chapel was not quite finished. In the morning his text was, by request, the same one I had heard him preach from in Chattanooga: "We are journeying on to the place which the Lord hath said I will give it you." As the text was taken from Numbers, a history of the wanderings of the children of Israel, a more appropriate one for the scene before us, could not have been chosen. There we were—wanderers pitching our tents; we could not tell for how long. The principal part of the congregation was composed of men, wearied and worn from disease and hardships; soldiers who had borne the brunt of many a hard fought battle; the white tents in the distance, and God's messenger delivering His commands, as did Moses to the children of Israel in the wilderness, could not but be an impressive scene. Oh! how earnestly I prayed that we, having the history of that unhappy people before us, might not forget the Lord our God and be cast as wanderers over the earth. Mrs. Gamble, Mrs. Bragg and I, raised the tunes, but in the evening Dr. Quintard did not give us the chance, as he raised them himself. I could not see how he could hold services in the evening as we had no lights, but I was not long in finding out. He omitted that part of the service in which the congregation joins, and read out the lines of the Psalms and hymns like a good Methodist.

General Bragg attended the service, and is a member of the church. He left nothing undone to have Christianity dif-

fused in the army. He was in very bad health, which was no doubt partly caused from being so much harrassed. Mrs. Bragg was also in bad health, and both were being treated in the hospital. She is a high-toned, lady-like person, and much devoted to the general. It was said that she worried a good deal about the trials of the army, and when a soldier was to be punished for desertion or any other cause, she pleaded most pathetically for him.

We had three assistant surgeons, Drs. Bateman, Ray and Devine, who were all kind and attentive physicians.

The young soldier who was so attentive to us the first evening we came was named Frank Laws, of Kentucky. He was a most excellent young man, and was a member of the Episcopal church. He and, I believe, two of his brothers were killed ere the war closed.

One of our patients was a Lieutenant Griffin, of Texas, who lost a foot in the battle of Murfreesboro. He was as cheerful as if he had met with no loss whatever. Before coming here he had been in the same hospital with Mrs. Newsom, and was unbounded in her praise.

On August 21, being fast day, we had service in our new chapel, and Mr. Green preached an excellent sermon from the text, "Rend your heart and not your garments." He quoted a poem, which I thought exactly suited the times. It commenced:

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime."

As General Bragg was leaving the church, he received a dispatch informing him, I believe, that the enemy had made an attack on Chattanooga, though we did not know at the time what it was. I afterward received a letter from Dr. Burt, who was in Chattanooga when it was shelled. He said that no

warning was given, and the scene of the women and children running for shelter in the woods was heartrending. Hundreds fled without shelter of any kind.

All of our doctors messed together, and one day they gave a dinner party, and Mrs. Williamson and I were guests. After dinner we had a pleasant time looking at some books and papers, which had just run the blockade from England, and had been presented to the hospital by Rev. Mr. Bryson, a Presbyterian minister. Mr. and Mrs. Green were of the party. Mrs. Green was a bride, and had just come from Columbia, S. C., where her father was president of a college. She was a sister-in-law of Rev. Dr. Palmer, who had been exiled from New Orleans because he would not take the oath. The doctor paid us a visit, having been driven out of Chattanooga by the enemy's shells. It was said that while holding service several of the shells struck the church, and he went on with his sermon as if nothing was the matter.

As I wish to speak of several subjects which give a history of the times, I cannot do better than copy from my journal: I noticed a letter in the *Mobile Advertiser and Register* of August 29, written in Virginia. I was not a little surprised when the writer says that he heard the people of the Southwest were speaking of submission. I can tell him from what I have seen that such a thing has not been breathed. Chattanooga was called a Union place, but I heard nothing of it even there. He has made a still greater mistake if he means the soldiers. I have seen hundreds of them sick, ragged, hungry and worn out with fatigue, and not one word of submission, only angry when not allowed to fight. Some of the Tennesseans, while passing their homes, deserted, but all returned more resolute than ever to fight to the death:

"To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crushed in its ruins to die."

I am proud of what this correspondent says about old Virginia, that her armies are determined to fight till the last foe is driven from her soil. I certainly should have been much surprised had anything else been said.

In the paper of August 30 are letters from two ladies, who I hope, are acting up to the spirit in which they write, and leading others to do the same. One is from a lady in Mississippi, who signs herself "Sylvia;" the other signs herself "An Alabama Woman." The first is a call to the women of Mississippi to abstain from all festivities; and above all things, to give no countenance to the "stay-at-homes," who dress up with "gilt lace and brass buttons." When the war broke out I thought that the women in every State appreciated the truly noble too much to require such an appeal. But alas! not all the recitals of the more than human endurance of our brave troops, have been able to deter our women from the festal hall. The sound of the viol is heard as much as it was ere dread war held high carnival in every State of our beloved land. We forget that every step we take "gives back a coffin's hollow groan," and every strain of music "wafts forth a dying soldier's moan." Paying respect to the brass buttons, is but the natural consequence of the first fault, for we all know there could be no festivities among ladies alone, and as all of our patriots are in the field, none but the "gilt lace gentry" are left. If every young lady, not only in Mississippi, but every other State, were to treat the "home chivalry," with the scorn and contempt this writer appears to have for them, it would not be long before every able bodied man would be in the field.

The Alabama woman's letter is headed with the late appeal of our President, calling upon the women of the South to do their duty at all hazards. It treats pretty much of the same subject as the Mississippi lady's, and also of a few other

evils which are the curse of our land. When she comes down on extortioners and speculators, I can echo her sentiments with all my heart, but when she says none but native Southerners should fill offices, I must beg leave to differ. If all of the native Southerners, who, when the war was inaugurated, wore blue badges and cried "secession and war to the knife," had come forward as we know foreingers to have done, we would not be in need of the late earnest appeal of our beloved President for men, and I do not only think it bad taste, but unfeeling in any of our people, to draw distinctions at this time, when nearly all of those foreigners living amongst us, have poured out their best blood in defense of the South. The next against whom this lady's anger is aroused, are the surgeons, nurses and chaplains. I wonder how much she knows about any of them? I am certain, as a rule, we have not more patriotic and devoted men to the cause than our surgeons. And I cannot say enough in praise of our nurses. They are patient, kind, and as good nurses as they know how to be; not one of them able for field service. But this Alabama woman says they must all go to the front. In giving her opinion in this manner, she speaks as most men say we women do—without reason.

What shall we do with our sick and wounded, if all of the surgeons and nurses are sent to the front?

He must be a shrewd doctor, who in trying to save his nurses, deceives the examining boards, who are constantly coming around and taking our best nurses, after being initiated into the mysteries of nursing. I have felt indignant many times, when I have heard these brave, patriotic men, many of them maimed in the defence of their country, called by the ignominious name of "hospital rats."

Having seen but few chaplains, I can say but little about them. I have thought many a time that our government was

very remiss in not providing them. The Newsom hospital had accommodations for seven hundred patients and the requisite number of attendants. Surely such an establishment should have at least one chaplain, and work enough for him to do without taking the "sword of Gideon," as this lady says he should. Many a time have I wished for one, when our dying soldiers wanted to hear about the Great Physician. Had it not been for the saintly Mrs. Williamson, talking and praying with them, we would have been badly off indeed. This is the first hospital we have been in where there was one attached to it, and he does not appear to have much idle time.

The first part of the letter, taken as a whole, I rather like, but the conclusion is not rational. With such ultra views upon any subject, there is apt to be a reaction, and the reverse feeling exhibited. This lady calls upon the men, women and children to come forward, like Roman Curtius of old, willing to offer heart, soul and body upon the shrine of liberty; and to come, though we stumble over the dead bodies of those we love, and though vultures prey upon the blood-smeared faces in our path, and our streams offer only a crimson, surging flood to slake our thirst. She calls upon us to rise, waving our battle flags over these horrors and the graves of the unknown dead, and says: "Our enemy's offer is only submission; join me in this vow: 'Though I stand the last stricken child of the Confederacy, by the blood that cries out from our reeking sod, and the skeletons that fill each holy mound, the strong hand closed in death; each darkened home and broken heart; each pang of hunger, throb of pain and every dying sigh—in the name of the eternal God—never!'"

Now I do not think that even to save the country, dear though it be to us, that there are any in it who could stand to see vultures eating the slain, or touch the water colored with their blood. If we only do our duty, as the President has set

it before us, there will be no need of waving flags over the horrors the writer has pictured. I do not think we have any right to take an oath we are not certain we can keep, and none of us can tell what a day may bring forth. The foe, with his immense armies, may prevail, and for the very sins the writer enumerates, the Lord may permit us to be subjugated. I am not for one moment thinking that such will be the case, but we are certain of nothing that is in the future. Well, should such a calamity befall us, and we feel we have done our whole duty, we shall have to bear it, hard as it appears just now, knowing it will be the Lord's doing.

There is one very important item in this Alabama woman's letter about which I must say something. She says, "Let the women go into the hospitals." Now she comes to woman's true sphere. In war the men to fight and the women to nurse the sick and wounded, are words I have already quoted. I have no patience with women whom I hear telling what wonders they would do if they were men, when I see so much of their legitimate work left undone. Ladies can be of much service in the hospitals. I have heard surgeons say if they could get the right kind they would have them in almost every department. All have not the gift of nursing, but there are few who cannot do housekeeping, and there is much of that to be done in a hospital. A woman's respectability must be at a low ebb if it can be endangered by going into a hospital. I have waited upon the soldiers of our army in hospitals and out of them, and in all sincerity I can say that I have never heard one word spoken or seen one act at which the most refined woman could take offence. This deference to women was more than I expected, for knowing that the army was composed of the lowest as well as the highest, I thought some of them might be void of delicacy.

I cannot tell whether our army is an exception to others

or not, but about it I can say, as regards real native refinement, that which all the teachings of Chesterfield cannot give, a more perfect army of gentlemen are not to be found anywhere. I know nothing of what they are in camp, but as I have found them.

Mrs. General Patten Anderson was in our hospital with a very sick boy, who came for the benefit of the water. As she was in the same house with us, we were a good deal together. She is a lovely and refined Christian lady—a fitting partner for her noble husband.

In retrospect now my wonder is that we had any life or spirit to accomplish anything. Here we were in one of the most lovely spots in the world, with everything arranged in perfect order and our patients improving, when word came that the enemy were about to pounce upon us, and orders were issued to pack up and leave. So I shall again have recourse to my journal in describing our “falling back,” or retreating:

Sunday, September 6.—Since writing in my journal a sad change has come o’er the spirit of my dreams; what but a few hours ago was a scene of peace and comfort has disappeared, and in its place—vacancy. In the afternoon we had service in our romantic, druidical chapel, and when over, starting on my rounds to visit the patients, I met Dr. Ray giving orders to pack up immediately, as a raid was expected every moment.

The first thing done was to send off the sick and have them properly cared for, and then the tents were lowered to the ground as if by magic. In a few hours after the order was given nearly everything was packed up and sent to the depot, some two miles distant. All of our bedding has gone, and we shall have to rest for the night as best we can. But as we are compelled to remain until the morning, the fear of

being captured by the "blue coats" will keep us awake. If we escape capture we shall be truly thankful.

We have Lieutenant Payne, Dr. Mitchell and a Mr. Green very ill. The latter we shall be compelled to leave, as he is in a dying state, and the doctors think he might die on the road. His nurse is much alarmed, for fear he will be captured. Having been once a prisoner, he shudders at the thought of again being in the hands of the enemy.

September 7.—We arrived at Dalton today, and expect to be detained all night. I must say this move has not made me any the better Christian, for I certainly love our enemies less than ever.

There are numerous trains with us, which contain all the patients, attendants and furniture from our hospital and that of Ringgold as well. I am in a box car, in which are twenty-five persons, besides bedding, trunks, tables, chairs, etc.

Our journey from the Springs was a laughable one. We had two wagons; one was filled with baggage piled several feet above the sides, and on top of all were seated Mrs. Anderson, her two children, and Mrs. Williamson. I tried the same elevation, but the *sudden rise* made me nervous, and fearful of a *chilling* downfall into one of the brooks I knew we had to cross, I begged and secured permission to be taken into the other wagon. It contained Miss S——, Lieutenant Payne and Dr. Mitchell, our patients, who were both upon mattresses.

On leaving this beautiful place, and being so ignominiously driven from it, as we were, I could not help thinking of her, who was the primitive cause of all our woe, at the time she left the garden of Eden. I do not presume to think the spot was like that garden, which Milton has portrayed so beautifully, a place

"Where gods might dwell
Or wander with delight,"

but it was a lovely spot, and came as near it as any other in this sun-stricken world. I had not, like Eve, "hoped to spend the respite of my days" there, but did think we would be permitted to remain a little longer, and could not "patiently resign" what so unjustly we had lost. Lieutenant Payne was raised up, and as he "cast one long, lingering look behind," he exclaimed: "O how beautiful! Is it not hard to be driven from it as we are?"

September 8.—We were detained at Dalton all night, and as we did not know the moment we would leave, we could not get off to visit friends there. I do not think I shall ever forget the discomforts of that night, crowded as we were together.

Mrs. Williamson, who is not very well, managed to get on some of the bedding along with several other ladies. The wife and two daughters of Dr. Cross sat upright upon chairs all night long. Drs. Bemiss and Gore did the same. Mrs. General Anderson, her three children and myself, had a space about four or five feet square on the floor. Mrs. A. spread a comfort, on which she placed her children, and sat down alongside of them. I managed to get my head upon my valise near the door, and was so delighted at getting some fresh air, that I exclaimed: "Oh, this is so nice!" which brought a hearty laugh from Dr. Gore, who said he was glad that I was so much pleased. After awhile, I managed to get my feet under a table, and every time I moved, Mrs. A. said I was taking part of her children's bed. We had many a laugh at our novel positions, and it was a blessing we could be mirthful, as our discomforts were many.

At Tunnel Hill we saw several new hospitals, which had the appearance of a village. They doubtless will have to "fall back" like the rest, as all we passed at other places were on the move. Many prophesied all kinds of evils from our move and denounced General Bragg. Mrs. A. very stoutly

defended him, and said her husband had every confidence in him. She related several amusing anecdotes in regard to private opinion publicly expressed about our generals. At one time, she sat quietly by and heard two ladies discuss the merits and demerits of her husband. They spoke so highly of him that each wished to claim him as being a native of her respective State. Mrs. A. was more fortunate than most of our generals' wives would have been, for our commanders do not receive much of what St. Paul says is the greatest of all Christian graces, but as the least abused man is our commander-in-chief, his subordinates need not mind. I have heard some say that General Bragg has shown more patriotism by braving all slanders, than anything else he has done. This is a free country, and at this time, when we are not at liberty to act as we please, it is a sweet revenge to use that unruly member, which we are told to keep in restraint.

The nurses are out doors making coffee for patients, many of whom have suffered on the retreat. Lieutenant Paine is quite ill and we gave him some cordial which did him much good.

CHAPTER X.

ATLANTA—NEWNAN.

WE arrived at Atlanta late on the afternoon of the 8th, weary and worn out in body and mind; but, as it is said, misery loves company, so if true, we had much to console us. We met numbers of families—refugees—near the depot, in tents and old cars, and all had a woe-begone, forlorn appearance. We also found the city full of the “gilt lace gentry”—the precursors of a battle, so it was said.

We put up at the Atlanta Hotel, where we found several of our friends whom the shells of Chattanooga had forced to “retreat” and find safer quarters. Major Proctor and Dr. Young, of Kentucky, were very low-spirited, as their chances to reach their homes were very far off. They blamed Bragg for leaving Kentucky, and said he had no good reasons for so doing; but that evening all of their indignation was aroused against the speculators and extortioners, and it was not much wonder. These men had left home and friends to fight for the cause, and could have little charity for those who could make money out of it. Dr. Young said our money was more depreciated in Atlanta than in any other part of the Confederacy, and remarked: “If the Confederacy should fall, I would think it an honor to sink with the money in my pocket, rather than to have made my thousands.”

We arrived at Newnan, which is forty miles below Atlanta, on the morning of the 9th, and tried to enter upon our duties with some zest, though the task was a hard one. In the first place, we were informed that the people were opposed

to having hospitals there. This was neither Christian nor patriotic, and astonished us not a little. There were other disagreeable things told us, which we resolved not to heed. Until abodes could be procured for us, we remained at a hotel, the Coweta House, kept by Colonel Colyar, who had been a member of Congress from Tennessee. We found him and his excellent wife high-toned Southerners, and though driven from their homes and losing their all, were never heard to complain.

After a good deal of roaming around, Dr. Gamble and his surgeons found accommodations for about a thousand patients. Nearly every store and every large building, excepting the churches, were "pressed" into the service. They looked at a large building, a young ladies' college, but did not take it. Dr. Bemiss said to the principal: "As our young men are all in the army, and cannot go to school, the girls must be educated, so the men can have educated wives; therefore we shall not take the college."

The men worked as cheerfully as if there never had been such a thing as a "retreat," and it was not long ere we had very good order. We could scarcely realize we had been running for "dear life" for several days.

Mrs. Williamson and myself determined to try and not think too much of the place or anything belonging to it, for if we did we would be certain to make another "retreat." We would gladly have given up a palace could we have driven the enemy back, but so far he had been trying to drive us into the Gulf of Mexico. Surely there would be a turning to our lane sometime, at least we hoped so. It was not long before we had the hospitals filled with hundreds of sick sent from the front, a sure sign of a battle.

As I am going to give my experience of the battle of Chickamauga, I shall again refer to my journal:

September 19.—We have received news that a battle has commenced. A number of surgeons here have been ordered to the front, and Drs. Ray and Bateman have gone from our hospital. On hearing of the commencement of a battle a thrill of horror creeps over me at the very thought of it. We all feel assured that this will be a desperate one, as both armies have been some time collecting all the men they could for the conflict. Many a gallant spirit will wing its flight to that land from which there is no return. But these gloomy thoughts must be dismissed, as they make us unfit for our duties. The ladies of the place, with a few exceptions, have not come near us. A Mrs. Johnston, a widow, has been very kind, and has assisted us in procuring milk.

September 26.—A great battle was fought on the 19th and 20th at Chickamauga River—a victory for us. Alas! what visions of horror does not even the word victory bring in review before us. Major Jewett, of the 38th or 36th Alabama regiment, is among the slain. He was an eminent lawyer of Alabama. Captain O'Brien, of the 24th Alabama, is another martyr. He was a young lawyer from Mobile, and a braver or a better man we never had. He visited me while in Chattanooga, and I then thought him one of the finest specimens of manhood I had ever met. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private in the 3d Alabama regiment and served with it some time in Virginia. He was subsequently elected captain of the Emmet Guards, a company composed of men chiefly from the "Emerald Isle." In the death of General Helm, of Kentucky, the country lost one of its bravest and best. His men fairly worshiped him. General Preston Smith is also killed. General Adams is wounded and a prisoner. General Hood has lost a leg—his second wound in the war. Captain Hammond, a brother of our kind friend, Mrs. Johnston, is among the slain. The elegant and accomplished

Major Richmond, of General Polk's staff, was killed while carrying dispatches. Few were better prepared to leave this vale of tears, for in every respect, he adorned the Christian character. These, along with hundreds of our brave men, have offered up their lives in defense of their homes and country.

"'Tis glorious for our country thus to die,
'Tis sweet to leave an everlasting name,
A heritage of clear and virtuous fame."

Having heard nothing about my brother since the battle, I am quite anxious about him.

September 27.—A Methodist minister, Dr. Heustis, made a speech at the depot calling upon the people to send up food and nurses to Chickamauga, as General Bragg has gone after the enemy, and expects to recapture Chattanooga. All who could, went immediately to work to cook food to send off.

September 28.—This morning a meeting was held on the same subject, and Mrs. Johnston and I attended. Dr. Heustis' description of the sufferings of the men would have touched the heart of the most hardened. He said he could only tell us about our own men, and if they were suffering so much, we could guess what the prisoners were enduring. He said the principal thing needed was something to eat, and that if a basketful of biscuit were to be placed in one place where he saw some wounded men, that they would send up a shout of joy that would rend the air. He urged all who could possibly go with supplies, to do so immediately, but said there was no place there for ladies. The enemy had destroyed part of the railroad, and the wounded were taken to a place called the "Burnt Shed," some twenty miles from the battlefield, there to await transportation on the cars. Money was collected on the spot, and many promised provisions.

I made up my mind to go, though many begged me not to

do so. Having friends in Ringgold, I knew I could not be very bad off; so collecting all the provisions and old linen I could, I started that afternoon. Many of the ladies of the place intended going in a day or two, but knowing that time was everything with the suffering, I concluded not to wait. Rev. Mr. Green went with me, and Mrs. Colonel Griffin sent a negro servant, so I felt fully equipped for my mission.

The torn-up track to Ringgold had been relaid, so we went on to that place and arrived about dark. I found what had been the Bragg hospital filled with wounded men awaiting transportation. Oh, how sad and dreary all appeared! There was not a single light in the whole building, except that which came from a fire outside, around which stood several slightly wounded soldiers shivering from cold. The balconies were filled with wounded men, wrapped in their blankets, lying on the floors. I found one room full, where all were suffering for want of water. These men were waiting to be transported to the cars.

After doing what I could for the poor fellows, I went to the home of our old friend, Mrs. Evans, who was overjoyed to see me. She had been under a fearful ordeal since we had met last, having been under the fire of the enemy, and compelled to take to the woods and make it her home for several days.

Early the next morning I hurried back to the hospital, where I was kept busy nearly all day rolling bandages. I was assisted by a young man, Mr. Dearing, from Kentucky, who was disabled by a wound in the arm. It was as much as we could do to supply the demands of the doctors. Rev. Mr. Green and my negro servant were kept busy dressing wounds. We were seated on an upper gallery, where we could see the ambulances come in from the battlefield with their precious burdens. I saw as many as fifty come in at one time, and a dismal sight they presented. There had been no rain

for some time, and the dust was so fearful that when the men were taken out of the wagons you could scarcely tell what color they were. Rolling bandages was a necessity, but it was a great trial for us, for we would so much rather have been waiting upon the wounded. At last we were told we had rolled enough for that day, and we gladly went down stairs to see what we could do.

Dr. Devine had wine and other delicacies sent to him for the soldiers from Mississippi, and he gave me an ample supply as I was leaving Newnan. I got a bucket, and nearly filling it with the wine, put in water and sugar, making a delicious drink. This, with eatables in a basket, Mr. Dearing and I carried around, and it was highly appreciated by the men. The Mississippians were more than pleased on telling them where the wine came from. By this time the soldiers had been supplied with plenty of food, so were not suffering from hunger. We also visited the cars, which were standing on the tracks filled with wounded.

During one of these visits to the injured, a gentleman came up to me and said: "I am rejoiced to see you, as you are the first lady I have seen here. These men are Kentuckians, and as I have to leave with some wounded, any attention you pay those here I shall take as a personal favor." After he left I was informed by the men that he was Prof. Pickett, a Baptist minister and chaplain of a Kentucky brigade. The men spoke of him in a most affectionate manner. I subsequently learned that he was a grandson of Governor DeShae, of Kentucky, and a relative of General DeShae, of Mexican fame. He is at present State superintendent of education in Kentucky.

About dark, taking some cloth for bandages, I went to Mrs. Evans' to remain for the night. There I met a widow lady, who took umbrage at my asking Mrs. Evans what the

ladies of Ringgold were doing, as not one of them had been at the hospital, and they could do much good, if they did nothing else but roll bandages. She said the ladies had never been asked, and besides the Federals had robbed them of all the cloth they had for that purpose. While I was speaking, Cols. Hays and Walters, of General Bragg's staff, entered, and Colonel Walters made the same remark about the ladies that I had done, and added that such neglect pained him very much. These gentlemen were there for the purpose of seeing that the wounded were properly cared for, and evinced the greatest solicitude for their welfare.

The next morning, the 30th, I arose bright and early, and hurriedly partaking of my breakfast, went to the hospital. There I was overjoyed to find Dr. Stout with a corps of surgeons and nurses, among them my kind friends, Dr. Burt and Mrs. Ellis. Dr. Stout informed me that he had been many days at the "Burnt Shed," and was kindly assisted by the Georgia Relief Association, and said no words could tell the amount of good they had done. He was certain that without their aid many of the men would have died of starvation. I was introduced to some of the members, among them was Neil Brown, ex-governor of Tennessee. I had always wished to go on a battlefield—not from any idle curiosity, but from a desire to know the worst, and see if I could be of any use. While thinking over the matter, I met a Mrs. Weir, of Griffin, Ga., whose son had lost a leg in the battle, and was in a private house near the battlefield. She had come to nurse him, and said she would go with me to the battlefield if I would go out with her to see her son. Hundreds of wagons were coming in, but none returning that day. After awhile, a nice looking, covered private wagon came along, and after depositing its load of humanity, Mr. Dearing asked the owner to take us, but this, he stoutly refused to do, saying his horses

were completely worn out. Mr. D. then said that one of the ladies had nursed, at least, one thousand Confederates. On hearing this, he immediately drew up and invited us all in. We found our driver quite intelligent and talkative, and he related many interesting anecdotes of the late battle. The first line of battle was formed on his farm. His name is Tedford, which has become historic. His family fled to the woods, and our soldiers, finding the house deserted, took all they could find to eat. His wife's clothes were even taken, as she supposed, for the wounded. Mr. Tedford was too much pleased at our victory to murmur. There was no fighting on his farm, but a good deal at his brother's, Tedford's Ford. He told us about a young man, who had been with the army at some distance from his home, and his regiment was brought here to reinforce Bragg. During the engagement the poor fellow was killed on or near his father's farm.

We traveled over the roughest roads imaginable, and the thought occurred to me that if the wounded were brought this way they must indeed suffer. The surmise proved to be correct, for we met hundreds of wagons loaded with sufferers wending their way to Ringgold. We also saw many slightly wounded on foot going the same direction.

We left Mrs. Weir at Mr. Strickland's, where her son was, and Mr. Tedford begged me to go on further, to Mr. Hunt's, where were the wounded of Hindman's division. He informed me that an excellent young lady, Mr. Hunt's daughter, was doing much for the wounded, and would be glad of my assistance. The temptation was a great one, as I had never seen a field hospital; neither had I heard anything certain about my brother, and as he was in the same brigade, I felt assured I would hear something of him. On our way I met Dr. Ray going to see a brother, whom he had just heard was badly wounded. He and several other surgeons had been wandering

about for two days looking for the hospitals. They had had nothing to eat except a pig, which they had "pressed." I think he said they had been at General Cleburn's division hospital, and the first day they were there they dressed the wounds of twelve hundred men. This seems almost incredible, but we have had many more wounded than killed, and all of the wounded of the enemy were left in our hands. He also informed me that at first they had no food for the men nor rags with which to dress their wounds. I promised to send them some rags and also to visit the hospital.

I found Mr. Hunt's home a very pretty cottage in the midst of a garden, which before the battle had been filled with fine shrubbery and flowers, but was now covered with tents, flies and sheds filled with wounded. I was informed that it was Managault's brigade hospital, and not Hindman's, and also that Lieutenant Cooper and Captain Chamberlain, of the 24th Alabama regiment, were wounded and lying in the house. I found them both on the parlor floor on mattresses. Being old friends, they were delighted to see me. They told me that Lieutenant Bond, of my brother's company, had just called upon them, and but one man in the company was killed, whose name they had forgotten; so I had again to thank God for sparing my brother.

I met several other Mobilians, among them Mr. Chillion, a brother of a well known Roman Catholic priest of Mobile. Mr. Chillion was then in his seventieth year. He had been in the service ever since the war began, and kept up in marching as well as the youngest. On finding out who I was, he wept with joy. He requested me to write to his friends in Mobile and tell them of his condition, which of course I did.

Every corner of the house was filled with wounded, many of them lying upon bunks made out of the branches of trees,

a hard bed at any time, but much more so for these poor wounded veterans.

Miss Hunt is a fine looking, modest young girl, and having heard so much of her kindness to the wounded, I was captivated by her at once. She took me into a kitchen, which at that time was sleeping room, dining room, kitchen and everything else for the whole family, which appeared to be a large one. The room contained two beds, in which some of the family were then lying ill. I heard no grumbling or complaint from any of the inmates, with the exception of Mr. Hunt, who sat by the fire; and when I heard his story, it was not much wonder that he murmured. Before the battle he had his barns filled with plenty for his stock and food for his family. At the time of which I write he had nothing left but his house. Winter was coming on, and starvation for himself and family stared him in the face. As all of his neighbors for miles around were in the same condition, he could expect no help from them. It was in that house that the brave Captain O'Brien breathed his last.

Miss Hunt and I retired into a loft with no flooring; the mattress being laid on the beams, we were compelled to move cautiously, for fear of falling through the plastering. On getting up the next morning, there being no windows, the darkness was extreme, and when we got down stairs the rain was pouring in torrents, and the crowded state of the house made it very uncomfortable. The doctors ate breakfast in the hall, and invited me to partake, but I declined, the surrounding scenes making me feel that I never wanted to eat again. They very kindly sent me a cup of pure coffee, which I could scarcely refuse, and it completely revived me. I thought if Cowper had drank coffee instead of tea, he would certainly have given it the preference as a cheering beverage.

I had a few delicacies with me, which I distributed among

the most needy. The government had supplied nothing but cornbread and bacon for the men, which could scarcely be eaten by some. The Georgia relief committees had not gotten out that far. It rained so hard I could not get to see the patients who were out in the yard, but I was much gratified to see the solicitude that Drs. Cochrane, Gibbs and Gourie displayed for their comfort. They were much distressed that some of the men were lying where the rain was pouring down on them, but they could not help it. They said they had heard of many field hospitals where the men were much worse off. Dr. Fourd, the chief surgeon, was much censured for not attending better to their wants; but perhaps, were all known, he did the best he could. I assisted Miss Hunt in making some arrowroot, which was quite palatably seasoned with some wine that Captain Chamberlain had. I wanted to make egg-nog, but, an egg or a chicken was not to be had for miles around. Egg-nog is an excellent beverage for wounded, for besides being a stimulant, it is a nourishment.

Finding I could be of little service at Mr. Hunt's, I tried to get a conveyance to take me to Mr. Strickland's, where we had left Mrs. Weir, but of no avail. Mr. Dearing tried to get one from Mr. Tedford, but our men had broken into his barn the previous night, and taken what little corn he had left, and he had gone in search of provender for his stock. At last Drs. Gibbs and Gourie kindly offered us their horses, which were gladly accepted, Miss Hunt kindly lending me her skirt and saddle.

I shall never forget my sorrowful and saddened feelings on leaving this, one of the many field hospitals, which were all around, filled with human beings maimed in every conceivable manner, far from the endearments of home, with scarcely the necessities of life. War! war! how terrible its effects!

As we rode out of the yard, I tried to look neither to the right nor the left, for I knew that many eyes were sadly gazing at us from their comfortless sheds and tents. I could do nothing for the poor fellows, and when that is the case, I try to steel my heart against their sorrows. We could see the men cooking out in the pouring rain; a perfect war between the two elements, fire and water. All had a most cheerless aspect. As we rode on the tents of the various field hospitals came in view, and the thoughts of the inmates and their sufferings added to the gloom. I gazed in the direction of the battle-field and thought of the nameless dead who were there. The nation weeps for them; and on that day nature, like Rachel, was shedding tears for her children because they were not. The awful conflict which had so recently raged between brother and brother was vividly pictured to my mind. Oh! what a field of fratricide was there. It wrings from one the joy of the brave Falkland of old: "Peace! peace! when will come?"

We neared the fatal stream—the Chickamauga—the River of Death." How prophetic its name!

"From the dust their laurels bloom,
High they shoot and flourish free;
Glory's temple is the tomb,
Death is immortality."

By the time we reached Mr. Strickland's my clothes were very wet, so Mrs. Strickland kindly gave me a change, and after getting the benefit of a good fire, I soon forgot the discomforts of my dreary ride. There were several more wounded in the house and in tents, besides Mrs. Weir's son, but it was not near so crowded as at Hunt's.

On the next day, October 2, we were delighted to see the sun shining brightly. Mrs. Weir had visited a hospital nearby the day before and promised to take the inmates some clothes.

I went with her to the Georgia Relief Association, who gave us all we wished. On going to the hospital—Brown's brigade—we found the poor fellows had no need of the clothes, for since Mrs. Weir's visit they had gone to their long homes. As none of the others needed the clothes, we took them to Cheatem's division hospital, which was near. The chief surgeon, Dr. Price, took us all through, and spoke in glowing terms of the Georgia Relief Association. We were taken to a large "fly," about a hundred feet long, with bunks down each side, and a man in each bunk who had had a leg amputated. It was a sad sight to behold, and I could scarcely repress the tears. I gave them a few words of consolation and left.

We next visited a ward in which were the worst wounded, and as soon as I entered my name was pronounced; it proved to be by one of our cooks of the Newsom hospital. Poor fellow, he was so overjoyed to see me that he could scarcely speak. He said that while lying there he had thought a thousand times of good, kind Mrs. Williamson and myself. His wound was extremely painful, and he suffered much for the lack of soft rags. I gave him what I had, and Mrs. Weir promised to send him more. Some of the surgeons told me that many a time they had nothing but tent cloth with which to dress the wounds.

I reluctantly left my friend, and was almost sorry I had met him, as I could not remain to do anything for him. The doctor who escorted us around asked if we wished to go to any of the other wards, but we declined, as we had seen enough of suffering for awhile. He then offered to take us to see the prisoners, but this we also refused, as all was so distressing. He informed us that they were receiving the very same attention that our men were, but this I knew, as our people, I had found, were too high-minded to ill-treat the helpless. As every one told us it was too long after the bat-

For us to visit the battle ground, we concluded not to go. As we returned home I thought I never had been out in more beautiful day. The sun's rays were glimmering through the trees, arraying their gorgeous autumn costume with brilliant tints. Longfellow's ode to autumn was fully realized there:

“There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees;
The gentle wind—a sweet and passionate wooer—
Kissing the blushing leaf and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash-deep crimson;
And silver beech and maple yellow leaved.”

We wondered why our enemies would not permit us to enjoy this beautiful country without trying to rob us of it. We were perfectly willing to have them come and live peacefully among us, for there was certainly room enough for all. As we wandered through the woods upon this lovely day, I remarked to Mrs. Weir that I should like to have a relic of the battle of Chickamauga. As I said this two young men who had heard me, stepped forward, and one remarked he had a book which he had taken out of the pocket of a dead Federal, that he would be very glad to give me. As I thanked him, I asked his name, which I have forgotten, but he belonged to the 4th Arkansas regiment. These two young soldiers walked off whistling as merrily as if they had not a care in the world. The book is an allegory, “The Journey Home,” by James Munro, and is stained with blood. The fly leaf was torn out and the name of the owner with it. The book had likely been given to the poor fellow, out of whose pocket it had been taken, by his mother, with a prayer that it might prepare him for the journey he had just then taken.

The next day, October 3, I left Mrs. Strickland's and my friends there with many regrets, as I had been treated with

the greatest kindness. It was with much difficulty I got Mrs. Strickland to take any money, but knowing that she was as destitute as her neighbors, I insisted on her doing so. Bidding all farewell, I took my seat by the driver—a soldier—of the first ambulance that came along, Mr. Dearing taking the next. We took the lead of one of those long dreary-looking trains of ambulances, of which I have seen so many. Two men were in the one in which I was; one wounded in the jaw in which was the erysipelas, the other had a leg broken, which was neatly fixed with splints. I expected the latter to suffer much from the jolting, but if he did, he never expressed it. The other's sufferings seemed to be extreme, for it was painful to hear him moan.

I thought I had seen the worst our men had to endure, but that ride proved I was mistaken. The rain had made such deep ruts that the jolting was terrible; how the wounded could live through such a ride was a wonder. We had to pass several fords where the water came nearly into our wagon; at one, a wagon had stalled, and our driver had to unharness his mules, and assisted by some others, drag it out before we could proceed. Our long, dreary, harrowing ride came to an end at last, and thankful we were to escape without a mishap.

In Ringgold I found a number of ladies from Newnan, also our post-surgeon, Dr. Gamble, and Dr. Gore, of the Bragg hospital. They had all come provided with quantities of good things, which they were giving to the men. There were many persons in search of relatives, among them a lady I had met at Corinth nursing the wounded. Two of her sons were lying badly wounded at a field hospital, and she was on her way to see them.

On the train coming up I met a Mrs. Birch in great distress about a son, who was among the unfortunates. I

met her again afterwards, and she was rejoicing in having found him, and was taking him home. She was dressed in deep mourning for a son killed in Virginia. At the depot there were many well prisoners awaiting transportation, and thousands of small arms and some cannon—spoils of the battle. Rev. Owen Thackery, of Florida, was there with supplies for the Florida troops. He had stopped at many of the hospitals on his way up and was much pleased at the manner in which they were conducted, and also at the religious feeling expressed by the men. Drs. Bateman and Sizemore came to see me, and their experience was pretty much the same as that of others since leaving Newnan. They said many a poor fellow died for want of proper nourishment, for when they had procured food they found they had nothing in which to cook it.

From what they said and my own observations, I felt certain that ladies could be of much service in field hospitals, and if I had had the means there is where I should have gone. I could have gotten some one to go with me for the love of doing good. We could have had our own conveyance, and I know would always be respected by the enemy.

My friend, Dr. Burt, had charge of the hospital at Ringgold, and I went on a begging expedition for articles he needed, and got a quantity from Dr. Stickney, medical purveyor of Polk's corps.

I met Dr. Young, of Kentucky, who gave me several relics from the battlefield. One, "The Holy Comforter," taken from a chaplain's tent is very fine. He also gave me several letters, one from a young lady in Illinois to her cousin. In reading this letter, my wonder was, what could be in the mind of any one who could sit down and deliberately write, encouraging her friends to come here and murder us. She raves about the union, and calls herself a real "sucker." How lady-

like! She then goes on to tell her cousin, that as the Federals have had so many victories lately, that the Rebels must be completely whipped. But on hearing of the repulse at Charleston, she is afraid the war is not over yet. She tells how the copperheads tried to have peace meetings, and that the ladies of her section sang Union songs and broke them up. What a laudable enterprise!

I went from Ringgold to Marietta, twenty miles above Atlanta, one of the most beautiful towns in Georgia. It is situated on a high region not far from Kensaw mountain. The houses were, many of them, magnificent, and at that time the place was filled with refugees principally from New Orleans. This lovely town was afterwards bombarded by Sherman. I passed through it after the war and his blight was seen on everything. Scarcely one of the fine buildings but was a smouldering ruin. Well, I have digressed from my subject. I stopped at Marietta for the purpose of seeing Mrs. Harrison, a lady from Florida, who had come from that State to enter the hospital. Being a friend of Dr. Gamble's, he requested me to call and take her on to Newnan. She was well supplied with wine and other delicacies for the men, and being a lady of wealth, had much in her power to give.

My kind friend, Mrs. Newsom, was matron of the Academy hospital, and I found her in much grief at the loss of many dear friends in the late battle. Like a true Christian, as she is, she spoke of their deaths with resignation. I met Dr. Cannon, and he introduced me to Rev. Mr. Benedict, at whose house I remained during my short stay in the place. He congratulated himself on being able to hold service once more in his church, as it, with all of the others, had been taken for a hospital.

Dr. Cannon had charge of the Gilmer hospital, and Mrs. Crocker, of Mobile, was matron. On visiting their patients,

we came across a young man with both of his eyes shot out. Mrs. Crocker informed me that he had never been heard to murmur. I had a letter of introduction from Dr. Gamble to Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of our chief commissary, but I had no time to call upon her. Mrs. Benedict sent her carriage for me to call upon Mrs. General Anderson, who was living in the country. There I met the General's mother, Mrs. Bibia, a fine old lady. She and Mr. Benedict went as far as Atlanta with me, and being detained some time at the depot, we heard part of a speech made from the top of a car by one of our soldiers. He pretended he was one of Joe Brown's pets, as the Georgia militia were called, and related his sorrows in a most pathetic manner. He said he had been two whole months in the army and as yet had had *nary* a furlough, and that the Georgia militia were nobly defending the rear of Bragg's army. Governor Brown, being an ardent adherent of State rights, would not let the militia go out of the State to fight, so they were called his pets, and many a joke was told on them by the regulars.

While on the train I met a very intelligent lady, who had just come through the lines. She was in Shelbyville when our army retreated from there, and broke her arm and had to remain. She went, I think, to Winchester, where General Rosecrans had his headquarters, and there saw how the "dear Union army" treated the people. She said the soldiers entered houses and took what they wished; when the officers were appealed to, they made a big fuss, but nothing was ever restored. General Rosecrans, in a very gentlemanly manner, told her of our poverty, and seemed well posted about everything that was being done in the Confederacy. She thought we must have many spies among us, which was no doubt the case. I had often thought the Southern people were too confiding and easily imposed upon. They should have acted

with more caution, as that would have been nothing but wisdom. Every second man in the North might have been a spy and it would have mattered little, as we were not going to take anything from there; but the case was very different with us, as one spy in our midst might be the cause of much trouble.

CHAPTER XI.

NEWMAN.

ON my return I found Mrs. Williamson with much to do, the hospital was full of patients, and we had many come from the field hospitals as a raid was expected. They were very bad cases and many died as soon as they were brought

On entering the wards the same sad spectacle greeted us. Noem, "A Call to the Hospital," pictures the scene so truthfully, I will insert it here :

Fold away all your bright tinted dresses,
Turn the key on your jewels today ;
And the wealth of your tendril-like tresses
Braid back in a serious way.
No more elegant gloves, no more laces,
No more trifling in boudoir or bower ;
But come with your souls in your faces
To meet the stern wants of the hour.

Look around by the torchlight unsteady—
The dead and the dying seem one ;
What ! trembling and paling already,
Before your dear mission's begun ?
These wounds are more precious than ghastly,
Time presses her lips to each scar,
While she chants of that glory which vastly
Transcends all the horrors of war.

Pause here by this bedside ; how mellow
The light showers down on that brow !
Such a brave brawny visage ! Poor fellow,
Some homestead is missing him now.
Some wife shades her eyes in the clearing—
Some mother sits moaning distressed—
While the loved one lies faint, but unfearing,
With the enemy's ball in his breast.

Here's another, a lad—a mere stripling—
Picked up on the field almost dead,
With the blood through his sunny hair rippling
From a horrible gash in his head.
They say he was first in the action,
Gay-hearted, quick-handed and witty;
He fought till he fell with exhaustion,
In front of our fair Southern city:

Fought and fell with the guns of that city,
With a spirit transcending his years.
Lift him up, in your large-hearted pity,
And wet his pale lips with your tears;
Touch him gently, most sacred the duty
Of dressing that poor shattered hand.
God spare him to rise in his beauty
And battle once more for his land.

Who groaned? What a passionate murmur:
“In thy mercy, O God! let me die.”
Ha! surgeon your hand must be firmer;
That musket ball's broken his thigh.
Turn the light on these poor furrowed features,
Gray-haired and unknown—bless the brother!
O heaven that one of thy creatures
Should e'er work such woe on another.

Wipe the sweat from his brow with your kerchief,
Let the old tattered collar go wide;
See, he stretches out blindly to search if
The surgeon still stands by his side.
“My son's over yonder—he's wounded—
O, this ball that has entered my thigh”—
And again he bursts out, all a-tremble:
“In thy mercy, O God! let me die.”

Pass on, it is useless to linger
While others are claiming your care;
There is need for your delicate finger—
For your womanly sympathy there.
There are sick ones athirst for caressing,
There are dying ones raving of home;

There are wounds to be bound with a blessing
And shrouds to make ready for some.

They have gathered about you the harvest
Of death in its ghastliest view;
The nearest as well as the farthest
Is here, with the traitor and true.
And crowned with your beautiful patience,
Made sunny with love at the heart,
You must balsam the wounds of a nation—
Nor falter nor shrink from your part.

Up and down the wards, where fever
Stalks noisome, and gaunt, and impure,
You must go with your steadfast endeavor
To comfort, to counsel, to cure.
I grant you the task's superhuman,
But strength will be given to you
To do for the dear ones what woman
Alone in her pity can do.

And the lips of the mothers will bless you,
As angels sweet visaged and pale;
And the little ones run to caress you,
And the wives and the sisters cry "Hail!"
But e'en if you drop down unheeded—
What matter! God's ways are the best;
You have poured out your life where 'twas needed,
And He will take care of the rest.

Mrs. Harrison came and took charge of a ward a short
distance in the country, as a convalescent hospital. On my
first visit I found her surrounded by difficulties. Her room
leaked so badly, that on the first hard rain she was nearly
flooded, but as she did not leave home for pleasure, she ex-
tended these trials. Of course, she had many others, but was
successful with them all. I found her enthusiastic in the cause
of a high toned noble woman. The hospital was made of
huts, giving a military appearance to the whole.

In a letter I received at this time from my father, he was

quite despondent, for he, like many others, thought that Bragg ought to have followed up his victory at Chickamauga, and captured the whole Northern army.

Gangrene, with all of its horrors, broke out among the wounded, and their sufferings were fearful. From its ravages a wound would be ten times its original size in a few days. The men were isolated in tents, which did much toward checking its progress. Captain Thompson, of the 45th Mississippi regiment, had a leg amputated in a field hospital. After being some time with us, gangrene came into his wound, besides suffering from pneumonia. His patience in his sufferings was beyond all praise. I never saw him without a smile on his countenance. His wife being too far off to come and see him, I wrote for his cousin, Miss Nannie Womack, who was living near, having refugeeed from Louisiana. She came immediately, and did all in her power to relieve him, but of no avail. On November 23 he breathed his last, perfectly resigned, with full confidence in a blessed hereafter. He passed away from earth

"As the bird to its sheltering nest,
When the storm on the hill is abroad,
So his spirit had flown from this world of unrest
To repose on the bosom of God."

His cousin, Miss Womack, begged Dr. Hughes to send his corpse home. One of Captain Thompson's men had been with him from the beginning, and as he had not had a furlough in some time, Dr. Hughes procured him one and sent the corpse home in his care.

Miss Womack, seeing how much use she could be, remained with us, and took charge of the delicacies. I found her a most genial companion, and as she came at a time when Mrs. Williamson and I were overwhelmed with work, was doubly appreciated. She had a negro waiting maid with her,

who was also of much service. Good, sincere Christian, as Mrs. Williamson was, she, as well as myself, had times of depression, and Miss Womack, with her sunny nature, happening to come at one of these times, did much to cheer us up. She was the bitterest hater of the Yankees I had ever met. As her home in Louisiana had been some time in their hands, she had seen and heard much of their atrocities, which then I did not believe. She and I almost quarreled when we spoke on the subject, as I thought she exaggerated the infamous acts, but I know now what she said was too true. When she was so bitter I sometimes told her that extremes very often met, and that after the war I would not be surprised to hear of her marrying a Yankee. This invariably made her very angry, but her wrath did not last long, as she knew I was joking, for I then thought such a thing impossible. Her father was a planter, and she had several handsome homespun dresses, for which she had planted the seed, ginned the cotton, spun, dyed and wove it into cloth. This was done by hundreds of others to show our independence of the North.

About the middle of December, one cold and stormy day, a young man named Thomas Watson, a member of the 4th Texas regiment, breathed his last. He was one of Hood's men, and had come with quite a number of wounded to help nurse them. He had been with us since the battle of Chickamauga as a nurse, and by his fidelity to his work and quiet and unobtrusive manner, had become much beloved by all. He was a handsome youth of eighteen. He used to speak in most affectionate terms of his mother, and tell us how she had buckled on his armor and bade him God-speed in battling for his country. He was taken with pneumonia, and it was not long in doing its deadly work. When informed that his case was hopeless, he asked me to get his money that was due him and send it to his mother, and tell her he had died happy

and hoped to meet her in heaven. Our chaplain, Mr. Moore, and another one were very attentive, and Miss Womack and I were with him all the time we could spare. He took much consolation from the hymns, "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Toward night he became delirious, and raved about the different battles in which he had fought, but more than all, he raved about his mother, and spoke to her as he had no doubt done when a child. Toward the last he grew calm, and gazing around saw Miss Womack and I standing by, and though suffering intensely, thanked us for past kindness. We remained with this dying saint till death claimed him. I brushed the brown clustering curls back, and wiped the clammy sweat from his brow, and while a prayer was on his lips his spirit winged its flight to God, who gave it. On our return, Miss Womack said she never would forget that night and the scene we had just witnessed; that in doing a little good she had experienced more real enjoyment than she had ever done in her gay, fashionable life.

We witnessed many such lovely Christian deaths as Mr. Watson's. The patience with which our men bore their sufferings and the resignation with which they breathed their last, was a revelation to me, and indeed, to all. Surely God's hand was with them, and endowed them with grace and strength to bear up under their afflictions.

Toward the end of the year our hospitals were in good order, and it was not much wonder that we hoped to remain in Newnan some time, unless we could go forward. We had foragers, who brought us milk, butter, eggs and vegetables, which were of the greatest importance, as there was little or no medicine of any kind to be had. The enemy would not allow any to come through the lines, an unheard of thing in civilized warfare. The ladies of the place were giving us some aid, and I became acquainted with several excellent

families, to whom I applied for assistance in emergencies. A very energetic woman, a soldier's wife, had charge of the kitchen for cooking for the very sick. Mrs. Williamson had charge of the linen department and Miss Womack of the delicacies, besides making the toddies and egg-nog. All of this gave me more time to visit the wards, which I did at least twice a day.

I had been with the suffering so much that I could go into a ward full of men and tell almost at a glance which of them required the most attention. We had no time to spend at the couch of any but the worst cases. I used to jokingly tell the others that they were beneath my notice. We had a most excellent chaplain, Mr. Moore, of Tennessee, who was indefatigable in his work, and sometimes held service in the wards.

In one ward there were seven young men lying side by side; each had lost a leg at Chickamauga, and they were a gay set, always laughing and joking. They used to tell me to get the young ladies to come and see them, as they would make excellent husbands, never being able to run away.

It was not often that we had any in our Western army that came from the States east of Georgia, and I noticed a difference in the physique of the men from the States north of us, that is, men from Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri. They appeared more hardy than those from the far South. At first I was quite sad when I observed this physical delicacy in those from the more Southern States, as I was fearful they could not endure the hardships incidental to camp life, but subsequent events proved that they stood them as well as the more hardy. I never saw finer specimens of men than those composing Price's and Morgan's armies. Many of them were knightly in their appearance, and walked as independently as if they did not know the meaning of the word defeat.

We had no ward in our hospital set apart for officers, and

if any happened to be brought there, if convalescent, they took their meals with Mrs. Williamson and myself. Shortly after the late battle, Captain Desha, a Kentuckian, I believe, of Breckinridge's command, boarded with us a short time. He was a grandson of Governor Desha, and a cousin of Prof. Picket, whom I met in Ringgold. He was very handsome, and was every inch a soldier in appearance, having the air of a nobleman. His wound not being very severe, he did not remain very long with us, and we regretted his leaving, as his company had been most agreeable.

About the end of the year our army was stationed at Dalton, where it was driven after its defeat at Missionary Ridge. My brother wrote asking me to send him clothes, as he had left his in the hands of the Yankees.

The winter was intensely cold, and we were thankful that hostilities had ceased for awhile. The time was passing wearily for us, with alternate hopes and fears; but happy it was for us, our *hopes* were predominant. We placed our hopes for a long time on foreign intervention, but that seemed long in coming. Many praised France for her good will toward us, but I never could find out one good act she had done us. She had said much, but then, as now, talking was cheap.

When the war commenced my hopes were centered in Great Britain, for I had loved to think of her as the defender of the oppressed. I had heard some say that she rejoiced at the struggle, as she was jealous of the growing power of the United States, but I always rejected this cruel, heartless accusation with indignation. She surely could not rejoice at the misery of any nation, especially that of her own descendants. The why and the wherefore have yet to be told, for she bore insult after insult from the United States government until her people on this side of the Atlantic exclaimed with indignation:

"My country, colors not thy once proud brow
At this affront? Hast thou not fleets enow,
With glory's streamers, lofty as the lark,
Gay fluttering o'er each thundering bark,
To warm the insulter's seas with barbarous blood?"

About this time Mr. Lindsay, M. P., made a speech in Middlesex, England, in which he said that the guns and ammunition used by the Federals were made in England. What about international law, that Great Britain was such a stickler for in our affairs? Well, we had much with which to contend.

"Were this some common strife of States embroiled,
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoiled
Might calmly look, and asking time to breathe,
Still honorably wear her olive wreath;
But this is darkness combating with light,
Earth's adverse principles for empire fight."

I shall end this chapter with a summary from my journal:
Christmas Day, 1863.—Miss Womack and myself were up long before daylight making egg-nog, as we had promised some to all in the hospital—that is, the convalescents, nurses and cooks. Just at the peep of dawn the little gallery in front of our house was crowded with the wounded, come to get their Christmas treat. The scene was worthy of a picture. Many of the men were without legs and some without arms, and all of them as cheerful as if they never had been maimed. Dr. Hughes did all he could to have a good dinner for the convalescents and nurses. They had turkeys, vegetables and pies. I hope that the men in the army fared as well. In the afternoon we had a call from nearly all of our surgeons, and several from the other hospitals. As our wounded were doing well, we begged Mrs. Williamson to spare a few hours from working for her "dear boys," which she did. Thus passed Christmas of 1863 in the Bragg hospital, Newnan.

We were thankful for the present and trustful for the future.

December 30.—I see by the papers that Lincoln has again refused to exchange prisoners. This is a most cruel act, not only to our men but to his own. He knows in his inmost soul, that we have not the necessaries of life for our own men, and, such being the case, how can he expect us to feed his. Human life seems little worth to those in power at the North. All the prisoners we have might die of starvation and no heed paid to them. All that Lincoln has to do is to issue a call for thousands more to be offered up on his altar of sacrifice. He well knows that every man in our army is dear to us, for we have not the dregs of the earth to draw from, but our every man is a patriot, battling for his home and country.

December 31.—One of the stormiest and bleakest nights I ever witnessed. As I gazed out the darkness was appalling —“striking thought inward.” The elements were warring like our poor selves. I never look out on such a night without thinking of the soldier, who at that moment is doing sentinel duty. How dreary must be his walk as he paces along and

“Thinks of the two on the low trundle bed
Far away in his cot on the mountain;
His musket falls slack, his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for his children asleep
And their mother, may heaven defend her.”

Another sun has run its yearly course and we are still fighting our relentless foe. We have to listen to the tales of wrong committed upon our people, enough to arouse the blood of the most callous and make them cry aloud for vengeance.

“The blood of murdered legions
Summons vengeance from the skies;
Flaming towns and ravished regions
All in awful judgment rise.”

In the past year we have had many disasters, but nothing

worth having that does not cost a struggle, and as our beloved president says: "It is but for a short time. We have some victories for which we can offer up thanks."

The enemy have brought up army after army against hmond, and have as often been forced to retire in dismay confusion before the invincible Lee and his veteran army. y have the Mississippi River only in name. Louisiana is ost as free as it was before the fall of New Orleans. Texas urs. Mississippi is guarded by that king of cavalrymen, rest; and Charleston—

"Through coming years its name
A talisman shall be—"

Shell after shell has been hurled against its scarred walls. amn after column of the invader have found graves and it.

Ah! would I could say as much about Tennessee. How heart sickens at the desecrations of her lovely vales and ntains. Homes are fired and their helpless inmates cast into the ruthless storm.

"The wing of war that's hovering
O'er this bright and beauteous land
Throws a dark foreboding shadow
Round our faithful fearless band.
But we will not grow discouraged,
Though the vandals round us crowd,
For our star is not declining:
'Tis only veiled behind a cloud.

Hark! the bugle note is sounding,
The fearful crisis comes at last;
By heaven's help we'll scatter them
Like autumn leaves before the blast.
Then from peaceful dell and mountain
Will ring the anthems of the free,
Hand and hand we'll meet rejoicing
Around the flag of Tennessee."



On the water we have the gallant Semms and Maft, bringing dismay to the enemy. We have many true and determined men, who will never yield while the life blood flows through their veins. I have no fears for our cause. Our martyrs have not offered up their lives in vain :

“ For they never fail who die
In a just cause. The block may suck
Their gore; their heads may sodden
In the sun; their limbs be strung
To city gates and castle walls:
But still their spirits walk abroad,
And never rest until the great cause triumphs.”

CHAPTER XII.

NEWNAN—MOBILE.

JANUARY 1, 1864.—A bitter cold day. The sun is shining as brightly as if there never had been a cloud to veil its glory. I trust it is ominous of what the coming year will bring to us, and the clouds now overhanging our national horizon will soon vanish forever.

“The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword’s appeal
To peace and love.”

We all know how disastrously the year ended for us, but as one of our poets has said, “Hope springs eternal in the human breast,” so it is not much wonder I wrote the above hopeful sentiments in my journal, when there was so much sunshine after such a dismal night. Trusting that our calamities will be of interest to my readers, I shall go on with my narrative.

Three days after the auspicious first, part of our hospital was destroyed by fire. Several of the wounded were slightly injured by being removed, but otherwise we did not suffer much. Though the fire did not reach us, we had everything moved from our rooms; among the articles were two barrels of whiskey and a box of coffee—the latter just received from Wilmington. Miss Womack and myself were seated for some time upon our “truck” taking care of the hospital valuables, and watching the fire. As a number of parties had been given in Newnan about this time, Miss W. cried out: “Oh! if the

people would only keep from dancing we would not have this trouble!" I am certain I echoed her sentiments. The winter passed with the army in comfortable quarters at Dalton, Ga., and about the middle of January I had a letter from my brother in which he drew a glorious picture of the enemy's flying in dismay and confusion at their next meeting, and the wiping out of the disgrace of Missionary Ridge. He was in fine spirits, and he, as well as his companions, had had boxes full of good things at Christmas sent from their homes. Miss Womack was enthusiastic about her own State, Louisiana, and like Governor Brown about Georgia, thought the other states very good in their way, but they were not Louisiana.

One day Dr. Hughes brought several cavalrymen to dine with us (I have forgotten from whose command), and they claimed to be old friends of Miss Womack. These gentlemen told her of a friend who had married a Federal general. They were a good deal annoyed that this lady had lowered herself in such a disgraceful manner. I said: "No Alabama girl would be guilty of such an act." Miss Womack instantly replied: "The girl was so ugly no Confederate would have her."

I never omitted an opportunity of telling her anything I knew in disparagement of the soldiers from her State. The States being all alike to me, she knew I was joking, though I always sympathized more with men whose homes were farthest off, and whose States were in the hands of the enemy. Miss Womack was fine company, and after the toils of the day were over, while still working for the soldiers, I would tell her of my day's experience, all of which was of the greatest interest to her.

As the men's tobacco lay scattered over their beds, Miss Womack and I used to make bags for it from scraps given us by the ladies of Newnan.

The Coweta House was converted into a hospital for Flor-

ida troops, and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Harris were its matrons. Its surgeon, Dr. Adams, being a deacon in the Episcopal Church, held service in the dining room every Sunday morning.

A lady near our hospital lost a child, and I, along with several others, sat up with the corpse. Quite a political discussion took place, a lady taking the lead. She denounced President Davis and said Stephens ought to be in his place. I had heard so much of this kind of talk among the women, that I sometimes thought it a pity that *we* could not have the control, for *we* knew *exactly* how affairs should be managed. Col. Berry, a very handsome young gentleman, a graduate of West Point, was of the company. He was then lame from a wound received in Virginia; had served under General Jackson and did not admire him as a commander, saying he was entirely too rash. So not even such a renowned soldier was without his traducers.

We were all much interested in the escape of General Morgan from prison. He was then receiving quite an ovation at Richmond. He had visited the Libby prison, and said our humane treatment of prisoners was a great contrast to the northern people's treatment of ours. He hoped we would never imitate their cruelty, but there was not much fear of that.

I spent the month of February in Mobile and found the people gayer than ever. At that time, there being no bridge across the river, we had to cross in a steamer, and we came nearly having a disaster in striking against the numerous forts erected for the defense of the city. I met a friend, Captain Richmond, on the boat whose presence was most fortunate to me at such a dangerous time. This gentleman was a brother of the lamented Major Richmond, who was killed at Chickamauga.

Provisions were higher than ever, but much was being done to alleviate the privations of those whose husbands were in the army, also for the soldiers' widows and orphans. The relief societies were as energetic as heretofore. When blankets could not be had for the troops, many cut their carpets up for them.

Upon my arrival a party was given in my honor at my father's house, which I protested against most vehemently, but all to no purpose. I must confess that I could not but see the benefit these reunions had upon the troops. All being away from their homes, the mingling in refined society had a most beneficial effect. At "my party" were many members of the 29th Alabama regiment, and they were splendid looking men. They had been in the service ever since the war, but had been in no battles; but alas, their doom was not far off, for one-half of them were killed around Atlanta.

Music, dancing to the piano, and all kinds of amusements were the order of the evening. Captain Haily, of the 29th Alabama regiment, prevailed upon me to dance, and I told him I felt sadly out of place, but he did all he could to persuade me I was doing no harm. Poor fellow, he was amongst the first killed around Atlanta. He was a noble specimen of a high-toned, generous hearted southerner.

The refreshments at the party consisted of rye coffee, with milk, wheat bread and butter. No feast at Delmonico's ever gave more pleasure than these simple viands. It was amusing to hear some of the soldiers tell how much good the delicious coffee did them. A great improvement on the pine-knot lights was a very good oil distilled from pitch. Privates and officers mingled together at these socials.

The wherewithal to procure something to eat was still the fashionable topic of conversation. We would meet a friend on the street and after the customary remarks about

health, etc., etc., came the food question. At times we would be fortunate enough to meet a friend who had just gotten some tea or real coffee. A whispered invitation would be given to come and get the treat, and no need to give the invitation twice.

The next subject was something to wear. Davis called upon the ladies to wear nothing but homespun, but stout as it was, it was found not to be economical as it did not look well after being washed. We dyed everything that we could, and our dye was the various roots that grew all around us. Beautiful articles of wear were made out of the ravelings of carpets, or old worsted of any kind. Pretty hats were made out of palmetto, and handsome flowers for the hats out of chicken feathers.

Calico was \$8 per yard, gingham \$13, children's shoes \$50, and ladies \$75 a pair. But then, one dollar of gold was as equal to twenty of currency.

Several times the cry of "wolf"—the enemy coming—was heard, but little or no heed was paid to it, as the cry had been raised so often that we thought it better to wait until he came before leaving. The mayor and General Maury had large bills posted all over the city urging the people to leave, as it was going to be defended at all hazards, but their petitions were unheeded.

One report said that an immense army was coming through Florida, another through Mississippi, and another by Pascagoola, a town on the coast, and at the same time the Federal fleet was to attack the forts down the bay. For a short time we thought poor Mobile would be gobbled up all at once. But we were not honored then with a visit from our dreaded foes.

We visited the gunboat, I think the Tennessee, a very formidable looking affair, and when Lieutenant Jordan showed



us where the men were to be stowed, in case of a battle, I thought I would prefer facing the bullets outside. We saw several other gunboats, but did not go on board.

On my return to Newnan I had the pleasure of meeting Lieutenant Sewell, of the 24th Alabama regiment, who had been on a furlough to Mobile. On his appearing downhearted about our cause, I asked him how long he had been in Mobile, he replied: "Two weeks;" I answered, "Just long enough to become demoralized, as scarcely any one near the army, or in it, ever became lowspirited." He said he had noticed the same thing himself. He then began to compliment the ladies, but I begged him to desist, for of such talk I had become really weary, and furthermore said I did not think they deserved so much laudation, and that if we were whipped, much of the blame could be laid at our door. He had the candor to acquiesce in all I said.

I was once told by a publisher that I ought to have woven a little romance into my book, "Hospital Life." I did not see how I could, it being an "over true tale." I shall relate an episode, which the reader may call romantic, if he or she pleases.

While at the Cherokee Springs, one of the convalescents used to blow a horn quite artistically, I thought, for the men to come to their meals. I passed him several times, and complimented him on the blowing of the horn. This was all I knew of the man. I was not a little astonished, when one day a very tall well dressed German called upon me, greeting me in the most friendly manner. He could not understand why I did not remember him. I was certain he had never been one of my patients, and it took him some time to bring himself to my recollection, he being the horn blower at the Springs. Nothing daunted at this, he made himself, so he thought, quite agreeable. He appeared quite captivated by

Miss Womack who, by the way, was a very handsome young lady. He was on most intimate terms, he said, with some of her relatives in the army, some of whom were high in command. He was to call the next day and take some articles from her to them. After he left I told Miss Womack that I did not like his action, and, that really I did not know him, and it would not do for her to send anything by him to her relatives. So the next morning when he called for the package, she put on her hat and excusing herself walked out. We, of course, thought this would be the last of him, but he was not to be put off in any such manner. In a few days she received a long letter from him saying he had fallen in love with her at "first sight." He expected to pass in a few days on the train, and as he could not stop, he begged her to meet him down there. Of course, we were both astonished at the man's impertinence, and thought the best plan would be not to notice the letter at all. But this gallant knight, being too much enamored to be put off, and knowing "That faint heart never won fair lady," sent epistle after epistle filled with expressions of his undying love. The matter becoming quite serious, we sent for Dr. Hughes and told him the whole story. At first he was a little vexed and then commenced to laugh. He told us that this Adonis had sent the same effusions to at least a half a dozen of some of the most prominent young ladies in Newnan, whose names he had managed to get hold of. There was some thoughts of having him punished, but it was proved that he was perfectly harmless, and had a mania on the one subject, viz.: that of falling in love. So thus ended Miss W.'s love affair, which caused many a good laugh. The man was a bugler, and we used to tell her that he would blow his bugle when he arrived at the depot, and she must be ready to run and meet him.

As spring advanced all was activity in our army, and the

cars were constantly passing filled with troops going to their commands. Johnston had superceded Bragg, and every one was on tip-toe of expectation. When he took command he gave every tenth man a two-week's furlough, and my brother was one of the fortunate ones. He stopped to see me on his return from home. He said while in Mobile he had gone to a party every night. His lady friends had given him quite a quantity of tobacco bags for, to use his own words, "some poor fellows whose mothers and sisters were within the enemy's lines." Miss Womack added to his stock, as the "poor fellows" were from Louisiana.

Newnan had become quite gay and numbers of parties were given. Miss Womack and myself refused all invitations to attend. Several concerts were given for the benefit of the wounded, and to those we went. Of course the musicians were amateurs, but some of the music was very fine. Mrs. Dr. Gamble sang with much expression a Scotch song, "The Lass o' Gourie," which was loudly encored.

As the hospitals were being emptied to make room for the wounded of the expected battle, we had a little time to spare. One Sunday afternoon (April 3), Miss Womack, Mrs. Bears, of the Buckner hospital, Dr. Hughes, and myself strayed into the woods. "The hoary worshipers of Deity" were budding forth with all the freshness and beauty of young spring. The woods were filled with wild flowers, and a soft spirit was sighing through the trees, and cast a soothing influence over all, making us forget for a while the cares and strife with which we were surrounded. We sat upon some logs and sang hymns, and "Old Hundred" brought memories of the past to us all. Dr. Hughes joined in the singing as heartily as any of us. He was an old gentleman from Kentucky, and had left wife and home for the cause. He told us that his daughters, in Louisville, were indefatigable in working for

our men who were in the northern prisons. They and other ladies had made thousands of suits of clothes and taken them to the men in the prisons.

We had another hospital added to our number, the "Gamble," named after our post-surgeon. Two very excellent ladies, Mrs. Dr. Wildman and Miss Rigby, were the matrons. Dr. Devine was chief surgeon, and Dr. Wildman, who had left Tuscaloosa as surgeon of an Alabama regiment, was his assistant. I received a letter from my brother dated April 20, in which he said the enemy were in heavy force at Ringgold, and: "We are expecting an attack. I have just finished my washing and am ready for them."

Even at such times there were marriages and giving in marriage. On May 3, Dr. Devine led to the altar Dr. Calhoun's oldest daughter. The affair was quite a grand one for the times. Dr. Quintard came from Atlanta to perform the ceremony, which took place in the Presbyterian church at 11 a. m. The church was darkened and lit with lamps and candles, which sent forth an unpleasant odor. There were nine bridesmaids and an equal number of groomsmen. Many of the latter came from the army, as that number of young men could not have been found in the whole county. On looking at the ladies' dresses, which were made of brand new swiss muslin, I could not keep from thinking of the cost, and wondering where such a quantity had been gotten. The last I had heard of was fifty dollars a yard, and could scarcely be gotten even for that. So much beauty and so many fine dresses, enhanced by the uniforms worn by the young men, made quite an impressive scene. This was the first time an Episcopal clergymen had officiated in the place. At night Dr. Quintard preached a splendid sermon in the Methodist church, which was crowded. He used very little of the church service as books were scarce. He told us about a grand religious

revival in the army in which many souls had been won to Christ. Nearly all of the chief officers had joined the church. Bishop Lay, of Arkansas, was with the army and doing much good. Dr. Quintard, along with Mrs. Harrison, spent an evening with us, and the next morning at 4 o'clock we gave him breakfast before starting on the train.

I am now about to relate some of the horrors which Sherman's "march to the sea" entailed. My readers must not tire, for I am writing sad, sad truths, and all wars are terrible, no matter where prosecuted, or for what cause. About the middle of May Sherman commenced to move, and our army retreated from one place to another until we thought he never would be checked. It took all the faith we could get to feel that Johnston's movement was the right one. One terrible battle after another was fought, and though our loss was nothing to that of the enemy, it was bad enough. How the Georgians did denounce General Johnston for permitting their state to be run over! As far as we could learn, he had the full confidence of the army, which was everything.

On May 15, accompanied by some ladies and gentlemen of Newnan, I went to Atlanta with supplies for the wounded, and to see if we could be of any service. About daylight of the 16th, Mrs. Harris and myself went to the Gate City hospital—the receiving one—and I shall never forget the sights which greeted us. The building was full, and Mr. Tucker, the head nurse, told us he had dressed the wounds of four hundred since 4 o'clock the previous afternoon. He had been up all night at his work. Of all the distressing scenes which it had been my fate to witness, I thought the one that morning excelled them all. The day was damp and gloomy, and the prospect—oh! how cheerless! Look which way we would, hundreds of wounded men, dirty, bloody and weary, met our gaze, and when I thought of the hundreds more which were

expected, I was filled with despair. I felt like humbling myself in the dust and praying, as I had never done before, that God would send us the blessed boon of peace.

“Hath Liberty required
Such human hecatombs?
Is there no path to freedom
But through this moral gloom?
Or must it still go onward,
This carnage, blood and fire,
Until each flowery hill-top
Becomes a Mount Moriah?
Forbid it, God Almighty!
Thy voice once heard again,
Rolls back the tide of battle,
And stops the bloody reign!”

Mrs Harris heard that her son was wounded and had been sent to Newnan, so she resolved to return immediately, but as no trains were going there, she could not do so that day.

Several ladies and myself went to the train as it steamed in from the scene of conflict, and beheld a woeful sight. Train after train, filled outside and inside with hundreds of wounded—the worst cases were on mattresses in box cars. As the men fought behind breastworks, they were chiefly wounded on the head and upper limbs. Old gentlemen and ladies were there to meet the poor fellows with baskets full of edibles and buckets full of milk, coffee and lemonade, and some had wine. I noticed one aristocratic looking old gentleman who wore a large white apron, serving out the rations with as much zest as the youngest there. I was told that this work had been going on ever since the war commenced. Many a time tables were set at the depot for the benefit of the well soldiers going from and returning to their commands.

Our party went to the Gate City hospital, where we found many ladies dressing wounds. Strange as it may seem, I had

never dressed one, always having plenty other work to do. I managed to dress the wound on the hand of one poor fellow, and just as I got through, Dr. Jackson, who had come with us from Newnan, requested me to come and assist him.

We were in a large hall crowded with wounded, some walking about, others sitting on the floor—all waiting to have their wounds dressed. As soon as this was done, they were sent off to make room for others. Surgeons, nurses and ladies were so intently employed that they did not appear to notice each other. I brought the patients to Dr. Jackson and unbound the stiff bandages, making the wounds ready for the doctor to dress. These men were called by the surgeons slightly wounded. One poor fellow from Alabama had both hands disabled, from one he had lost three fingers, and was shot through the wrist of the other. This man was perfectly helpless. Several of the "slightly wounded" had each lost an eye.

After getting through I went into the wards, where I saw many ladies waiting on the wounded and doing all they could to comfort them. One of the patients recognized me, and gave me the joyful intelligence that my brother was well, having seen him the night before. This young man's name was Lamar from Mobile, and a member of the 40th Alabama regiment.

It was a bright moonlight night, and just as we had gotten through with our work, a number of people came to the hospital with provisions. Dr. Welford, who had come with us and several others, took the food all through the building and found no one needing it. We then took it to the depot, where were many men lying on the platform awaiting transportation, but even they did not need the food. The noble people of Atlanta did their duty to the suffering, and scarcely deserved their subesquent fate.

Dr. Beniss, then assistant medical director, was going round in his usual kind manner, seeing that the men had all the attention necessary. About 10 o'clock, he took Mrs. Har- and myself to stay all night with his friend, Mrs. Lowen- al. She received us with the greatest kindness, and after a sumptuous supper, considering the times, we retired to an ele- ent apartment, where I slept the sleep of the just, for we ad passed through a most trying, wearisome day.

I awoke at daylight next morning and hurriedly dressing myself, returned to the hospital to assist Mr. Tucker with the ounded he expected would come during the night. While ossing the railroad, I met a friend, Mr. Gribble, who accom- nied me to my destination. No more wounded had come it there were many there from the previous night, for whom made toddies. The matron of the hospital was ill, and the urses and doctors were completely worn out, so the room in hich we were the day before, was filled with the debris e had left, none being able to clean up. Pile after pile of gs, covered with blood and water, just as they had been ken from the wounds, were lying all around and presented a ekening sight. There were many things to which we had to ut our eyes if we wished to do any good, for they could not : avoided.

I met Dr. Calvert of the 38th Alabama, who had several ounded men from his regiment, and for whom I procured rags d assisted him all I could. Being well provided with pro- sions I got him a cup of coffee from the hospital and gave m a good breakfast. Not having had anything to eat for me time, he ate with a relish, though surrounded by the bris I have just described. As we had to wait several ours for our train, Dr. Calvert took me to visit several other pitals which were filled with wounded.

On my return to Newnan I paid a visit to a Major Davis,

of the 20th Alabama regiment, who was wounded. He said that with all of General Johnston's retreating he was a great general, and the army had every faith in his generalship. Major Davis told me he had been victorious in every battle, and in all of his retreats he never left even an old wheel behind.

There had been much talk about one of our cavalry officers who had shot six prisoners whom he thought might be recaptured. It was then reported that the troops had petitioned General Johnston to send the officer through the lines, and let the enemy do as they wished with him. Major Davis approved of the petition, and regretted it had not been granted, as the Federals had shot six of our innocent men in retaliation.

On the 20th I again visited Atlanta, and witnessed the same sad scenes as before. I met several friends who had been driven down by the advancing Federals, among them Dr. and Mrs. Hoppins. They had hurriedly left Kingston, as the enemy were coming in by Rome. Dr. Hoppins said the scene among the inhabitants at the enemy's coming was distressing, as their path was marked by ruin and desolation. Johnston was falling back and the Georgians were in dismay in consequence. It was said that many petitions had been sent to Davis to try and have the enemy checked.

While standing on a gallery in Atlanta I heard a young man grumbling about a doctor who had hurried him off from a hospital in Cassville without giving him time to get his clothes. He was denouncing officers in general, and spoke as if he was fighting to please them. After listening to this tirade for a while I said: "For what are you fighting?" He instantly replied: "For my country, of course." I then repeated some of his remarks. He said he knew such talk was wrong, but really the men had much to endure from their officers.

I had heard complaints of this kind before, but supposed

the men were, at times, to blame. The officers were elected as our civilians are, and the electioneering was the same; so, whoever got the most votes got the office, and not always from personal merit. This was one of the evils of our citizen soldiery, and I suppose could not be avoided.

I was told of a captain of a battery who was intoxicated while the company was being drilled. He imagined that one of the men had treated him with contempt, and for this offense had the man tied to a gun carriage and dragged for about twenty miles. The man who had received this inhuman treatment was so indignant at the insult that he immediately applied for an exchange into a company of sharpshooters, many thought for the purpose of shooting this petty officer, who had abused his "brief authority."

Of course this was an exceptional case, for we had numbers of officers who were noble men, whom the men under them loved devotedly. And the terrible slaughter of the officers proved that there was no lack of bravery among them.

We had several wounded and sick men in our hospital from the 29th Alabama regiment, and one, a lad about sixteen, aroused all of our sympathies. Being very ill, he requested me to write to his father and let him know his condition. I said: "Why not write to your mother?" He hesitated a while, and tears filling his eyes, with quivering lip, he said: "She has gone deranged on account of all her sons going into the army. I ran away about two years ago."

About the end of May we were much alarmed on account of the intelligence that five thousand Federal cavalry were but a few miles distant. All was in a flurry and dismay. We sent off the men and negroes to the woods, and everything of value was hidden. After being kept for some time in suspense and dread, we found the scare was caused by some of our own cavalry.

For weeks the enemy had been forcing our army back and a captain from Tennessee, who lost a leg at New Hope church, was some time in the enemy's lines. He said they told him they had lost five to our one in that battle and at all of the others as well.

General Polk was killed on June 14 while reconnoitering. At the commencement of the war, when the people of the North were insulting us in every possible way, I thought it the duty of all to fight in defense of their rights. When Bishop Polk laid aside his pastoral staff to take instead the sword of justice, I felt proud of our having such a champion. Some regretted the step he took, but he did not put off his priestly robe without deliberating upon it prayerfully, and to use the language of Dr. Quintard, "Patriotism, inherited rights, a just cause, present good, the claim of prosperity, all beckoned him on, and he clutched the sword of justice and fought bravely for home, truth and God." He never forgot while fighting against his earthly foe, to set an example to all, that a man could be a soldier of his country and at the same time be a soldier of the cross. He won by his gentle and manly bearing the hearts of the men of the whole army, and will never be forgotten.

"Thy name our charging hosts along
Shall be the battle word ;
Thy fall the theme of choral song,
From virgin voices poured ;
To weep would do thy glory wrong,
Thou shalt not be deplored."

The enemy said our army was a rabble. Has the world ever seen such a rabble? General Polk was one of many such as we had in our rabble.

I shall again quote from my journal :

June 22.—Good news from all quarters. The gallant

Forrest has gained a victory in North Mississippi, nearly capturing a whole command. Morgan is again in the saddle, bringing dismay to the *loyal* Kentuckians. We have gained a victory at Lynchburg, Va. Grant has effected nothing at Richmond. The enemy have been defeated in Florida. Johnston is teaching them a good lesson up here.

We had so many sick and wounded from the "retreats," that every available building in the place was impressed for a hospital, the young ladies' college sharing the fate of the others. The court house was a very large building, situated in the center of a square. We used it with tents and sheds in the yard. I was much pleased with the sheds, and the men were delighted with them. Their ventilation was perfect, as they had canvass curtains which could be hoisted at convenience. The good people of Newnan found out before we left that hospitals were not such disagreeable affairs as they imagined. I shall quote here from one of their papers on the subject :

"When the hospitals first came there was great prejudice against them, the people fearing the local sickness would be increased. But the reverse effect had been produced, for never since Newnan has been a town, has it been more healthy, more quiet, or more pleasant as a place of residence." After complimenting all of the officials, the editor ended with a deserved one to the sick and wounded soldiers, who from time to time filled the hospitals. He said "that by their quiet, unobtrusive conduct, urbane manners, and dignified bearing, they had convinced the most skeptical that Southern soldiers and gentlemen are synonymous terms."

On July 18 a scout brought in word that a number of men guarding a bridge near us had been captured, and that a large force was advancing on the town. The post-commandant, Colonel Griffin, immediately telegraphed to Johnston for

troops, and then collecting all he could, went out to meet the enemy. Not a moment was lost by us in preparing for the reception of our foes. All of the convalescents, nurses, negroes, poultry and cattle were sent off to the woods. A large wagon was filled with our valuables, including the whiskey, and sent to parts unknown. We ladies packed valises with what would really be needed, should we also have to fly to the woods for refuge. Many of our friends kindly begged us to come to their homes, but we thought we would be safer in the hospital, so there we remained. The excitement in town was intense. I do not suppose there was one family who retired all night. On looking out we saw every home lit up, and at all hours could hear the noise of wagons hurrying past, as all that was movable was taken off.

About midnight my young assistant, Miss Womack, concluded that she could stand this harassing life no longer, and made up her mind to go to an aunt living near West Point. I disliked to see her go, but not knowing what our fate would be by morning, said nothing to detain her. I went down to the train to see her off, when we met a gentleman who informed us that the conductor, fearing capture, would not be down from Atlanta until morning. What a night of dread we passed! Every little while a scout would ride hastily in, telling us of the enemy's advance, and every sound we heard we made sure they were upon us.

Miss Womack knew much more about their outrages than the rest of us, and in consequence was much more alarmed. I begged her to desist from telling us about them, for it would do no good, and we required all the nerve we could get to face our trials.

The next morning we waited in vain for our foes, and could not but wonder at their delay. Our chief cook did not run, and as we had many wounded to feed, all went to work

to get breakfast, fully expecting the Yankees to eat it instead of our men. We got through with the breakfast in fear and trembling, but still no tidings of the foe. We then went to work to prepare dinner, and while shelling peas and peeling potatoes, Miss Womack was all the time wondering how the Yankees would like their dinner, for we knew they would not be backward in helping themselves. By the time all was ready, the joyful news reached us that Johnston had sent cavalry and driven the enemy back. We breathed free again, but we knew our respite would be short, as there appeared to be nothing to keep them back.

The men returned perfectly exhausted, as they had to spend the night in the woods, and were very unfit for such exposure. The poor darkies had "toted" all of their clothes for fear the Yankees would steal them and send them to their people in the North. Ridiculous as this appears now, it was the belief then, and many a tale was told to show that our enemy was no respecter of persons, and stole from white and black alike.

We were so grateful for being again free that we had many a good laugh at the running and hiding. It was a mercy we were enabled to laugh, for the anxiety was enough to kill one. Miss Womack did not get off for several days, and as soon as she took her departure, we were told that she would be met by a raid at West Point, so it was useless to go to any place where the enemy could not come.

After Miss Womack left we had much more to do, as there was one ward in which the men were as helpless as infants—one splendid looking man who had been shot in the spine could not use his hands from paralysis. These men had to be fed, and it was while assisting the nurses in this ward that the following event took place :

On July 28 word was brought in that a large body of the

enemy were about to visit us. Having heard so many false reports little heed was paid to this. About 9 o'clock at night the sky was illuminated by a fearful glare of light in the direction of Palmetto, a small town nearby. Well knowing what the glare of light meant, we got ready. Whiskey and everything else of consequence, was sent to the woods, the men who were able going also. Some of the negro women at first refused to go, having suffered so much before, but thinking better of it in time they ran off "toting" their "truck" with them. I tried hard to get one old woman who had suffered much at the last run to remain, but to no purpose. She was so old and feeble that I am certain the enemy could not have been coaxed to take her.

On July 29 scouts reported that the enemy had gone in the direction of Jonesboro on the Macon road, so we had respite again. The next day, the 30th, while I was in the court house yard assisting in giving the most helpless of the wounded breakfast, I saw a man gallop to town, and he was immediately surrounded by a number of men eager to hear the news. He reported the enemy marching down on us, being then only six miles off. He had just ceased speaking when a locomotive gave a most unearthly whistle, and instantly we heard the firing of musketry. I was speaking to Captain Curran at the time and his countenance changed to one of dismay, for he could not move a limb to save himself. He said, "That is fighting and very near."

Such another stampede among the well men was rarely ever witnessed. The crowd around the scout dispersed in double quick time, and as quick as a flash of lightning disappeared. I hurried across the street to secure some money and trinkets given me by the men for safety, when several shots whizzed past me and struck Mr. Dougherty's house on the corner. So for once I was under the fire of the enemy. After securing

my valuables, several ladies and myself started to look at the fighting, when we heard cheers and shouts of "The Yankees are running." A gentleman came along and made us hurry away, as the enemy were placing cannon on a hill nearby, intending to shell the town.

The previous night General Roddy and his command were passing on their way to Atlanta, and for some reason were detained at Newnan all night. The engineer on the train saw a reconnoitering body of Federal cavalry coming, so blew his whistle as an alarm. In an instant our soldiers flew to arms. The enemy not knowing there were any troops in the place, thought the train was being run off, so fired a volley at it and demanded a surrender. Their answer was a volley of musketry, which made them retreat much faster than they came. This was the firing I heard, and under which I was nearly shot.

General Roddy collected his men as fast as possible and placed them in line of battle. They were cavalry, but their horses had gone another road. We saw the general riding about in haste without a coat or a saddle, having been aroused from his slumbers by the melee. A lady and myself did all we could to get him both, but were unsuccessful, as the best we could do in the hurry and confusion was to throw him a blanket in lieu of a saddle.

Our suspense was fearful, as it was rumored that the enemy had surrounded the town, and we did not know the moment the balls would be flying in our midst. How my heart bled for our helpless wounded, momentarily expecting a ball to be thrown in among them! They were all moved into the court house, our strongest building, but which a cannon ball could easily have demolished. Roddy's men having had no breakfast, the citizens sent them hot coffee and baskets full of provisions, which they ate while standing in ranks.

About noon Wheeler's cavalry was seen approaching the town. Oh! how joyfully we hailed them! They came galloping in by the different roads and never stopped, but rushed on after the foe, who, hearing of Wheeler's coming, were hastily retreating. When about four miles from town our troops came up with them and had quite a battle.

The booming of cannon was borne in upon our ears for hours. Not knowing in what force the enemy were, we did not know what to expect. We eagerly listened to see if the sound came nearer, but it did not seem to move from the one spot. About 4 o'clock word was brought in that we had killed many and captured the rest. The wounded from both sides were then brought in, and hundreds of well prisoners as well, in quite a different manner from what they had expected.

Dr. Hughes and other surgeons were on the battlefield, and the former said he never worked harder. Nearly all of the wounded were Federals, who appeared very grateful for the kindness shown them. Before going on the battlefield Dr. Hughes sent word all over the county for the people to send in cooked provisions for our troops. Rich and poor sent something, for they were so thankful we had conquered.

Everything was sent to Mrs. Williamson for distribution, and as soon as the troops arrived, assisted by several nurses, we fed them. They were in our yard, and we gave to the nurses, who handed the food to the men. Poor fellows, they were ravenous, and devoured the good things as fast as we could hand them out.

Next day, August 1, the town was one scene of military display. Many fine horses were captured, as was also the cannon which was to have been used in shelling the town. I saw several fine flags, and was given a piece of one for a trophy.

The Gamble hospital was about a mile from the city, and all were at breakfast and knew nothing of the enemy's approach until the raiders fired into the hospital, at the same time shouting and yelling at a terrific rate. One of our convalescents, Mr. Black, was stopping at a farm house where he went for a change. He was roused from his bed and made a prisoner. He said their consternation was great when they heard that Roddy and Wheeler were after them. The general commanding these raiders was named Cook and he made his escape. General Wheeler was very much blamed by the troops for allowing him to escape. My old friend, Dr. P. Thornton, who was with Wheeler, called upon me, and I told him how I had heard Wheeler censured. He said that Wheeler did not like running after raiders, and that his forte lay in guarding the rear of an army on a retreat, and moreover, that he had been chasing these raiders for several days and nights, and his men were completely worn out. Dr. Thornton also said he was certain that none would escape, as General Wheeler had troops still chasing them.

A captain, from one of our hospitals, went to the battle as a spectator and took charge of two prisoners, promising to bring them to town. Instead of doing so, he took them to the woods and shot them. When our men heard of the circumstance, they were most indignant and vowed if they could get hold of the culprit they would hang him. When asked his reasons, he said his mother and sisters had received such barbarous treatment at the hands of the Federal soldiers, that he had sworn to be revenged. Many regretted that this young man, who had won enviable laurels on many a battlefield, should have tarnished his former good name by such an outrageous act, and all were certain that nothing but the direst provocation would have made him do it.

The prisoners kept coming in for days after the fighting,

and also many captured horses. One day sixty men were brought in at one time, and a most deplorable sight they presented, being hatless, shoeless and their clothes in rags. These men had come to kill our people and devastate the country, and we all knew it, but much to the credit of our brave people at that time, the appearance of the prisoners excited nothing but pity. People of the North, I am relating facts, but are you going to believe me when I tell you that many of our men went dinnerless that day, and begged us to send their's to these poor unfortunates? We sent them all of our soup, and what bread we could spare, as we knew it would be some time ere the prison officials could get enough cooked. Our linen-master, Mr. Holt, sent them all the hats and shoes he could find. On beholding these poor creatures, I thought it was a pity the men at Washington could not be made to take their places, for then it would not be long ere we would have peace. We had only a few prisoners in our hospital, so one day several ladies and myself paid them a visit at the Buckner. In one of the wards nearly all were men from the Southern States—Kentucky, Tennessee, North Alabama and North Mississippi were represented. I was astonished at this and told them so, but they said they were fighting to save the Union, and they also said if the object of the war was to free the negro, nothing would make them fire a gun for any such purpose. I had heard many soldiers from the Northern States say the same thing. We had a little boy with us, and notwithstanding all their coaxing, the little fellow would not go near the prisoners. One of them remarked that he thought such behaviour strange in a child. I answered that instinct taught him who were his worst enemies. The man looked astonished, and said: "Why! we never hurt children!" I answered: "Burning their homes and destroying their food, I suppose, was not hurting them." This remark roused sev-

eral of them and they exclaimed with one voice : " We never do such things, and would shoot a man as quick as you, who would be guilty of such outrages ! " I then asked them if any one had been shot for setting fire to Palmetto ? They answered : " No ; they could not find out who had done it . " They said much about the kindness they received from the women of Georgia as they passed through ; they had given them their best to eat. At this they need not have felt at all flattered, for these ladies knew they would help themselves anyway, and while in the lion's power it was but wisdom to conciliate him as much as possible. I knew of several ladies in Newnan who commenced cooking for them as soon as their approach was known. I well knew this was not done for love.

We saw a Captain Shorty, of Iowa, who had one hand cut off and was badly wounded in the other. He was a pitiful sight to behold. One of the nurses was from New York, but a native of Yorkshire, England. On expressing my astonishment that one of his nation would aid the oppressor, he answered that he was ashamed of his native land for sympathizing with us as much as it had done. He then gave us his views upon slavery, and strange as it may appear, he was the first abolitionist I had met during the war. He was much grieved, as like many others, his time had expired, and were he not a prisoner, would be at home. I asked him if all returned home when their time was out. He answered : " Yes, we have three reserves, and your men have been fighting only the first . "

Subsequent events proved that reserves or no reserves, our poor, blockaded and hemmed-in country fought the mighty North and nearly the whole world besides. All of these prisoners told us that they felt certain they would be captured, and the reason they were sent down as raiders was to draw

troops from Johnston's army. Their time being so nearly out, their capture would not matter.

We spent nearly a year in Newnan, which was a long time in those eventful days. About August 9 we were ordered to pack for another move. As retreating seemed to be our forte, it was not long ere we were all ready to march. All the patients who were able to be moved were sent off, and the others sent to the Coweta House. Dr. Smith, of Newnan, took charge of them, and the ladies were to give him all the assistance in their power. Johnston had been superceded by Hood, and as the army was moving east, we were left wholly unprotected, and raids were expected at any moment, hence the cause of our hasty removal.

Of course Mrs. Williamson and myself disliked the idea of meeting our foes as much as anyone, but, in the haste of getting off, our poor fellows who were left behind, needed our care, so we remained with them until the ladies who were to take our places were initiated into their work. We were there several days, and scarcely an hour passed that there was not an alarm given that the Yankees were coming, and had we not been so busy, would, no doubt, have been frightened enough. I wore immense pockets in which I put my valuables.

An old lady who was taking care of her sick son, lived across the river some fifteen miles from Newnan. She told me the Federal soldiers were all around her, and what they did not carry away they wantonly destroyed. They broke nearly all of her crockery into a thousand pieces. I met a Mr. Miller, visiting Mr. Dougherty, who told me these vandals, after robbing him of everything worth taking, took some dressed leather which he prized very highly, and cut it into pieces. It seemed to me they were creating a market for their own wares.

We left many kind friends in Newnan, and after the surrender, being cut off from my home by the rail tracks all being torn up, I was received with open arms by its hospitable citizens. I had spent an evening at the house of Dr. Reese and was pleasantly entertained by his excellent wife and daughter, who were fine musicians. Another evening was spent at the house of Mr. Bigby, an eminent lawyer and highly polished gentleman. The supper was a most sumptuous repast and nearly everything on the table was of home production. But the supper was the least of our entertainment, as Mrs. Bigby, a most charming lady, was a poetess, and called the Mrs. Browning of the South. One of her late productions, "Judith," had appeared in the *Field and Fireside*. After being earnestly entreated by Dr. Hughes to read it, she did so, and we enjoyed the treat, for she lent to the "rhyme of the poet," the "music of her voice." She had a sister, Mrs. Judge Berry, as highly accomplished as herself, who was also a writer of note.

The residences of these charming ladies were elegant, and were surrounded by parks and lovely flower gardens. There were many such homes in the place and all had an air of wealth and refinement.

CHAPTER XIII.

WEST POINT—AMERICUS—MACON.

WE left Newnan on the 15th, much to the grief of a number of our patients, but the ladies in Newnan were indefatigable in their attentions to the poor fellows. The raiders never did go to the place until about the time of the surrender.

Our hospitals went by Atlanta and were detained there several hours. As Atlanta then was besieged by Sherman, the shells flew all around the cars, but no one was hurt. We were afraid to go that way, so went by West Point, which place we reached the same day. As we missed the connection to Columbus, we had to remain there all night.

West Point is quite small, but contained some very pretty residences. At that time few cared for "fixing up" their homes, so they appeared in a forlorn condition. We had a very fine view of the surrounding country, from quite a formidable fort erected on an eminence. The men of the garrison were attentive and polite, and very kindly showed us all its mysteries. West Point was quite an important position, as it was the key to the granary of the Tennessee army, hence the cause of its defenses. The Chattahoochee River is very wide at this place, and was spanned by a very fine bridge. Its destruction was the object of General Cook's raiders. I believe the troops defending the bridge were Joe Brown's militia.

We visited the hospital, and the post-surgeon, Dr. Oslin, was delighted to see us, for though not personally acquainted

we knew each other well from reputation. He was a friend of Miss Womack's, and he said if we would remain in his hospital, that Miss Womack, who lived near, would also come. We were very much tempted to do this, as we would be so much nearer the army than where we were going. Every hospital in the place was filled with wounded and sick, and in the event of a battle we did not see how they could be removed.

We started for Columbus at 4 p. m., of the 16th, and after we had been going a short distance the locomotive ran off the track and derailed all of the cars, excepting the one on which we were, but no one was hurt. We remained on the car all night, and had a grand picnic in the morning, making our coffee and eating our breakfast on the roadside. We were detained there nearly all day, and as there was no sign of a habitation near, there was nothing for us to do but remain on the car. Senator Ben Hill, in wandering around the woods, came across an empty schoolhouse. Mrs. Williamson and myself, two young ladies, the Misses Leath, who were with him, accepted his kind invitation to occupy the same. Senator Hill was taking the young ladies to Richmond to try and have them sent through the lines to their homes in New York.

There being a fireplace in the schoolhouse, Mrs. Williamson brought out her coffee pot, and ere long we had some delicious pure coffee, so all opening their baskets, we had a sumptuous repast, and also a very pleasant, sociable time.

About 3 in the afternoon a wood car was sent from Columbus and took us all on. We cut down branches of trees to protect us from the sun, and as we sped along, doubtless many thought "Birnam Wood" was moving.

Miss A. Evans, the authoress, was on the train going to see a wounded brother in Columbus, and from her I learned that all was quiet in Mobile, though our navy had had a se-

vere battle and been defeated, losing one splendid ram, the "Tennessee."

We arrived at Macon the morning of the 17th, and paid twenty dollars for our breakfast at the hotel. We were informed by Drs. Bemiss and Stout that our hospitals were at Americus, which is near the Florida line. These gentlemen were extremely low-spirited, as they did not like the idea of coming so far south, and, indeed, none of us did. The train to Americus had gone, and we were in quite a dilemma about where to go, as another stay at the hotel would empty our purses. We called upon our old friend, Dr. Cannon, who had charge of the Wayside Hospital, and he kindly invited us to stay with himself and two daughters. They were living in two rooms, refugee style, and, I think, as happy and contented as they had ever been in their comfortable home in Tennessee.

The war seemed to lift the minds of the people above the petty, every day annoyances of life, for it was remarkable with what facility all adapted themselves to their changed circumstances. Dr. Nagle and an officer who was stationed at Andersonville, spent the evening with us, and the behavior of the prisoners was the chief topic of conversation. As Americus is ten miles below Andersonville, we dreaded being near so desperate a set of men. There were two parties among them, the Black Republicans and the Copperheads, and they often fought and killed each other. This officer said that he wished himself any place else, as it was revolting to be near them.

The next day the rain came down in torrents, but Dr. Cannon kindly sent us to the depot in an ambulance, so we sped on our way south. Two of the hospitals from our post were at Fort Valley, where the train stopped a short time. Our next stopping place was at the now famous Anderson-

ville, where we remained long enough to have a good view of the prisoners' quarters. I must say my antipathy to prison life was anything but removed by the sight. My heart sickened at seeing so many human beings crowded so closely together. I asked a gentleman near me why this was done. He answered that we had not men enough to guard them were they scattered. And also that our limits were becoming so contracted that to keep them at all, we had to have them just where they were.

At that time Lincoln and his advisers well knew the condition we were in, and how unable we were to do otherwise than we did, and knowing all this, these heartless men would not exchange. If they had done so, how much suffering on both sides would have been averted. It sickens me to think of so much inhumanity done by men calling themselves Christians! Well, we have the consolation of knowing that, notwithstanding all of our sins, that sin cannot be laid at our door.

We arrived at Americus on the 19th, weary and demoralized by our "retreat." The weather was warmer, I thought, than in Mobile, as there we have the bay breeze. The men were working away as if we were never to make another move, and in a short time everything was in good order. I insert a letter received from my brother, to show that our soldiers were not demoralized, if we were :

BIVOUAC, 11 miles west of Atlanta,

August 4, 1864.

MY DEAR SISTER: Your kind favor of the 19th ult. came to hand. Since last writing you there has been many a hard fight, in which I am happy to say I was a participant. The Yankees are broken of shelling Rebel breastworks. They keep shelling all the time, but thanks be to God, there is not much damage done. It is astonishing to see two armies

drawn up, confronting each other for hours and hours, everything as still as a mouse, when all at once men rush to arms. Then commences the booming of cannon and the heavy roar of musketry. This kind of fighting has been going on for the last eighty-six or eighty-seven days, more or less, much to the detriment of Sherman and his hirelings. Poor old Sherman has a hard road to travel, and in my opinion will never reach Atlanta as long as Sergeant Hood intends keeping him out.

We have just been relieved from a position on the left of our division, where we did some good firing, and came here this morning. The Yankee sharp-shooters are very troublesome, and have been all through this trip, at least this campaign. Last night, while sleeping alongside of our guns, I was awakened by heavy moanings; on inquiry, I found that an infantryman had been shot while asleep by a sharpshooter. Poor fellow! how I pitied him. There were several others hit at the same time, but thank God, none were killed.

On the 26th or 27th, I have forgotten which, General Hood issued orders for every man on the line, excepting the men who were needed to work the guns, to have a musket in his hands. I took a musket, and on the 28th the Yankees pitched into our pickets, and such another rattling of musketry I never heard for picketing. I gathered up my ammunition, and taking my gun, ran into a ditch alongside of the infantry, expecting the Yankees to charge, but it was only a feint on their part. The sound of small arms to me has become monotonous; you may think I have become callous, but I have not. I am determined not to do anything that is inconsistent with my duty, and through God's assistance I intend to do that to the letter.

You must excuse me for not answering your last sooner, for I have been marching, digging and fighting all the time. I must close and smoke my pipe. Yours, etc., JIM.

About the end of August Dr. Reese returned from the front, and was more sanguine of our success than ever. He said that the enemy's pickets were exchanging tobacco and newspapers with ours, and told them that Sherman was nearly exhausted and would soon have to give up.

As Americus was supposed to be secure from raids, much cotton was sent there for safe keeping. The hospital over which Mrs. Williamson and myself presided was near an immense warehouse filled with the fleecy fabric. A small negro boy went into the yard of this place smoking a lighted piece of paper, which he, without thinking, threw among the cotton. It was late in the afternoon, and our room being upstairs, I looked out at the first cry of fire, and saw the flames leaping from one bale of cotton to another with as much rapidity as they had been saturated with some inflammable substance. The scene was fearful, and, in a short time thousands of bales were destroyed. Two squares of buildings were burned, and our hospitals went with the rest. We saved our patients from harm, but very little else.

The citizens were more than kind, and did all in their power to aid. Many of the country people came with wagons and took the patients the doctors were willing to have go, to their homes. We had tents put up in a large square, and the citizens fed the patients in them. Our wounded consisted chiefly of men who had gone home on furloughs, and from want of proper medical care their wounds would break out again. The suffering from gangrene of many of these poor fellows was distressing. The men used to murmur when the surgeons would not let them go home, but the doctors knowing that the result would be, were compelled to refuse, no matter how unkind they might appear.

When Atlanta was evacuated a truce of ten days was given the inhabitants to leave if they wished. Not a day passed

that we did not see people in wagons passing to find homes elsewhere ; many of them appeared forlorn and destitute. We were all much grieved to hear that one of our great chieftains, General John Morgan, was murdered, betrayed by a woman. But a short time before his death he took for his bride one of Tennessee's fairest daughters. She was then bereft of her all, and like the bride of Glenallen shall await

" Like a love-lighted watchfire all night at the gate ;
A steed comes at morning, no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair ! "

He was brave, chivalrous and patriotic, and his memory will ever live in the hearts of his countrymen.

About the middle of September I went up to Macon to procure clothes for my brother, who had again lost all of his at one of our " masterly retreats." Heretofore I had always bought what he needed, but this time I went to our quarter-master, Major Fairbanks, for them. It was against orders to give clothes without a descriptive list, but Major F. said : " If your brother is as good a soldier as yourself, you can have them." I answered : " He is a much better one, for he never grumbles at anything." The Georgia Relief Association gave me a few other articles, and also sent the package to the army.

While at Macon, I attended church in company with my friends, Miss Cannon, Mr. Stickney and Captain Pendergast, the latter being again wounded and on his way to Mississippi. He did not like Hood as a commander, and from the arduous work our troops had gone through, it was not much wonder. He said they had to march all day, throw up entrenchments at night and fight incessantly, and their sufferings were almost beyond human endurance.

Macon is a beautiful city and the buildings, as a rule, are elegant ; the streets clean and sidewalks fine and broad. The citizens were most patriotic. The Wayside Home was entirely

ported by them, and it proved to be one of the most useful institutions we had. When the soldiers got furloughs from the army or hospital, on their way home they were often detained, perhaps while not very well, waiting for cars. As a rule, they were minus money, and had nothing to eat. The Wayside Home lodged them and gave them meals until they could be sent on, many times they were supplied with clothes and sides.

Several months before my visit, a raiding party had been given back, I believe by the militia. An eye-witness told me that the raiders threw the shells into some hospitals. About the end of September our army went west, and many of the hospitals moved below us. I received a letter from Dr. Burt, who had gone from Covington to Cuthbert with his hospital. A short time before I had wished I was as far north as he was, but now he was found much farther from the army than I was. He gave me an account of two raids that had visited Covington while he was there, and said thanks to high weeds and grass, he escaped capture. He also said he was so completely demoralized from the raids and the fear of others, that anything like blue, even the blue of the heavens, gave him an unpleasant feeling.

We were terrified once by a rumor that the enemy had captured Columbus and Macon, and were coming down to Andersonville and turn the prisoners loose on us. There was much talk about having so many prisoners near us, and also of their treatment. Dr. Hughes had a friend, Lieutenant Allen, stationed there, a young man of undoubted veracity, and he said the treatment was as good as our circumstances would admit of. There was, no doubt, much suffering among them, but not more than among our own men, as they got the very same rations that ours did. I saw many a time, cars loaded with vegetables going to their hospitals, and on going foraging

for ours, we were told that all the chickens and eggs had been sent to Andersonville.

About this time some prisoners who had been exchanged were sent to Atlanta or Memphis, and on telling of their sufferings, vengeance was about to be wreaked on some of our men who were prisoners. One of our surgeons, Dr. Abernathy, made a speech to the infuriated men, and convinced them that their own government was alone to blame for not granting an exchange, which our people had begged for time and again. How could they expect us to feed their men when our own were half starved. Our provisions were wantonly destroyed by the enemy, and Sherman issued orders, not only to do that, but to destroy all gardening implements, which order was obeyed. Dr. Abernathy's talk had the right effect and quieted the men.

As we had more time in Americus we visited the citizens, and all were kind and sociable. There were several churches, and an episcopal service was held every Sunday afternoon in the Presbyterian church by Dr. Adams, and I assisted in the choir. We had a fast day in which all of the churches united, and many a heartfelt, solemn prayer was offered up for the conversion of our foes.

As soon as we arrived in Americus the ladies formed themselves into a relief society for the benefit of the soldiers, and supplied them with clothing and cared for them in many other ways.

On the 27th of November we left Americus, as Hood had gone into Tennessee. Our destination was Gainesville, Ala., which place we never reached. We left at Americus the best bake house our baker had ever put up, a fine diningroom and kitchen, all new since the fire. I knew as soon as I saw them going up that our doom was sealed as to remaining long in Americus.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOBILE.

ON the train from Americus we had a box car and Mrs. Williamson, being indisposed, had a curtain drawn across, which made a fine private room. We were detained all night at a small country place called Butler, and Dr. Hughes and I went to service, it being Sunday night. We heard an excellent sermon from a chaplain of the army. There were numbers of soldiers in the congregation, and as usual, all listened with profound attention.

The Bragg hospital was on the same train with us, and also the matrons, Miss Buford and Mrs. Bynum. Dr. Cross and his family were also on the same train, and we were quite a family circle. Dr. Cross had been a man of wealth, and, on joining the army, left his family well provided for. He lived near Tuscumbia, Ala., and the enemy destroyed everything he owned. He had sent his two young daughters south, to live with some relatives, and Mrs. Cross was at home with several small children. The enemy ran off all of her negroes and stole everything she had in the home in the way of provisions; they then ordered her out, not giving her time to get a change of clothes for her little children. Her old father was with her and he hobbled out on crutches, as the vandals set fire to the house and burned it to the ground. They then went to a neighbor's, which shared the same fate. The officer in command made a great fuss in talking, but, as usual, did nothing to better things. I had been intimate with the family for some time, and their uncomplaining endurance of their wrongs

won my unbounded admiration. Miss Cross told me that since she had lost so much, nothing annoyed her, for she was so thankful to be with her family.

We remained a few days at Columbus, where we met several Newnan friends, who had run off for fear of the enemy. When we arrived at Montgomery, we met with a number of hospitals going the same route as ourselves. As the railroad was out of repair, we were detained some time at that place. We were given possession of an empty box car which had been set aside for refugees, which I named "Refugee Hall." The weather being very fine, and having a number of servants to wait on us, we got along very nicely. I thought I would not sympathize quite so much, as I had done, with the refugees, but we were not long enough in the car for the novelty to wear off. Being anxious to get home, and seeing no prospect of the hospital's getting on the railroad, I started on a boat, taking a little girl with me.

On the boat I met Bishop Wilmer, and with him a highly accomplished lady, Mrs. Irwin, on her way to Tuscaloosa to become a deaconess. They left us at Selma and we steamed on our way to Mobile. We had a pleasant party on board—many of the citizens of Mobile, returning, having refugeed for fear of an attack. Many of them said they would never run away again, no matter what happened.

There was a bridal party on board—the groom being a soldier. We were much indebted to the bride for assisting to while away the time by discoursing "sweet music," although the time did not hang heavy on my hands, having a copy of Joseph the Second to read—a charming work by Muhlbach—translated during the war from the German by one of our literary stars—Mrs. Chaudron. We arrived in Mobile on the 9th of December, and found everything pretty much the same as usual—the enemy still expected.

On Sunday, the 11th, as we were preparing to attend church, the alarm bell rang—a sure sign the “enemy had come this time.” All the home guards turned out, among them the “Burly British Guard,” with their “venerable” Capt. Wheeler. It was an extremely cold day, and, my father being one of the guard, we were anxious until word was brought in that it was another “wolf” alarm.

As many of the railroads were torn up between us and the army, we could hear very little from it. It was rumored that we had had a battle, our troops being victorious, but at a terrible sacrifice of life. Many of our best men had been killed, among them Generals Cleburn and Strahl. The battle lasted nearly a whole day and night, and when day dawned the scene presented was appalling; riders and horses lying in the trenches one lifeless mass.

* * * * *

Christmas Day, 1864.—The nativity of our Lord and Savior, the day on which was sung “Good Will to Men!” Many of our enemies profess to believe those precious words, and yet, how little of it they manifest for us.

What vision of cheer does not the sound of “Merry Christmas” bring in review—happiness, plenty and a forgetting, for a few short hours, the cares of this weary world. This one has been anything but merry to us. A gloom has hung over us all, that do what we will we cannot dispel. Our thoughts involuntarily wander to where our brave armies are struggling against fearful odds. Alas! When, will this strife and bloodshed cease? When shall we have peace?

“Sweet Peace is in her grave!”

The weather is very inclement; too much so for us to attend the services of the sanctuary. Last evening I visited St. John's Church, which is very beautifully dressed with ever-

greens, more so, I thought, than I had ever seen it before. I am told that all of the Episcopal churches in the city are decorated the same.

December 31.—The last day of 1864, and much coveted peace seemingly as distant as ever. Were it not for the knowledge that there is an end to all things, and that some day there will be an end to this, it would be unbearable. The past year has equaled any of its predecessors for carnage and bloodshed. Our land is drenched with the blood of martyrs. Her fair hills and valleys and are lit by blazing homesteads, and echo to the booming of artillery and the roar of musketry; the very air is rent with the groans of the wounded and dying, and the wail of the widow and orphan. Lord, turn not thy face from us; and save us, O, save us from this terrible scourge! Let not our sins now cry against us for vengeance!

“Hear us Jehovah, for mercy imploring;
From Thy dread displeasure, O bid us be free!”

Although woe and desolation stare us at every turn, the heart of the patriot is as firm as ever, and determined that come what may, he will never yield. There is no doubt but we have some among us, whose love for self forbids their minds to rise above the “dank sod upon which they tread;” men who have never known a thrill of pleasure when listening to the “patriot’s moving story, shedding for freeman’s rights his generous blood.” Such we have among us; but thank the Giver of all good, they are in the minority.

“Chains for the dastard knave,
Recreant limbs should wear them;
But blessings on the brave,
Whose valor will not bear them.”

The brave army of Virginia is defending Richmond as gallantly as ever. The last heard from our army in Tennessee it was besieging Nashville. Charleston, heroic Charles-

ton, has proved a very Charybis to the invader. Our champions on the water are doing ns good service by destroying the enemy's commerce. Their very names strike terror to the heart of the foe. The army in Louisiana, with the valiant Kirby Smith at its head, is keeping the enemy in check. Our brave, dauntless cavalrymen are doing deeds of valor that have surpassed even the valiant Cossacks. But oh! my heart sickens, when I think of the many, many brave heroes who have left us, never more to return, but

"Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'."

God grant that their lives have not been offered up in vain, and that the time is not far distant when triumphant peace will spread her wings o'er this now distracted land.

* * * * *

I copied the above from my journal to show how we felt at this time of depression. I shall again quote from it to prove how ignorant we were at that time of the fearful disaster that had befallen our army in Tennessee :

January 5, 1865.—Our hospitals have all been ordered to Tennessee. I am highly delighted at this move, as it shows our army is triumphant. The hospital to which I belong has changed surgeons. Dr. Hughes had several of his ribs fractured by a fall from the cars in Montgomery. He has resigned until he recruits in health. Dr. De Yampert, of Alabama, has taken his place.

Mobile was filled with military, which was the cause of much gayety, and there was as much visiting on New Year's day as in peace times. General Buckner being in command, was determined not to give Mobile up without a struggle. Everybody had the utmost confidence in his generalship and gave him all the assistance in their power. The fine shade trees,

beautiful shrubbery and lovely flower gardens, once the boast of Mobile, were laid waste by the military authorities for fear of giving shelter to the enemy. It was a sad sight to visit the suburbs and see the desolation, but anything was better than having the Yankees among us. Immense intrenchments were dug all around the city.

About the middle of January news was coming from all quarters detailing our terrible disaster in Tennessee. The whole army, or what was left of it, was completely demoralized by the defeat. Had it not been for our brave cavalry, who covered the retreat, scarcely a man would have been left to tell the tale. The army encamped in Tupelo, Miss., and my brother wrote from there that the scene on leaving Tennessee was extremely distressing. On entering that state they were joyfully received, the people doing everything they could for them, and when leaving, their grief at being again at the mercy of the ruthless invader, would have melted a heart of stone. Many of the soldiers told us that the devotion of the women to the wounded, after the battle of Franklin, was beyond all praise.

The sufferings of our men on the retreat seemed to have reached a climax, for all they had heretofore undergone was nothing in comparison. Many of them were shoeless, and left their blood on the snow, the flesh actually dropping from their feet. My brother saw a man, after they arrived at Tupelo, have both feet amputated from being frozen, and no doubt there were many others like him. Every way we turned there was woe. A lady told me that her young son in Virginia had suffered so much that his hair had turned white. The men in Virginia were nearly all from the South, and found it hard to endure the severe cold, in addition to being half starved and half clad.

Rev. Mr. Clute, of Okolona, Miss., wrote and told us that

the enemy had nearly destroyed the place, and robbed the people of their all. They even took his wife's and children's clothes. He and his family were on the brink of starvation. My father got aid for him, which was thankfully received.

An old friend, Mrs. Payne, paid us a visit. She had just come from Enterprise, Miss., having been there at the time of a raid. As we did not know the moment we would be honored by a visit from the enemy, we gathered around her, eager to know what she had done in her extremity, as she had fared much better than many others. She informed us that when the enemy came into the town they commenced firing promiscuously, and her little daughter being in the yard at the time, was nearly killed.

About twenty-five of these marauders entered her home at one time, and came into her room where she was alone with her little children. The sight of such a mob of lawless men filled her with dismay, but she did not lose her presence of mind, and tried to appear perfectly calm. She looked at them and said: "Among such a crowd there must be at least one gentleman, and if there is such a one among you, I call on him for protection." After this appeal she burst into tears. These two appeals were too much for even these vandals, and she said they looked ashamed of themselves. One of them stepped forward, saying he had a mother and sister, and for their sakes he would protect her. He remained with her while the others ransacked her home from garret to cellar. They broke open her trunks, drawers and pantries, and on her offering the keys they laughed in her face, saying they had no use for them. They took every little trinket they came across, even taking her scissors and thimble. The vandals remained at Enterprise several days, but she was not farther molested, as she had the protection of one of the officers. He offered her his aid because she had been very kind to his

cousin, a schoolteacher, some few years before. This cousin had requested him, in case of their meeting, to befriend her. Nearly the whole town was laid in ashes, but it only shared the fate of nearly every other town in the state where the enemy came.

The very name of Sherman, at that time, brought up a picture of woe and desolation before us. He marched through Georgia with his invincible army and encountered perils of all kinds, in defenseless old men, women and children, and laid the whole country in his track a perfect waste. Bands of marauders, both black and white, were permitted to do their wont on the helpless inhabitants. I have been amused, as well as astonished, at the ignorance of people in speaking of Sherman's "March through Georgia," some of them thinking his dangers equal to Xerxes', when he invaded Greece, or Napoleon's march into Russia. Sherman well knew, when the dauntless army of Tennessee left his path, he could march where he pleased with his *brave* warriors, and be sure of triumph. If his army encountered anything more formidable than the non-combatants of Georgia, no one is aware of the fact but himself. But why waste time telling what the whole world ought to know, if it does not. I never could see the glory in Sherman's grand "March to the Sea," but the fault may lie in my obtuseness. But to my tale and a truce to digression.

In February a number of the troops of one army were sent to Mobile, and as we lost nearly all of our cannons, at the late disaster, the artillery men were sent to man the batteries at the different forts. This they did not like, but it could not be helped. We saw a good deal of my brother at this time, as his company lost every gun they had but one, and he, along with the others, was sent to a fort.

The people revived after the Tennessee disaster, and all tried to make it as pleasant as possible for the survivors. I

attended several of the parties at which our troops wore their old gray uniforms. If any appeared in citizen's dress it was because they had lost their clothes in the retreat. A large steamer ran the blockade about this time laden with clothes, and we scarcely recognized our boys in their fine new uniforms. There was a good deal of blockade running, which brought us things we could not possibly get at home. The principle articles were coffee and medicines. The scarcity of coffee seemed to affect the spirits of the people more than anything else. I knew persons who did not seem to care for it in ante-bellum days, but at the time of which I write would be quite melancholy while speaking of its loss.

By the capture of the lower bay we were deprived of oysters, which was quite a loss to us, as they have ever been one of our staples.

We had excellent public schools, and they were never closed during the whole war.

Literature was not forgotten in these days. Numbers of stories and poems were written, Bibles were published in Atlanta and other places. Home-made paper was used, which was poor, indeed, and many of the covers were of wall-paper. Rev. Dr. H. N. Pierce translated Henry VIII. and Mrs. Chaudron Joseph II., from the German novels by Miss Muhlbach. Goetzel, then of Mobile, published them. Miss Augusta Evans wrote "Macaria," one of her best novels.

One day my father came home almost shouting with joy, telling me that my hospital work was over, as we were to have peace. A call had come for a peace conference, and some of our best men had been sent as ambassadors to confer with Lincoln. But there was no peace for us without going back to the Union. What castle building we had during the conference, not one of us thought for one moment, that we would be asked to unite with them after all that we had passed

through. We thought such a thing a moral impossibility.

Our hospitals all returned from Gainesville and went back to Georgia. All of the surgeons and Mr. Moore, the chaplain of the Board, spent the evening at my father's. Mrs. Williamson being ill, I did not go back with them. They spoke highly of Gainesville, and said there was plenty of all kinds of food, but they suffered for fuel. Alabama abounds in coal, yet it was very scarce then and almost impossible to get it, and wood was from \$60 to \$70 a cord.

As Mrs. Williamson was still ill and Dr. de Yampert had sent me word that there was a lady already in the hospital, I resolved to go by myself. I left with a sad heart, not knowing what would be the fate of Mobile and all my people, ere we would again meet. My brother was there, but I knew, in the event of the city's capture, he would leave. So I took a loving farewell of our beautiful patriotic city, even the bricks and stones of which seemed sacred.

CHAPTER XV.

GRIFFIN.

As my real hospital life ended when I left Americus, on account of being so far from the scenes of conflict, I shall copy largely from my journal.

March 1, 1865.—At about this time I left Mobile on the "Southern Republic," one of the largest and finest boats on the river. Major Berry, the quartermaster, very kindly made arrangements with the captain to take me on my transportation ticket. I felt very sad at leaving Mobile, as I had no idea when I should again behold it. I left many of my friends in deep despondency in anticipation of the woe soon to fall upon the city. If we only had the seaboard alone to protect, Mobile could stand a siege of years, but the enemy can come in by Florida, North Alabama and Mississippi, and for this reason, few in the city thought it possible for us to hold it.

The river was higher than it had been for years. We saw whole towns covered several feet with water. At Cahaba, which was on a high bluff, the water was so high that the people were sailing about in boats. There was a large warehouse on the bank of the river filled with prisoners, whose spirits, if we were to judge by their actions, had not been dampened by prison life. They were shouting and paddling around in the water, and appeared much delighted with their aquatic sports. As wood was very scarce, the captain helped himself to the fences on the river bank. At one place the owner of the wood came after the boat had left, and appeared

very angry. He was told by the men on the boat to send his bill to the quartermaster, which suggestion did not seem to afford the man much satisfaction.

There were two women on the boat who had been to the Camp of Instruction, Camp Watts, near Montgomery, to try and bring their sons back, two boys who had been sent there by a conscript officer.

Colonel Phillips, whose wife had been such an eyesore to Federals in New Orleans, was on board. He informed me that his sister-in-law was in a hospital in Virginia, and had been ever since the war commenced. There were quite a number of ladies on board, and the chief topic of conversation was Sherman's barbarities, and the outrages in general of which the enemy had been guilty. They were anything but pleasant to hear, and filled me with dread of the future. Negro regiments, officered by men with white skins, but hearts as black as night, had been turned loose on the helpless inhabitants and encouraged to do their worst. And all of this is done by a people calling themselves Christians. But we needn't wonder when we think of their having such teachers as Beecher, that sectional firebrand, who has polluted the holy sanctuary with his impious ravings. How can these people expect us to forget their fearful wrongs? God is indeed trying us with the refiner's fire. May we come out of it purified.

I paid a visit to some friends in Selma, as we were detained there some time, and they were a good deal alarmed at the thought of the enemy's coming there. As one of the chief arsenals of construction, with ordinance foundries, for both the navy and army were stationed there, it was one of the destined points of destruction. Though far in the interior we were beginning to think that no place was secure from raids.

I remained all night at Montgomery at the home of my kind friend, Rev. Dr. Scott. There I met several ladies from



Florida, who, like many others, had been driven from their homes by the enemy. The refugees were very clannish, as it was great consolation for them to get together and talk over bygones. Dr. Scott has a church, "The Holy Comforter," in Montgomery, supported nearly altogether by refugees. I made Mrs. Scott a pair of gloves out of a piece of cloth, of which she was quite proud. She is a refined and intellectual lady, such as I found nearly all of our better class of women to be. I was treated by the doctor and his excellent wife with the greatest of kindness. I left very early the next morning, but before doing so was regaled by a delicious cup of pure coffee. These kind friends also sent me to the train in their carriage.

While in Montgomery I met Dr. Anderson, the medical purveyor, packing up his drugs, having been ordered to Macon, Ga. He informed me he had sent his family to Mobile for safety. I had heard of others doing the same, as no one, then, expected fighting in that city, and whether it fell or not, it would be the safest place. I met friends on the train going as far as Columbus. I also met one of our old Chattanooga patients, Lieut. Blair, of Texas. He inquired after Mrs. Williamson and said he owed his life to our care. We were often told this, and cannot help feeling gratified, though well knowing it is not altogether true. Poor fellow, since we had met, he had lost a leg in one of the battles near Atlanta.

In Columbus we put up at the Cook House, and the supper table *actually groaned*. There were cold turkey, sausages, roast pork, biscuit, hot rolls, corn-bread, and I could scarcely believe my senses when I beheld cake. We had a substitute for coffee which was very good, with plenty of hot milk and sugar.

My friends, Lieut. Edwards and his wife, were going to Florida by the river, so I left early in the morning for Macon. I had brought some real coffee, and got the waiter to have

some made, which he served with milk and sugar, and buttered toast. For lodging and supper, at this delightful hotel, I paid twenty dollars.

The night before I left, Lieutenant Edwards, his wife and myself were called upon to witness the marriage of a runaway couple. They came with us on the cars from Montgomery. After the wedding we called upon Rev. George Stickney, chaplain of the post. He is a native of Mobile, and was chaplain at a post in New Orleans when it was surrendered; he had to leave in a hurry, losing nearly all of his worldly possessions. Mrs. Stickney is a daughter of Rev. Dr. Hedges, of New Orleans, who left that city a registered enemy to the United States. Mrs. Stickney is an enthusiastic Southerner, and gloried in living "refugee style" in two rooms. But she was much better off than many others, for tents and old sheds were the abodes of many who abounded in wealth before the war.

After leaving Columbus I met my friend, Mrs. Newsom. She had been to Arkansas and brought out a young sister who had been assisting her in the hospitals. She had very little trouble from the Federal authorities in going through the lines, though she made no secret of how she had been employed by the Confederacy. She had left the hospital awhile, as her duties while in Atlanta had injured her health. The patients were in tents, and the exposure was so great that the Sisters of Charity, previously in the hospital, could not stand the work and left. Miss Monroe, of Kentucky, had assisted her at one time.

I saw Dr. Gamble, who was post-surgeon, and he was having all the hospitals arranged as nicely as if there was no such thing as making another move. I met many old friends in Macon who were becoming weary of our wandering life, or, as I heard a doctor say, our inspection of railroads.

I arrived at Griffin on the 8th, and while waiting at the depot for a conveyance to go to the hospital, went to the hotel opposite. The proprietor, Mrs. Rawlings, proved to be an old Chattanooga friend. The daughter of Dr. Taylor, who was so kind to us in Chattanooga, was also there. The doctor had been taken prisoner and many thought he was dead.

After remaining with my friends some time Mr. C— brought a buggy and took me to my home, where I was introduced to Miss S., my assistant. I felt very gloomy and had no good kind Mrs. Williamson to say in her quiet manner, "Have patience, the Lord will bring all right." Left wholly to myself I felt that all my boasted determination to remain in the hospital, until the war was over, would now be put to the test.

Mr. Moore, our chaplain, and the doctors called and gave me a hearty welcome back, but even this did not dispel the gloom. I was kindly invited by them to dinner, and though I had eaten nothing that day, I refused. After it ceased raining I went with Dr. de Yampert to visit the hospital. The chief parts were the tents and sheds. There was a large building, formerly a young ladies' college, and a few out houses, which were used for kitchen, dining-room and bakery. I was much pleased with the doctor's arrangements, and tried to enter into his ambitious views with zeal, but visions of raids and army movements, causing hasty *retreats*, leaving the fruits of our labors to be destroyed by the enemy, would rise up before me. To save my life I could not utter one enthusiastic word of praise, though I could not help admiring his perseverance, as he had had almost as much running as myself. He said he had made up his mind that the war was to last ten years, and he was preparing accordingly. There was no use in my saying that would be impossible, for three years previous I was certain we would not hold out one year longer.

In one of the tents I found some old friends, Mr. Love and family, the former of whom being unfit for service, had charge of the washhouse. Dr. de Yampert told me he wished me to have sole charge of the domestic arrangements, and I was to be assisted by three more ladies. I became much better reconciled to my surroundings since I had seen how anxious Dr. de Yampert was trying to have everything done for the good of the patients. The doctor was a wealthy planter in Alabama at the commencement of the war, and enlisted as a private. He was soon promoted, and for some time was on General Bragg's staff.

We have but a very few patients and the fact is, I do not see how we are going to get any here, as our armies are miles off, and nearly all of the railroads between us and them are torn up.

To-day, feeling that I would like to have something to eat, I found that corn meal and beef, of the leanest kind, were all of which our commissary could boast. I have often said that I did not wish to live otherwise than the soldiers, with the exception of corn bread and bacon, which are articles that I thought I could not eat if I were starving (I suppose I must have inherited this dislike from my foreign origin), but I have found that starving will not do. When we get bacon, we do not get beef. This is the beef week, and poor beef it is. I borrowed some lard to make bread, stewed the beef, and with corn coffee, minus milk or sugar, being hungry, made a very good meal.

Fast Day, March 10.—I went to church with Dr. Reese, and heard an excellent sermon. The day is bitter cold, and wood being scarce we suffer accordingly. I thought it little enough to have so little to eat, but we have no light of any kind, not even light-wood. I am compelled to retire at dark, which is a great trial for me, reading being one of my chief

comforts. I do not believe that even Mark Tapley could be "jolly" under these circumstances. My only consolation is in comparing my lot with the men in the field, for I know they are so much worse off.

March 13.—A bright, beautiful day. A woman has just been here begging for any kind of work, as she has nothing for herself and children to eat. She has just come from Atlanta, and represents the distress there as being very great. I regretted having no work for her, but as we have no patients, and many negro women hired who do the sewing, we could give her none. After this woman left two others came and begged me to give them work, just for their board and lodging. How very sad this is! I have not been long in finding out that there are many worse off than myself. The negro women are kept at work making comforts out of unbleached homespun. Cotton goods are very high, but the manufactories in Georgia sell goods to soldier families much cheaper than it can be bought in the stores.

March 19.—Went to the Episcopal Church, in company with Capt. Hicks and his wife—the first time they had ever been in a church of that denomination, and they were both much pleased with the music. Capt. Hicks, one of our convalescents, was wounded at one of the battles around Richmond. He cannot rejoin his regiment, as Sherman has torn up all the railroads between here and Augusta.

March 25.—A very beautiful day, but I feel very low-spirited regarding our cause. A friend, Dr. Young, of Kentucky, has just called, and his visit has not served to dispel the gloom. He denounced President Davis, and said that in putting negroes in the army he should have given them not only their own freedom, but that of their families also. He also said that Davis' last proclamation was the essence of despair, and that he and all in Congress know that our cause is

gone, and that we shall soon be subjugated. I argued with him to the best of my power against all he said, and contended that if even both of our armies were scattered, we could not then give up. But notwithstanding my contention I could not help feeling that the doctor might be right.

We seem to be completely hemmed in on all sides. I hear that the long expected attack has begun on Mobile; and that a large force is moving against Selma and Montgomery. One of the largest armies yet massed by the North is investing Richmond; Sherman and his vandals are in the very heart of the country; a large army is coming in by Wilmington, N. C., which is now in the enemy's hands; and Charleston is closely besieged. Not one ray of hope comes from any quarter. It is like hoping against hope to think we will succeed, but my strong faith in the justice of our cause, makes failure to me, an impossibility.

I have only seen extracts from the president's message and must say I do not like its tone. He is still urging the people to do their duty, but says if we should fail, we must bow with submission to an all-wise Providence. I do not like the word "fail" at all. While we have one spark of hope left, one breath of submission ought not to be breathed by any one, much less by our chief magistrate.

March 29.—We have had but few patients, as the road between Augusta and Atlanta is not yet finished. There are many rumors of battles, and I only wish we could get the wounded to care for. Dr. De Yampert is busy getting everything ready for patients. Our largest ward is nicely white-washed, and he has had comfortable cotton mattresses made by a regular mattress-maker; also a new wash-house and a new bakery. The thread we use in sewing is bought in bunches and has to be doubled, twisted and reeled, which keeps us busy. Mrs. Love's little girls are with me a good



deal and I teach them to read. The family are from Tennessee, and neither father nor mother can read.

We have a vegetable garden in cultivation next to our house, and another large one, the plantation, about two miles in the country, of which Mr. Yerby has charge. I have a flower garden, and Mr. Moore has promised me some fine plants, so in a short time I expect to have enough to delight our patients.

April 1.—We have just heard that Spanish Fort, near Mobile, is closely besieged. The day is very lovely, but I cannot enjoy it on account of the bad news. I wish now I had remained at home to take care of the wounded.

April 2.—Mrs. Fyffe, refugee from Chattanooga, is assisting me. She paid a visit to some friends a few miles from Chattanooga, and while she was there the enemy took possession of Lookout Mountain and she was cut off from her family. She tried very hard to return, as she had left her only child, a married daughter, quite ill, but her entreaties were of no avail. Rosecrans had given orders on no account to permit women to cross the lines, as they were worse rebels than the men. She lived for some time within sight of her daughter's house, between the firing of both armies. Finding she could not get home, she came south.

April 5.—News has come that Selma is in the hands of the enemy. As Dr. de Yampert's home is near there he expects he has lost his all. Mrs. Newsom arrived today on her way to North Carolina, where she has a brother in the army. She is leaving two of her negroes, a man and his wife, with Dr. de Yampert. She is as lovely as ever, but her health is not good. I have nothing to give her but bacon and corn bread. I have gotten so I can eat corn bread as well as any native. Mrs. Fyffe finds the living very hard, and the doctors grumble not a little. I tell them we are suffering for the good of the cause.

Our attendants do not get near enough of such food as we have. We have one very sick man who is starving, as he can not eat such food. I have a small quantity of real coffee, and sometimes make him a cup of it.

I called upon Mrs. Ware, whom I met with her wounded son in Ringgold. He is now well and going on crutches. Mrs. Ware told me that the people there do not fare any better than we do, and some do not get as much.

Sunday, April 10.—Mrs. Newsom and her sister, Miss King, took dinner with me today, and we had a hearty laugh at the *menu*, for I had prepared for them something extra. Our corn bread had lard, soda and an egg in it. Mrs. Newsom produced some tea, and we had a rare treat. She told us about a friend of her's, now living near Marietta, who could scarcely get enough of cornmeal alone, for herself and children, so we were properly thankful. Mrs. Newsom and her sister have friends, Dr. Porter and family, who are living a short distance out in the country, where they have spent part of the time during their visit here.

April 11.—We can hear little or nothing from Mobile, but I have no idea that our people will try to hold it, now that Selma is gone. We have evidently had some hard fighting at Spanish Fort. On looking over the list of killed and wounded, in a Macon paper, the first name I saw among the killed was a son of Mrs. Mitchell, of this place. He is the second or third she has lost in the war. God pity her, and all such bereaved mothers! Mrs. Newsom and her sister left today for North Carolina, but there is much doubt about their being able to get there, as so many railroads are torn up.

Easter Sunday, April 16.—A most beautiful day—one that speaks of peace to all. On my way to church a feeling of sadness came over me, when I remembered the sunny Easter Sundays I had spent with many now gone forever. The

church was crowded and the music excellent. "Christ the Lord is Risen Today," our beautiful Easter hymn, was sung to the same familiar tune that my father sung when a boy in "auld Scotia." Mr. Thomas, the pastor, is an able logician and a concise and fluent speaker, and preached a splendid sermon. He is a native of Wales, but was reared in Georgia, and was many years a captain in the United States Navy.*

April 16.—I have just received a letter from Mrs. Newsom who is in Athens, Ga. She says that some members of Congress had just passed through Covington on their way to Atlanta. They reported that Richmond had been given up in a hurry, and that the public archives and other valuables had been left. The Congressmen were still hopeful of our success, as is also Mrs. Newsom. It is reported that Atlanta or Macon is to be our seat of government, but that seems impossible, as we have no army at either place, and the enemy all around us, as well as having our railroad tracks torn up every way we turn. Mrs. Newsom so far has done all of her traveling by wagons. A few days ago word was brought that our hospitals were to be moved to North Carolina. I am afraid that we, the ladies, will not be permitted to go, as everything will have to be moved on teams.

April 17.—Mr. Moore came in to-day and in the calmest manner told us that Lee and his whole army were captured. I was mute with astonishment, and looked at our informant, thinking I had seen our people take disaster coolly, but had never seen anything to equal his coolness in telling of such a terrible catastrophe. After awhile, he laughed and said he had frightened us enough; that such news had come by a lady from Chattanooga, who had seen it in a Northern paper. He

*Lee surrendered on April 9, but not only were nearly all of our railroad tracks torn up, but all telegraphic communication destroyed also; besides, it was not really certain that the surrender of Lee's army was the closing of the war; hence the seeming incongruity of my statements at this time.

said it was one of the tales invented by the enemy to dismay us, but we were not so easily frightened. After Mr. Moore left, I commenced thinking over the news and concluded that it might be true. I had just read an account of the last three days fighting around Petersburg and it had filled me with dismay. How our men ever withstood such a host is a perfect miracle. They were behind breastworks, but the enemy came on them eight deep, and as fast as one line was mowed down another took its place. The account said that in these three days at least sixty thousand of the enemy were killed, and that our loss was nothing in comparison. But God knows it was enough! General Lee did not have fifty thousand in his whole army, and the enemy at least two hundred and fifty thousand. It seems like downright murder attempting to oppose such a force. Oh, how terrible is this cruel, cruel war!

I saw Mr. Moore soon again, and told him I had made up my mind to try and think that the report of our late disaster might be true. Perhaps General Lee had been overwhelmed by numbers, and compelled with his handful of men to surrender. We seem to have forgotten that he is mortal and liable to failures like others. Mr. Moore would not listen to me and said that such a thing was a moral impossibility. We can hear nothing reliable, and appear to be shut out from the whole world.

April 18.—This afternoon I went to the citizens' graveyard, in company with Mrs. and Captain Hicks, and lost a very important article, my veil—a serious loss, as I have no idea where I am to get another. The graveyard is a perfect flower garden, and everything about it is in the greatest order. I saw the graves of five or six colonels side by side; I think they were all Tennesseans. A short distance from them, is the soldiers' graveyard, containing about five hundred graves;



the men were chiefly those wounded in the battles near Atlanta. The ladies had displayed a great deal of taste in having each grave trimmed with shells and lovely flowers. On reaching home we found great excitement in expectation of the enemy. I was asked to go several places, but Mrs. Fyffe and I have concluded to remain where we are. Captain Hicks has taken his wife to a relative six miles in the country, and they had to walk all the way.

Dr. Bemiss is here; he rode all the way from Columbus on horseback. He is worried a good deal about his books, as they were on the Macon train, which, it is said, the enemy has burned. He is very low-spirited, and says he feels like the man who thought he was chased by a snake, who, after running until he was exhausted, laid down to let the snake do its worst, when he found he had been running from a piece of rope hung to the tail of his coat.

Columbus is now in the hands of the enemy. After capturing Montgomery they marched on and took Columbus. Dr. Bemiss said the militia fought manfully in its defense, but having ten to one with which to contend, they were forced to succumb. He describes the scenes along the road as distressing, but at the same time ludicrous. There was a perfect panic at the cry, "The Yankees are coming." At one place the women and children were running through the streets like people deranged, and men, with mules and wagons, were driving in every direction. At that time the enemy was not within miles of the place.

Dr. Stout has gone to join Johnston's army in North Carolina, and Dr. Bemiss intends following in the morning. He advises us to keep quiet, as from all he can learn, the enemy is not hurting private property. We are to pretend that our home is a private one, although our rooms are filled with government property. All the valuables are in our care, and we are to be

busy quilting should the enemy honor us with a visit. All of the men have taken to the woods; our two barrels of whisky have gone with them. Dr. de Yampert is at his post, though we have begged him to go and hide, but he says it is his duty to remain. Dr. Burks says he has run all he intends to, and, like the man with the snake, has made up his mind to let them come on and do their worst.

Well, we are all ready for the enemy. Mrs. Fyffe knows more about them than I do, and is not quite so calm. I see no way of escape, and am making the best of it. I think that at such times we need all of our coolness and caution. I shall do what I can and leave the rest to God. He has protected me this far, why should I doubt him now?

April 19.—The enemy did not come last night, but I expect they will honor us today. We sat up all night in terror, starting at every sound. Dr. Bemiss has gone and I could scarcely bid him good-by; it is so sad to think of a man like him running from such wretches. Mrs. Fyffe appears to try and frighten me, but the more terrible her stories the stronger my nerves become. This I cannot account for. I opened a prayer book and my eyes fell upon the twenty-seventh psalm: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom then shall I fear." I read it aloud and from it we both gained strength. I do not think it was accident made me turn to those comforting words; however, some may laugh and say so. My faith is strong in the belief that there is an unseen hand directing all of our ways.

Dr. Horton, a cousin of Mrs. Newsom, called this morning, with a young lady, Miss Bailey, who entreated Mrs. Fyffe and myself to go and stay with her, as she was in a large house, and no one with her but negroes. If she left it the enemy was sure to destroy it. Her parents are on a visit to Southwest Georgia, and so, like many other families, they are

separated. We could not possibly go, and she could get no one else, as all are remaining at home to try to take care of their own property. I felt very sorry for her, as she was in great distress, and did all I could to get her to stay with us.

Night—The enemy marched in about 5 p.m. I have just been on the gallery watching the burning of a large warehouse, and the sad work of destruction is still going on. We hear the sound of axes at work; we suppose they are tearing up the railroad track. I thank the Giver of all good that I have been enabled to look calmly on the destruction without a feeling of revenge. I gazed up at the heavy columns of smoke ascending to heaven as if pleading in our behalf. I felt that it was incense rising from a sacrifice, and ascended with the prayers of the saints, which I knew had been offered up on every altar, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande in behalf of our down-trodden and desolated land—and I felt sure that God, in his own good time, would avenge our wrongs. Before dark one of the enemy coolly rode past our house with his rifle in front of his saddle. I could not but admire his daring, for he was quite a distance from his band, and had one felt indisposed, could have made way with him, and his comrades never have known what became of him. I wonder if such an act would be called murder or self-defense? He came here to kill and rob, and all have a right to defend themselves and property as best they can. This man called at the back door of a house near by, and asked the negro servant for something to eat, which was given him. After awhile an officer galloped past us and rode up to the college, where Drs. de Yampert and Burks sat, on the front piazza, like stoics, ready to receive their *distinguished* visitor. Dr. de Yampert rose on his approach and conversed with him awhile. He then rode off looking behind him every now and again, as if expecting a stray bullet from some concealed musket. Mrs. Fyffe and I made up our

minds that he had come to order our sick away, and that he meant to fire the building; or, perhaps, with the pleasing information that we were all to be made prisoners. We were left to conjecture, for Dr. de Yampert did not have the least pity on us. He certainly knew that we had inherited at least a little of Mother Eve's frailty. After our curiosity had risen to quite a high pitch, Dr. Burks called and told us that the Federal officer merely asked how many patients we had and then passed the compliments of the day.

April 20.—The enemy are gone, but we think they will return. We had another anxious night, not knowing what they intended doing. They burned a large warehouse filled with private and government stores, and gave the contents to the poor people and negroes. They fired the turning table, which is still burning, and were in the act of setting fire to the ticket office, when Mrs. Rawlings implored the officer in command not to do so, as her house would be burned with it. He desisted and said: "Madam, if it would benefit the United States government \$10,000 and destroy 10 cents worth of private property it should not be done." So much goodness looks suspicious. The troops were a detachment from the main body, who have gone on to capture Macon. One of the stories afloat is that they had no idea of taking time to stop here, but the mayor and some of the citizens met them, a few miles from town, and offered to surrender if they would spare private property. I have been told that the captain boasted, that he, along with others, had come to Griffin, dressed in Confederate uniforms, calling themselves Wheeler's men. They broke open stores and helped themselves to anything they pleased. This will likely account for some of the mean stories we have heard of Wheeler's cavalry.

April 22.—News has just come that there is an armistice, and that we have been recognized by France, England, Spain,

and Austria, also that Lincoln has been assassinated and Seward badly wounded. I was going down town when I heard loud hurraing, and as we were expecting another raid, I was terrified thinking it was the enemy coming in triumph, but was told that it was an open car filled with our men, and Federals hurrying up to Atlanta with a flag of truce, to let all know about the armistice. None of our folks believe any of the rumors, thinking them as mythical as the surrender of General Lee's army. Many think that Governor Brown has sold the State, and one gentleman is so confident that such is the case that he would not be surprised if all were put under arrest.

April 26.—We have just heard that the French fleet has had a battle with the Federal fleet at New Orleans, whipped it and taken that city. All are much rejoiced at the news.

April 29.—This evening Miss King, Mrs. Newsom's sister, returned, not being able to get to North Carolina. She brought us word that peace is really declared, but she could not tell us on what terms. I cannot believe that we are subjugated after enduring so much; but it is useless to be miserable about an uncertainty.

April 30.—This morning Mr. Thomas preached a fine sermon from the text, "Thy will be done." It fell upon our ears with a mournful cadence, as if warning us to prepare for some calamity soon to come, and telling us that no matter what befell us we must bow in meekness to Him "who doeth all things well."

In the evening Miss King, Mr. Moore and I went to the Baptist Church and heard an excellent sermon. A very earnest prayer was offered up in behalf of our fugitive president, in which I know every one heartily joined. I did not know until then he was a fugitive, but the truth is gradually dawning on us, that we are really subjugated, and our beloved

president is fleeing from—what? not justice, for he has committed no crime. This is a severe ordeal; may God in his mercy give us comfort through it.

May 1.—A lovely day. Spring is silently working her great Creator's will, and arraying herself in glorious vesture. There is a mellowness breathing in the air which fills one with an undefinable feeling of perfect tranquility. Oh! how welcome all these beauties come to our troubled spirits. How bountifully God has showered his blessings on us, if we would only receive them!

I had a delightful ride today in Dr. Porter's carriage in company with Miss King and Mr. Moore. We started to call upon Mr. Thomas, but when half way met him going to town. He remarked that no doubt the church would suffer by the revolution which had shaken the land, and he was prepared to earn his living, as he was then doing, by the sweat of his brow. We rode on and paid a delightful visit to Mrs. Thomas, from whom we received a hearty welcome. She told us she had entertained several of General Lee's men as they were passing to their homes. She said they seemed to take their defeat with a serious dignity, as if they were confident of having done their duty, as the defenders of their country and cause, and having left "no blot on their name," could "look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame."

It is now rumored that France has really recognized us. We wondered at her coming to aid us at the eleventh hour. Mrs. Thomas and I said we would much rather it had been Great Britain, the others preferred France, saying she had always shown herself our friend. I asked them in what way, as I had never heard of any benefit we had received from her. It is said she requested Great Britain to join her in recognizing us; but has she become so poor?

“Is she steeped so low
In poverty, crest-fallen, and palsied so,
That she must sit, much wroth, but timorous more,”

and knock at Britain's door, asking her aid to stay this fratricidal bloodshed? Has the land of the immortal Lafayette really sunk so far, that she could not raise her hand and help us without the aid of other nations? Who was her ally when she helped the colonies? And, by the way, I do not suppose the colonies would have gained their independence without her aid. We all know that she has not sunk in power since then, but is much greater in all that constitutes true national greatness. If she has indeed stepped in just now to help us (at what seems rather a strange time), it is because she wishes us to aid her in keeping Mexico. A lady asked me why I took the part of England when it had subjugated Scotland? This assertion roused my national pride not a little, and I told her that not even the august Cæsar, who boasted of having conquered the world, had subjugated Scotland, and that when he conquered England, he had to build a wall to protect his people from the “daring Caledonian.” To be sure she was, through treachery, under the yoke of England for a short time, but her brave sons, with their dauntless daring, threw off the yoke, and now the Scott

“Wanders as free as the wind o'er his mountain.”

For all of this apparent leaning to France I have heard many of our people say that the government of Great Britain is the best in the world, and wish we had such a one here.

My kind friend, Dr. Young, is here with all of the medical stores, and we tried to get him to give us some of the medicines, but to no purpose; he says they were entrusted to his care, and he cannot give them up without orders. Dr. Porter and myself proposed that he might give us a *hint* of where

they were so we could help ourselves, but even this he could not be induced to do. We have been ordered to have everything packed up to be handed over to the United States government—or some one—we do not exactly know who. Having no money (excepting dear old Confederate) to pay our way home, I asked our post-surgeon, Dr. Foster, if I could not sell some of the hospital stores to get some, but he said, "No, that all under his care was like a dead man's estate, and he, as trustee, was bound in honor to give all up." I must confess that this is more honesty than I think necessary. Many of our men have not even a change of clothes and have not been paid for months, and we are giving up hundreds of suits to the United States government. It seems to me, that by right, these clothes belong to the men.

May 4.—I heard yesterday that no cars are running south of West Point. The raiders having destroyed the bridges and torn up the tracks in that section, I intend going to Newman to remain there until "something turns up" to take me home. I intend to *rob* the United States government of the bedding I have used since I have been in this hospital and several other articles. We have two barrels of whiskey, and being always valuable, I shall appropriate some of it. To-day I tried to exchange some of my *stolen goods* for flour, as I cannot travel with cold corn bread, but I did not succeed. This evening a friend of Mrs. Fyffe's sent me some and a few eggs, so I am quite rich. Poor Mrs. Fyffe is in great distress as her chances for getting home are very poor, for at least one hundred miles of railroad track is torn up between here and Chattanooga. Her last words at night and first in the morning are "My dear child; is she living or not?"

CHAPTER XVI.

NEWNAN.

ON the train to Atlanta I met Drs. Hughes and Archer destined for Newnan, as well as myself. From Jonesboro to Atlanta was one scene of desolation, for there day after day our brave men had fought manfully against overwhelming numbers. The woods showed how desperately for mastery each side had fought, as large oaks were riven asunder, their branches broken and scattered all around. Ever and anon we saw the entrenchments which our brave fellows had thrown up; many a time working all night long after fighting and marching all day. The field hospitals had been many. The bunks, made of the branches of trees, where the poor sufferers had lain, and where many of them breathed their last, were left standing. Nearby the graveyards were to be seen, where side by side lay friend and foe.

“And we can only dimly guess
What worlds of all this world’s distress,
What utter woe, despair and dearth,
Their fate has brought to many a hearth.”

Shall I ever forget my feelings on viewing the utter ruin which met the eye on entering Atlanta? My heart sickened as I looked around, for everything bespoke the malignity of the foe. It was almost impossible to tell where the depot had once stood. The old Gate City hospital was left standing, which served as a landmark. Banks, hotels and many other buildings, were a blackened mass of ruins. There had been

no Federal troops there since Sherman left, but a garrison had just arrived, and were about to plant the stars and stripes over the city, or rather the ruins.

At the depot I met Dr. Burks and Mr. Catelet on their way to Kentucky. Mr. Catelet told me that some of our men and the Federals had a quarrel, but I advised him and all I saw to treat them with perfect indifference, as we were in their power, and none but *cowards* would taunt a fallen foe. I remained all night at the home of Dr. Powell, Mrs. Byrom's brother. Mrs. Byrom had just returned from a hospital in Macon, and Dr. Powell had also just returned from the army. Their house, having been the headquarters of one of the Federal generals, did not fare as badly as many of the others. I observed the *glorious* star-spangled banner sketched on many of its walls.

I arrived at Newnan on May 5, and received a warm welcome from many friends there. Newnan, like many other places, had suffered from these horrid raids. A short time after the armistice was declared, word was brought to town that a large army was advancing upon it. The citizens forming themselves into a body, met the raiders some few miles from the town and told them of the armistice. Instead of remaining where they were, they marched right in. The general commanding and nearly all of the officers and men, made a boast, which I am sure were it known, would be scorned and condemned by their own people, as well as by us. They said had it not been for the armistice, Newnan would have been laid in ashes, and the general had some ladies' names written down whom he intended to punish for some ill-natured remarks they made to the prisoners captured near there last year. I believe one of the ladies committed the *unpardonable* sin of refusing some of the men apples and water. She was a refugee and had lost her all, and it was not much wonder she was embittered against them.

I was told of another lady who abused the well prisoners as they passed her house. Some of us, at the time, were shocked to think that she could so far forget herself, as a lady and a Christian, as to insult the helpless. But when we remembered that this lady and her children had been driven from their home without shelter or food, these vandals having robbed her and set fire to her house, she being compelled to stand by looking helplessly on the destruction—when we thought of this, we concluded that had we been similarly treated, we might have done as she did. I am certain these are all the wrongs the prisoners had to endure, unless I add Generals Roddy and Wheeler *daring to rout* the whole command who came here then with the kind intentions of laying Newnan in ashes, before the *terrible* wrongs I have just narrated had been committed.

I believe, that notwithstanding all the woe and inhumanity perpetrated on our unfortunate people by the enemy, there is manhood enough in the North to condemn this officer. Those things may do in barbarous lands, but they ill become the descendants of the great and good men who were the followers of the immortal Washington.

This general remained in the place until many a lady's wardrobe and trinkets were stolen. Mrs. Myers gave a description of one band who came to her house. They took everything available, and after they left, she sat down where a door hid her, when in walked a Dutchman, who commenced turning over what few things had been left in her drawers and trunks. Seeing her, he said: "Madam, they have treated you very badly"—meaning *himself*, as nothing was left for him. She answered: "Yes, what do you want?" He then begged her for some clothes, saying he was much in need of them. She told him she had none, or he should have them for his politeness in asking.

Sunday, May 7.—This is one of the gloomiest days I have spent since the war. A hundred thousand dollars reward is offered for the capture of Jefferson Davis. I am so afraid that some of our men may be tempted to betray him for the reward. If they should, it would be no more than has been done before. Wallace was betrayed by one of his own countrymen. The reward is offered on the plea that he was accessory to the assassination of Lincoln, but we all know that even the enemy do not believe that! The placards, when put up here, were immediately torn down by the citizens.

Some of our people are condemning Davis' administration, but if he committed errors, they have been errors of judgment, for a truer patriot never lived. He did not bring on secession, but accepted it, like many others, as the issue of a people's decision, and did what he thought was his duty, when the rights of his country were imperiled.

Sunday, 14.—Our beloved president has been captured, and I am glad, as he can clear his fair fame from aspersions cast upon it. He has the consolation of religion to support him, and also the consciousness of having done his duty to his country.

" Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumin'd by one patriot name,
'Then the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame."

One thing in connection with him has made me feel prouder of our people than ever. At this time the country is filled with lawless men, whom defeat has made reckless—men that rob friend and foe. It seems that bands of these men came across Davis, and notwithstanding the immense reward, did not molest him.

We all think that the presence of Federal troops would benefit this place, as all Southern rule is gone. Scarcely a

day passes without hearing of some outrage being committed by men calling themselves returned Confederates. Some of them say they are starving, and no doubt there is plenty of real want among the people. In many places of this State the people are collecting provisions and money for the destitute, and some are getting rations from the Federals.

Mrs. Bell, a relative of Mrs. Dougherty, has just been here. Her home is near where the battle was fought last year. Rev. Mr. Hudson, chaplain in Ross' Texas cavalry, was wounded near the spine, at that battle, and is now lying at her house perfectly helpless. One of his companions is with him nursing him, and has been with him ever since the battle.

I have received much kindness from all here, and many have called and invited me to make their homes my home, but for all that I am most anxious to get home. I have been trying ever since I came for some way to go, but, so far, all to no purpose. Mrs. Judge Hopkins, of Mobile, is here, and I called to see if she knew of any way, but met with disappointment. Mrs. Hopkins went into the hospital service at the commencement of the war, and for years had charge of the Alabama hospitals in Richmond. She left that place some time before it fell, as all the hospitals were ordered away. Since then she has been at a post near Montgomery, and came here for fear of Wilson's raid. She told me she had nothing to eat but cornmeal and bacon, and that she had drawn from our commissary. Judge Hopkins is with her in very feeble health, caused mainly by his poor diet, and had it not been for a little pure coffee and sugar, Mrs. Hopkins thinks he would have died.

Since my return to Newnan I received a letter from a young lady in Texas, thanking me in most grateful terms for some attention I paid her brother, Mr. Angel, while lying wounded in our hospital. She also said she was certain, next

to my own State, I cared most for Texas, as I wore a star in my hat, while waiting on the Texas soldiers. This having a partiality for one state more than another is a feeling I have never experienced, as I have found a mixture of good and evil in all.

The lowest and most degraded people I ever met were in Tennessee, and the most refined and highest toned men I have met were from that State. The most unruly and dastardly in our hospitals were from Louisiana, and yet, to be a Roman in the palmiest days of that ancient republic, was no higher honor than to be a citizen of Louisiana. The men from it have won laurels for bravery and heroism, which will long live in song and story. We all know what it is to be reputed a Virginian, a descendant of the ancient cavaliers of Scotland and England, and the nobles of France, who left wealth, home and their native land to emigrate where they could enjoy that

“Eternal spirit of the chainless mind”

as best suited them. And yet, so it is said, the great Lee was deserted, in his last extremity, by hundreds of Virginians.

I have often remarked that the men from Kentucky and Missouri were more intelligent and finer-looking, as a rule, than the men from the States further South. I supposed the reason of this was that none came from those States excepting the better class, men who left their homes from pure patriotism, while from the other States we had all classes. These two States were represented in our army by some of the noblest and most dauntless of men, and yet I knew of some who strayed widely from the right path.

Texans and Arkansans I can say but little about, excepting what we all know—their faultless bravery on every battlefield. I may say the same of the South Carolinians and Marylanders, who can boast of their descent from the same ancient

lineage as the Virginians. I have heard Mississippi abused for everything that was contemptible, and yet, when the history of the war is written, it will boast of no brighter stars than the names of the gallant men from that State. And in all the places I have been, I have seen nothing to equal the enthusiasm and patriotism exhibited there. Georgia, poor abused Georgia! No State in the Confederacy came forward with more alacrity than she did at every call for troops, and I expect none has surpassed her for liberality in providing for the sick and wounded. North Carolina and Florida, like others, had their lights and shadows. Of the former I know but little, excepting the records of deeds of bravery of her noble sons on many battlefields. Florida can compete with many of the others in everything that is good, brave and heroic. Of my own State, Alabama, I need to say but little, as acts speak louder than words, and I have recorded enough of them to show the character of her people.

We were waiting to know what was to be our fate after the war, when a speech made by President Johnston to an Indiana delegation was published in the newspapers, which struck dismay to many a heart. If he carries out the policy indicated in it, the war is not over yet. There are men here who never favored the war nor secession, who will resist, to the last, any such coercive measures.

If Johnston wishes the North and South to be united in spirit as well as in form, he will have to follow another course. God has implanted a desire to resist oppression in the nature of every man—"Even the smallest worm will turn, being trod on." What wound was ever healed by constant irritation? Have we not been wounded? God knows how terribly; grant that we were in the wrong. Are we the only people that have erred? Let him recollect that

"We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny ;
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthright—so will we."

We have not been conquered, but overpowered by numbers, and in no craven spirit would I tell him—for we and all we have are in his power—that forbearance and magnanimity are godlike virtues, while cruelty and revenge characterize the dastard. If he wishes the South to live in peace and harmony with the North, it will never be done by oppression. History gives us no such examples. God grant that some good, wise and able advocote, may rise in our behalf, and that ere long, peace with all its blessings, may reign over our now distracted land.

To the people of the South I would also say a few words in review of our actions during the eventful years just past:

Have the planters given of the abundance of their harvests to the poor women and children of soldiers who were fighting to save their wealth? But I should not say poor; none were poor whose husbands, sons and brothers offered their lives a sacrifice for liberty.

Have no native Southern men remained at home speculating on what the planters sold them (thus doubly taking the bread from the mouths of these same poor, yet rich soldiers' families) when their country had need of their strong arms?

Have no quartermasters and commissaries robbed these *poor yet rich* soldiers, who walked boldly up to the cannon's mouth regardless of consequences? Many have starved, gone barefooted and ragged, while these delinquent commissaries and quartermasters have lived on the best of the land.

Have the examining surgeons sent none to the field but those who were fit for field service?

Have the conscript officers taken none for the army that the surgeons had discharged as unfit for service, who had they been left at home would have made food for themselves and families?

Have the stewards and foragers in hospitals never speculated on food sold them much cheaper because it was for the soldiers and the cause?

Have there been no officers to whose keeping mothers have entrusted their young sons—they promising to guide and protect them, but who, as soon as away from restraint, forgot all obligations and took advantage of the position given them by circumstances, to act the tyrant in many ways, provoking many of the men to do what they would otherwise never have thought of?

Have all the young native Southerners, who cried *secession* and *war* to the *knife* before the war broke out, gone into the field when their country was bleeding at every pore?

Have all the refined and Christian women of the South, who had no other duties needing their attention, gone into the hospitals and prepared little delicacies, which no man has ever been able to do, for the poor bed-ridden soldier, who had lost all but honor for his country, and when his hours were numbered, stood by his bedside when no mother or sister was there to soothe his last moments and lift his thoughts to the cross and heaven, where all is peace and love?

In a word, have the women of the South done their whole duty, and can the people of the South, as a whole, say they have done their duty? "It is all over with," some may say, "and why bring these things in review before us?" It is not all over with. Men and women of the South, there is much yet to be done.

"What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?"

What, though we had gained our independence, while all of these sins were crying out against us, could we, as a nation, have gone on in them and prospered? Never! We should have worked our own downfall, as we have helped to do it now. Had we been true to our God and country, with all the blessings of this glorious sunny land, I believe we could have kept the North, with all her power, at bay for twenty years.

What I would ask now, is for the Southern people to look to themselves, forgetting all the wrongs inflicted on us by our foe, in the knowledge that we have sinned against each other. I do not mean to forget all we have suffered, for that would dishonor the glorious dead. I mean to stop all useless re-criminations and look to ourselves. Let us "raise monuments where public virtues bloom!"

To professed Christians North and South I would say, much, very much, depends on you. When God's kingdom on earth fails to teach peace and good will towards men, what shall become of us? If we cannot like each other well enough in God's kingdom on earth to eat at the same communion table, can any of us expect to sit down at the great supper of the Lamb,

"Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet."

In the fall of 1865 there was a meeting held in New York, or Boston, of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and all of the Southern bishops were cordially invited to attend. Many accepted the invitation and were received with the greatest kindness by those with whom they had been at variance politically for so many years. At the close of the meeting a proposition was made to have a special day of thanksgiving for the restoration of the Union. When about to be put to vote, thinking the words "restoration of

the Union" might grate on the feelings of the delegates from the South, they were changed to "thanksgiving for peace," a consummation in which all could heartily unite.

CHAPTER XVII.

WEST POINT—TUSKEGEE—MONTGOMERY.

“The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
Forever dimmed, forever crossed ;
O, who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honor's lost ? ”

I HAD almost despaired of getting home, and had resolved to go to Atlanta and get the Federal commandant to send me, having been informed that he was sending refugees to their homes. While getting ready to go, Captain Nutt and Captain Butler called, and informed me I could go with the former and his family in the cars to West Point, and from there to Montgomery in a wagon, the railroad track between these two places being all torn up. I thankfully accepted the kind offer, and immediately set to work to prepare for the journey.

On examining my purse it contained in all \$4.50 in *good* money, Dr. Hughes having sold my whisky for \$3.50 ; and having been presented by Dr. Bateman with a \$1 greenback, a trophy from the battlefield of Chickamauga, I had thus accumulated this large sum. Expecting to be some time on the road, I had to procure provisions, and having no money, bartering was the order of the day. I could not keep from laughing at the sight of Mrs. Nutt bartering everything she could for food. She was trying to get some eggs in exchange for a calico dress, for which she had given the moderate sum of \$500. As I had never lacked kind friends while *enlisting* in the cause, my good fortune did not desert me now. Each sent me something, and considering the starvation times, I was abundantly supplied.

We left on the freight train, and the conductor, charging

me \$4, my money was soon gone. I did not inform him I had been in the *service* or, I suppose, he would not have charged me anything. We reached West Point a few hours before sunset, and the scene I there beheld will ever be remembered. The river was gently gliding, all heedless of the deadly strife so recently enacted upon its banks. The fine bridge by which it had been spanned was destroyed; the depot and warehouse were a pile of blackened bricks, and look which way we would, ruin and desolation met our gaze at every turn. Covering the banks were Confederates returning to their homes; the faded gray uniform being conspicuous everywhere. There were some half dozen "blue coats" standing by themselves, as much alone as if they were in the deserts of Sahara, instead of being in the midst of a people they claimed to have conquered. I almost pitied their loneliness!

There being nothing to take us across the river but a "flat" and a few small row boats, we were detained some few hours upon its banks. The different groups of war-worn veterans and the women and children waiting their turn to cross, made a very impressive scene, and I wished I had been gifted with the pen of an artist to have drawn the picture. Nature never appeared more beautiful to me, and as the setting sun cast its lambent beams on the grand old trees and scattered groups,

"A vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
And I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at my feet,
Who walked on this beautiful strand.

"And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow to sing,
In a climate where leaves never die."

The whole scene reminded me of the children of Israel sitting on the banks of the Euphrates :

“Insulted, chained, and all the world a foe,
Our God alone is all we boast below.”

Several families and ourselves were the last to cross over on the flatboat ; two young ladies also crossed with us. They had evidently run with their valuables from some of the raids ; with them were two negro women, who had charge of their trunks. A Federal officer, who appeared to be the post commandant, was standing near this group. One of the young ladies, pointing to a trunk, said : “Take care of that ; you know it is filled with silver.” The negro answered, in an audible whisper, “Please, miss, speak lower, or the Yankees will hear you and steal it.” I looked at the officer, but he never raised his head.

We put up at a large hotel, which we were told had not been destroyed, in pity for the proprietor, Mr. Camp, who had both of his eyes shot out while assisting to defend the town. The garrison consisted of seventy-five artillerymen and the citizens, amounting to about forty old men and boys. They fought manfully for six hours before surrendering against 2,500 of the enemy. We lost fifteen in killed and had several wounded.

Captain Nutt had procured money by the sale of two horses, and kindly offered to pay my expenses the rest of the way.

Some of the *rebels* kept up a noise all night singing “Dixie,” and hurrahing for Jeff Davis. I thought, several times, of calling out from the window to them that they were whipped, as they did not seem to be aware of the fact. Early next morning we were aroused by the information that we could go a few miles further on a wood car, and as our wagon

was not there, Captain Nutt resolved to take the car. We were about to drink a cup of coffee when shouts came that the car was leaving, so I hurriedly snatched up the pot full of hot coffee and ran. Mrs. Nutt seized some other articles, and was much grieved at forgetting a valuable bottle of camphor. When the conductor came for our fare, on my telling him who I was, he said, "All right," and passed on.

Our next stopping place was on the bank of a wide creek, and as the bridge had shared the fate of the others, we had to cross in a small boat. The owner would take nothing but Confederate money, and charged \$75 in that. The gentlemen said we ought to give three cheers for the Confederacy, as there appeared a small spot of it left.

Several of the men of Captain Nutt's company were with us, and they kindly carried my luggage, consisting of a trunk and large bundle. After walking about a mile we came to a fine house, situated inside of a pretty, shady park, in which we made ourselves at home, until late in the afternoon. The sun was in a cloud and the breeze blew through the magnificent trees, which had a soothing effect after our hot walk. The park was filled with other stragglers besides ourselves, *rebels* returning to their homes, who appeared to enjoy the cool retreat. We knew of no way of getting on, so, like Micawber, were "waiting for something to turn up."

One of our party was a young man, Captain Cloud, who had served under the redoubtable John Morgan. Being at that time outlawed by the governor of Kentucky, his native State, he was much grieved at not being able to get home to see his mother and sisters.

Captain Nutt was a lawyer in Shreveport, La., and joined the army at the first call of his country. He had commanded a company of scouts and had seen service in the Virginia and Tennessee armies. While wounded and a prisoner his wife

had gone through the lines and remained with him until he was released.

In our shady retreat was a party from Helena, Ark., who like ourselves, were trying to get home. By the afternoon the gentlemen managed to procure a wagon which took all the baggage and the children, the latter consisting of three pretty little girls, belonging to Captain Nutt. A short time before dark we reached a small town called Cussetta, in which was but one hotel. It was in a most dilapidated condition, and we were fearful if a storm arose it would be blown down.

Our Arkansas friends were with us, and they related many incidents of the war in that State. The lady had an invalid aunt, who lived in a beautiful home, surrounded by all of the luxuries and comforts of life. The enemy went there, and, without any provocation, excepting her Southern proclivities, carried her out and then set fire to the house.

Hundreds of *rebels* were constantly passing, some from Lee's army going south, and others from the gulf department going north. Their demeanor, in general, betokened a quiet submission to the inevitable. One band occupied an empty store near us, and sang hymns nearly all night. We saw General Allen and his staff pass, and all had the same air of resignation.

I had a great treat in being able to purchase two ounces of *pure coffee*, for which I paid 20 cents in silver. Captain Nutt replenished his larder by buying fried chicken and sweet milk from a farmer.

We remained at this *delectable* place two nights and a day, and were much rejoiced when a wagon was found to take us to Opelika, sixty-seven miles north of Montgomery. On arriving there we were very much disappointed to find no way of getting further, but were consoled by the order and cleanliness of the hotel, a vivid contrast to the one we had just left.

General Bragg and his staff stopped awhile, and I was most grateful to them for taking my baggage in their wagon, as far as Tuskegee. Mrs. Nutt, like a *true soldier*, had none but what she could carry in her hand. These gentlemen would have taken us also, but their horses were completely worn out, having come a great distance.

At Opelika Captain Nutt's men left us, as they were all anxious to get to their homes in Louisiana. They fairly adored their captain, having been with him during the whole campaign. I regretted parting with them, for they had been most kind in assisting me on this trip, and I found them, as I have ever found the Southern soldiers, true gentlemen. The enemy, as usual, had destroyed the depot, the warehouses, numbers of cars, and torn up the railroad track. There were four churches in Opelika, but, from some cause, they were all closed Sunday, May 21.

In the afternoon we took a walk around the fortifications, which were quite extensive. The largest commanded the Columbus and Montgomery road, and as far as the eye could reach not a tree was to be seen, having been cut down to prevent the enemy's having a cover. We met several men returning from the army in Mobile, and they relieved my mind a good deal by informing me that there had been no fighting in the city at its capture. Poor fellows, they appeared weary and ill, one having been wounded in the foot. At all times could be seen hundreds of Confederate soldiers wending their way home, many of them in rags and bare-footed—the sad remnant of a brave but unfortunate army.

On Monday a locomotive and tender came from Columbus to take us a little further. Before starting the gentlemen called out to Mrs. Nutt and myself to hurry, as many soldiers were going, and said that Southern chivalry being played out we would not get a seat. They were mistaken, for as soon as

we made our appearance the soldiers made room for us. We crowded the engineer so much that he could scarcely work the engine. After going a short distance we espied two freight cars, which were pressed into service, very fortunately for us, as a heavy rain fell shortly after boarding them.

In our car were a number of officers, and the discussion as to the cause of our failure was quite amusing, each having an opinion of his own. The merits and demerits of our commanders was the chief topic, and the opinions being so varied, coming to any conclusion was simply out of the question. Some said that Lee was no general, and that Johnston was much his superior, and others quite the reverse.

Our conversation next turned upon Napoleon, and from some remarks I made regarding him, a friend said that he did not think I liked him. I answered that I did not glorify him as I heard many do, though his meteor-like genius filled me with awe and admiration. But I could not like any man who made glory and ambition his god, and everything subservient to his love of power; and one, who had broken the most sacred of earthly ties; and had waded through the best blood of his countrymen to aggrandize himself, bringing woe and desolation where, had he loved glory less, would have been peace and prosperity. I might have said that I disliked him for the same reason that the children of today, in time to come, might hate the Federals, as my mother's father was imprisoned by him for many years. And another idea presented itself, when on this subject, viz.: The hatred of all toward the enemy of today, and how time might make us forget and forgive all. The forefathers of nearly all these had fought against mine, and my paternal grandfather, when a midshipman, was captured by the redoubtable Paul Jones and carried a prisoner to France. And, by the way, here was another proof that the colonies had foreign aid, for Paul Jones being a Scotchman was familiar

with the rocks and shoals around his native shores, and this made him the successful privateersman he was in that part of the world.

After going a few miles our progress was again checked by the destruction of another bridge. Enough of it was left for a pathway, so over it we went. We met several fine-looking Missourians, who, being outlawed by their State, were on their way to join Kirby Smith. We remained several hours on the banks of the creek near a small village called Cheeohaw, while Captain Nutt went in search of a conveyance to take us to Tuskegee, about four or five miles distant.

On exploring, Mrs. Nutt and myself found two springs of delicious cool water, and, near by, a delightful grove of trees, which we enjoyed, the day being extremely warm. The whole scene was wild and solemn, and as I gazed at the ruins made around the rural retreat, I involuntarily exclaimed: "How beautiful are all of God's works until defaced by man."

We were so much pleased with the prospect that we concluded, if the captain failed in procuring a conveyance, to remain there all night, and, besides, we were both returning home without ever having "camped out." The captain returned unsuccessful, but said there was a small house where we could find shelter for the night. In vain we protested against leaving our rural retreat; but the captain was inexorable, said we would have chills by morning if we remained there, so we had to obey our *commanding officer*, pack up our "truck" and march.

The day being very warm and the house about a half a mile off, the walk was fatiguing. The two oldest little girls stood the journey like good soldiers, but the youngest, a three-year-old little beauty, named Nannie, broke down when half way and wept bitterly. Her mother told her she was no *rebel* if she cried in that manner.

The house was deserted by its owners, no one being there excepting a few negroes in the kitchen. The soldiers were still on the *tramp*, and a wounded one, from Lee's army, came in to rest. The merits of our generals were again the subject of discussion. When the young man heard Lee disparaged I became quite alarmed, thinking the war had recommenced, but it was only one of words, and did no harm. Lee's champion said the first thing he intended doing, on his arrival at home, was to take a life partner. I had heard many of our young men say the same thing. The loss of home for so many years had the good effect of making "the dearest spot of earth" duly appreciated.

A little before sundown a wagon was procured, in which the children, Captain Cloud, who was lame from a wound, and myself were placed, Captain Nutt and his wife preferring to walk. We went at what is termed "snail pace," as the three mules drawing us had been at work all day. When about half way we stopped at a very pretty place, where the inmates, refugees from Kentucky, old friends of Captain Nutt's, came out to see us.

Our driver, a good old negro man, sang hymns nearly all of the way. We reached Tuskegee at 10 o'clock at night, and our senses were greeted by the delicious perfume of the cape jasmine, which abound there in great profusion. We put up at a nice hotel, where we had pure coffee, and, indeed, the table was supplied with everything the same as in peace times. The landlord, Mr. Kelley, had a son just returned from Forrest's command. He and Captain Cloud being old friends, talked over their campaigns like real veterans. Tuskegee is the capital of Macon county, and is forty miles east of Montgomery. It contains some fine buildings, and one of them is a large college for the education of girls. The flower gardens are really lovely. I rambled through the town with

our host's daughter, and met many pretty gaily dressed young ladies promenading, evidently not much distressed by the war. But the place had been spared the blight of war, as the raiders that passed through were in too great haste for higher game to do it any damage.

I called upon Mrs. John Battle, of Mobile, to see if she knew of any way for me to get home, but she knew of none. She told me that when she heard of the approach of the raiders to the town she sent two carriage horses and some valuables with a negro man into the woods for safety. All were captured. The negro man made his escape, and told her that the Federals, not being able to get the horses to work in the saddle, shot them.

After remaining three days in Tuskegee, we left in an open wagon, but having two large umbrellas, did not suffer much from the heat. We started before sunrise, and had not gone far when we beheld the encampment of the troops, sent to garrison the town. The soldiers were preparing breakfast. As this was my first view of the Federals, excepting as prisoners, I looked at them through curiosity, but the rest of our party never gave them one glance. They had some negro women and children with them, the most squalid, miserable-looking creatures I ever beheld. We met several negro men going to join them, and the negro boy driving us shouted out: "You had better keep away, as the Yànkees are hanging all the darkies they can get." The owner of the wagon, a white man, who drove us, told us that the owner of one of the old men, who was hobbling to the Yankees, had treated him exactly like one of his own family.

At noon we stopped at a charming spot, where we alighted for dinner, under the shelter of a delightful grove of oaks. A lady, Mrs. Elder, living near, kindly invited me to make some coffee on her kitchen stove. She also gave me a pitcher full

of sweet milk. After a good rest we resumed our journey, and several times came nearly having a disaster, our mules taking fright at the numbers of dead horses and cattle of all kinds which strewed the way, the enemy having killed all for which they had no use. We met hundreds of negroes—men, women and children—returning to their homes from Montgomery, where they had had a taste of freedom, and judging from their appearance, it had brought them everything else but happiness.

As we journeyed along we sang the laments of Ireland, as they best accorded with our feelings. Our conversation was sad, indeed, as we recalled the terrible past, and spoke of the gloomy future. Even the wind sighing through the trees had a melancholy sound, and bemoaned and lamented with us o'er our buried hopes and the graves of that band of unconquered heroes, whose names are radiant with immortality:

"The flowers of the forest that fought—aye, the foremost—
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay."

* * * * *

"We'll hear no mair liltin' at the ewe milkin',
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighiu' and moanin' on ilka green loamin',
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

As we neared Montgomery the country presented a rich appearance and had an air of prosperity. We passed many fine plantations, the homesteads of which were magnificent houses embowered in luxuriant shrubbery and lovely flower gardens. We had heard so much about the ladies of Montgomery and Mobile having given the Federals a warm welcome, that our party was ready to accuse every lady we met of the same crime. They bitterly denounced the Alabama girls for acting as reports said they done, so when a beautiful young girl passed us on horseback, accompanied by a fine-

looking young man, they were certain he was a Yankee. To make sure, they asked a lady and gentleman who were passing who he was, and they said he had been a Confederate officer and had just returned from the army.

We next passed a party of ladies and gentlemen, and from their festive appearance we thought them a bridal party. My folks instantly concluded that an Alabama girl had been married to a Yankee. I gave up all hope of being able to defend the women of my State from such *ocular* proof of their guilt.

At dark we stopped at a house twelve miles from Montgomery, which was untenanted, excepting by a few negroes in the kitchen. They gave us an unfurnished room to lodge in for the night, and a good old negress brought us a mattress from her own bed and put it upon the floor. Mrs. Newsom spread a blanket on the floor for the children, and the gentlemen improvised beds for themselves in the hall. I did not like the idea of sleeping upon the negro's mattress, but Mrs. Newsom did not mind it. As it was the best we could get, and being weary with our day's jolting, we wrapped ourselves in our shawls and had a good night's rest.

We were aroused from our sweet slumbers at four o'clock next morning, it being as dark as Erebus, and started on our journey. When within a short distance of Montgomery we came upon the Federal encampment—the headquarters of the commanding general—where the gentlemen had to have their paroles inspected.

As we journeyed on camp after camp came in view filled with the mighty host who had taken our fair heritage from us. The gentlemen were silent, but the expression of their countenances showed the indignation they felt at seeing their native land in the hands of the conqueror. Oh! I felt so sad as visions of the terrible past arose in review before me the

days, weeks and months of suffering I had witnessed, and all for naught. Many a boyish and manly face in the full hey-day of life and hope, now lying in the silent tomb. But it is not the dead we most think of, for

“ They live immortal, and for them
We need not drop the tear;
Each wears a golden diadem
In a celestial sphere.”

We were a solemn company, and the sights greeting us on our entrance to the city did not dispel the gloom. The stars and stripes were floating over many of the large buildings, and Federal officers and privates were thronging the streets. We put up at the Exchange Hotel, and found in the parlor quite a number of refugees—French people, returning to New Orleans. With all the characteristics of that light-hearted people, they were playing the piano and enjoying themselves with as much gusto as if there had never been one dark hour in our sunny land. This cheerfulness was strange to us, but perhaps it was wise. These people had done their duty—had failed—and finding it useless to repine were

“ Acting in the living present,
Heart within and God o’erhead.”

Capt. Nutt concluded to go to Mobile by the river, and as it took much longer than the cars, I preferred the latter. I had not heard from home in three months, and to add to my anxiety news had just reached us of a terrible gunpowder explosion, which had demolished a large part of the city.

I had an order for transportation from our quartermaster, from which I hoped to get a ticket from the Federal commandant to pass me on the cars. I called upon Mrs. Dr. Scott to see if I could not borrow money to pay Captain Nutt what I owed him, but found her as poor as myself. She had

been in possession of \$5, which she had obtained by selling vegetables, and the doctor had gone to Pensacola with naught but this large amount to pay his way. She introduced me to Col. Jones, superintendent of the Pensacola Railroad, who told me if I could not get a ticket from the Federals he would give me a note to the superintendent of the Mobile road, so that I could pay after my arrival.

Mrs. Scott informed me that Montgomery had suffered much from the Federal soldiers. A negro soldier had entered her home as she was seated in the hall sewing and demanded all of her valuables. On her refusing he cursed her, and holding a drawn sword over her head, threatened to kill her if she did not do so. She thought had it not been for her seeming bravery and the protection of a negro woman, who stood by her, he would assuredly have taken her life. She had her house guarded for days afterward by white Federal soldiers, and many of the citizens had to be protected in the same manner. Her horse had been stolen by a soldier, but on her making complaint the horse was restored.

There was much destitution, and many, who had been wealthy, were then drawing rations from the Federals. There had been no fighting in the capture of Montgomery, so it did not suffer like Selma, which was in ruins. We were told that the streets of that city ran with blood, from the slaughter of hundreds of cattle, the enemy having killed those for which they had no use. Some of the tales of the atrocities committed there, on the outskirts of the city, were appalling, and put completely in the shade anything done by Sherman's men. One of them is too well authenticated to have the least doubt of its truthfulness.

About six miles from Selma lived Capt. Crawford Phillips and his brother, Dr. John Phillips, in elegant mansions, surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can bestow. At the

house of Capt. Phillips lived a Mr. Hyde, an infirm old man, his wife and two daughters, refugees from New Orleans. When General Wilson attacked the city all of the men were there fighting in its defense, so none were left in the neighborhood but women and children, with the exception of Mr. Hyde, he being too infirm to go. After the capture the men were detained as prisoners for some time, so could not return to protect their homes. Wilson's troops were permitted to roam through the country and commit any depredations they wished. A band of these barbarians went to the house of Capt. Phillips, and Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Hyde took their seats on the front piazza while the marauders ransacked the house for valuables. While these ladies were seated in despair, unable to do aught in defense of their goods, a negro girl came running to them shouting, "The house is on fire." Mrs. Hyde immediately went in search of her husband whom she had left in his room, because as he was very deaf and infirm, she thought he would be beneath the notice of the men. On running to her room she found the door locked, and implored some men who were passing to break it open. They did so, and flames rushed to meet her, but through the flames she saw the form of her beloved husband tied to a bed post and no possible hope of saving him. She immediately swooned, and was carried off by the men. After the fire was out the old man's charred remains were picked up and the wife carried them about with her in her apron, the shock, for the time, having bereft her of reason. It was supposed that the men, thinking Mr. Hyde the owner of the house, had demanded money from him, and took this cruel barbarous method of obtaining it.

These ruffians stopped at nothing when money was their object. Mrs. James Watson, whose husband is a Presbyterian minister, lived near the Phillips', told me as she tremblingly

sat upon her front piazza, not knowing what her fate would be, she saw the flames ascending from many a beautiful home. She never could tell why her home was left unburned, for they ransacked it from top to bottom, and threatened time and again to set it on fire.

The Sunday that Selma was captured Mr. Watson was preaching in the Presbyterian Church along with Rev. Mr. Small, when both were called upon to help defend the city. They were sent to the trenches and two rusty muskets placed in their hands. After the city was in possession of the enemy, a squad of troops came to them and ordered them to surrender, and, at the same time, fired into them. Mr. Small was instantly killed and Mr. Watson taken a prisoner. Before going to prison he pleaded hard to be permitted to take his friend's corpse into a house, but all in vain. The Episcopal minister, Mr. Tichnor, was wounded, I think, at the same time.

I did not succeed in getting a pass from the Federals, so Col. Jones very kindly gave me the promised note. I had no money to pay my kind friend, Captain Nutt, but hoped to do so on his reaching Mobile. I put my roll of Confederate money away with a sigh as memories of what it once was came in review before me,

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it—
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this trifle will tell,
Of LIBERTY born of a PATRIOT's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day her promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still ;
Coin was so scarce that the Treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned,
And this little check represents the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it ;
It gazed in our eyes with a *promise* to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed is.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or the bills that were over-due ;
We knew if it bought our bread to-day,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it, it tells our history over,
From the birth of the dream to the last ;
Modest and born of the Angel Hope,
Like our hope of success, *it passed*.

This graphic poem forcibly portrays "the hope that was in us." It was written by Major S. A. Jonas, of Aberdeen, Miss., upon a Confederate bill and presented to Miss Anna Rush, of Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOBILE.

ON entering my home I found my soldier brother, having no other employment, washing dishes, and my younger sister cooking, as a negro could not be gotten to work for any price.

Mobile was not surrendered without a desperate resistance at the forts. For seventeen days our troops withstood ten times their number, besides the fire of a formidable fleet of gunboats. We lost heavily, and Mobile was again called upon to mourn the loss of many of her brave sons. As numbers from Hood's army were in the garrisons, nearly every State in the South had to mourn for the loss of the soldiers.

I found that our people had been sadly misrepresented and instead of the joyful welcome we heard had been accorded to the triumphant army, the city had the quietness of the grave. Every blind was closed, and the streets completely deserted by all, excepting negroes. If the plague had entered the city it could not have had a gloomier appearance. Afterwards there were but one or two ladies who countenanced the enemy in any way, and these ladies were ostracised by their friends. The officers were treated with silent contempt, and many of them said they would prefer impertinence. A band discoursed "sweet music" daily on the public square; receptions were given; reviews of troops in gay trappings were displayed—but all to no purpose; with a few exceptions, the women of Mobile were true to their dead. The color of blue was wholly ignored, and I heard a little girl crying bitterly

because her mother was putting a blue ribbon on her hat, saying, "I shall be taken for a Yankee." I had a hat on which there was a fine blue flower of which I was not a little proud. Not knowing of the embargo on blue, I put the hat on to go and bid farewell to my friends, Captain Nutt and family. I was somewhat annoyed on my way to the boat by the Federals staring at me, and even Mrs. N. remarked on the circumstance. On my return home, while relating the matter to my sisters, they commenced to laugh, and told me why my *admirers* had been attracted by the blue flower; the color being a sign of fealty to them.

My mother returned shortly after I did, glad enough to do so, having been gone from home over four years. She had some trouble in getting from New Orleans, as she had to get a passport from that city. She was on the steamer ready to start when an officer came on board and ordered her off. She had to go up to the city and get a friend to testify that she was not a *dangerous* character. I cannot imagine, at that late day, the war being over, why a passport was necessary.

The negroes being free, were acting like children on a frolic. The main portion of the women did little else than walk the streets, dressed in the most gaudy attire.

It was perfectly marvelous, the manner in which we became accustomed to do our own work. After awhile, we managed to hire a woman to cook, she and her husband having come from the country. One day the poor old woman came to us in tears, asking our aid to try and make her husband behave himself. She said he had fallen in love with another "gal" and was mistreating her (the wife) accordingly. She was perfectly astonished when I asked her if he treated her in that manner before he was free? "No indeed," she said, "my master would not have 'lowed that."

The negro men, never having had the responsibilities of

their families, gave a good deal of trouble in the Federal courts. One old man being called up for deserting his wife for another, informed the court that he was tired of that old "gal" and wanted a young one.

It was a rare thing to see the name of a white man in the police reports. It would appear as if the shock we had sustained had bettered, for the time, even the most turbulent.

The negroes became more intolerant every day, and it took all of the dignity and strength of mind we could command to bear with them. My first Sunday at home, I went to afternoon service, accompanied by two little nieces, and the streets were fairly blocked by gaily dressed negro men and women. On our return we had to pass a negro church, and the sidewalk was filled with them, and not one moved to let us pass, so we were compelled to take the middle of the street. We met with several obstructions of the same kind, and as we neared home my blood was at fighting heat, but I managed to master my feeling. We came across a number of negro children, and I politely asked them to let us pass, but they very rudely said, "The middle of the road is for you and the sidewalk for us." To this sally I did not offer them the other cheek, but issued a command that scattered them quicker than they had done for some time. In a house near us lived some negro women, and many a night we were regaled by their being serenaded by negro troops. The songs consisted chiefly of what was to be done with the white people, when the negroes got into power. One of their favorites seemed to be that *lovely* refrain, "The hanging of Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree."

Many will ask, at this late day, if there was no redress for such insolence, and, from what I can recollect, there was none. For one thing, a Southerner felt lowered coming in conflict with the negro in a court of justice, and, besides,

they would swear to anything false. This state of affairs did not last very long, as the Federals became tired of their "pets," and the aforesaid "pets" had to lower their tone, and many of them also found out that the Southern people were their best friends.

Not being in Mobile at the time of the explosion, I shall copy from a paper, now before me, written by an eye-witness:

"On the 25th of May, six weeks after the city was surrendered, and we were beginning to calm down after the stormy four years of trials, thankful that all was over; on a fine sunshiny day, we were awakened from our fancied security by the most terrific crash that ever greeted mortal ears. No bombardment, earthquake or sudden bursting of a volcano, could have spread such havoc in so short a space of time. The very earth shook and houses trembled to their foundations. This was followed by a continuous bursting of shells. The air was filled with flying timbers, bales of cotton, barrels of rosin, mules and horses, and hundreds of human beings, dense volumes of smoke curled and rolled in massive grandeur, far above the scene of desolation beneath. The constant bursting shells scattered the falling debris in every direction, and for many minutes a perfect hail storm of shot and missiles filled the air. During the remainder of the day and night the heavy boom of bursting shells gave warning that the danger was not past.

"Horror and consternation were depicted on every countenance, and it was some time before the cause, the blowing up of the United States arsenal, was known. A thousand wild rumors prevailed; the Confederates distrusting the Federals, and vice versa, but this feeling soon vanished. All the bells in the city were rung, but when the firemen reached the scene they could do but little, on account of the incessant bursting of shells. United States soldiers, sailors, paroled Confeder-

ates and citizens, all vied with each other in rescuing the dead and wounded. The shrieks that rent the air were truly appalling and touched the hearts of all. It is supposed that a thousand persons perished, 800 of whom were negroes. Several persons, quite a distance off, died from the concussion. An officer had just dismounted from his horse near the Battle House, and the shock killed the horse instantly, but the man was unhurt. A mile from the explosion a man was blown from the wharf, and had his leg broken.

"The shock was distinctly heard at Fort Morgan, a distance of thirty miles, and the troops rushed to parapets, thinking one of the monitors had exploded. Many believed an earthquake had come, and rushed into the streets to avoid the falling buildings; others thought that a cannonade was fired at their especial premises. Every building within the radius of a mile was more or less shattered.

"The magazine was in a large two-story warehouse called 'The Marshalls,' and was one of the very strongest in the city. At this time it was said to contain 200 tons of amunition, consisting of 600,000 musket cartridges, many barrels of cannon powder, a large number of blank musket cartridges, and an immense quantity of loaded shells, grape, canister and solid shot for field and siege guns. The amount of powder was thirty tons. How the calamity originated will never be known, as every one in the vicinity immediately perished, but it was generally believed to have been caused by the dropping of a percussion shell by one of the soldiers in the magazine.

"Let one go to an eminence and look down upon the ruin, and it is hard to realize that so much of busy life could have been so instantaneously hurled to destruction. Long lines of substantial buildings, warehouses, foundries, cotton presses, mills, all in complete operation; steamboats loading and unloading bales of hay, cotton, and other merchandise; on the streets were

drays and long trains of army wagons. The ruin over this space was so complete that it was only by the aid of maps, men could find where their places of business had been. In many of the cotton sheds and yards every available space was filled with negro men, women and children, and a number of negro troops."

I shall let imagination give vent to the human suffering, which this terrible calamity caused, for being weary with all the woe I have witnessed in the past, I have no doubt the reader is the same. Of course, the responsibility rested upon those who had such a quantity of ammunition in a crowded city. The loss to the people was immense, but, along with their other trials, it was borne with Christian resignation.

* * * * *

After the surrender all the houses were searched for firearms, so an officer and some soldiers searched ours. As we had accumulated many bags of precious rags, it took them some time, as they went from the cellar to the garret. My sister said, had she not been filled with indignation and terror, she would have laughed outright when they entered the *rag wareroom* and emptied every rag bag. The officer was very polite and assured the inmates that the task was a most disagreeable one, but one he was compelled to fulfill. We had a dress sword of my grandfather's, one which he had worn under the great Nelson, and my sisters hid it on top of a wardrobe, where it escaped capture. I think all they got was an old flint lock gun. I had several relics of the war, but my sisters fearing trouble, destroyed them.

Hundreds of paroled soldiers, for some time after the war were constantly passing through the city, and the people, with even more zeal than at first, carried them clothes and provisions to the cars, or to any place where we could hear of their being.

We all felt great sympathy for each other's trials, and to get together and talk over our misfortunes, afforded us much consolation. Any joke told about the Federals was sincerely relished. The people of wealth gladly gave up their houses to the officers, knowing that by so doing, their property would be taken care of. The general in command was domiciled in one of the handsomest houses in the place. One day the door bell rang, and as there were no servants, it was answered by the lady of the house. On opening the door, a delegation of "ladies of color," carrying an immense bouquet of flowers, presented themselves and requested to see the general. Mrs.——, taking in the situation at a glance, politely escorted them into the parlor and informed General—— that some ladies wished to see him, saying nothing about their color. After making an elaborate toilet, he entered the parlor, and was not a little nonplussed, when one of the delegation presented him with the bouquet, as a token of regard for his having given them their freedom. He threw it from him, and advising the delegation to go home to the freedom of the wash-tub, marched out of the room. I cannot vouch for the truth of this anecdote, but have no reason to doubt its authenticity.

A good deal of money was circulated by the Union troops, which helped us a good deal. The friends of many in Europe and other places, sent money and clothes, but with all there was much destitution. For a good while, the Federals gave rations to any who were not too proud to accept them.

I was much interested in the trial of Wirz, for I had been with hundreds of prisoners and could well testify to the humane treatment they had all received at our hands, and besides, not a day passed that some of our poor fellows were not arriving from the Northern prisons telling tales of suffering that were truly appalling; in a land, too, where plenty flowed in abundance. And then, was the Northern government not

responsible for our having prisoners at all? Is not the proof too evident for discussion, how Davis' begging for an exchange was disregarded? When our own men starved, how could we feed prisoners? When not even medicine, which is rarely withheld in war, was permitted to come through the lines, how could we heal their sick? I could see no justice in the trial of Wirz, unless a Wirz could have been selected from the North to have gone through the same ordeal. I feel assured that Time, the corrector of false statements, will right this, as he has done many other wrongs.

Our handsome medical college, with its valuable museum, was taken for a negro school. This was a severe ordeal for the medical fraternity, and especially for our much-loved and esteemed Dr. Nott, one of its founders. The specimens in the museum had taken him, and other scientific men, years to collect. It was left to the mercy of the ignorant pupils, and many of its finest specimens were totally ruined.

The teachers of the negroes were from the North, as at that time, no Southerner could think of taking a position of that kind. In this, as in many other things in regard to the negro, we were not wise, but prudence was not one of our virtues in those days. Common sense ought to have told us that in the negro was an element that could have been moulded to our interest, and it was this influence that caused much of the subsequent trouble in our city. Numbers of unscrupulous men thronged the place, and through the vote of the negro obtained any office they wished.

But the good of the country was little thought of, for the hope seemed to have fled and despair reigned supreme. Many said they would never vote again, and my father, along with others, renewed his allegiance to Great Britain. This, of course, was all wrong; as we found out when suffering under the robbers who had sole control of everything. Nothing

but the lack of means kept thousands from immigrating any place, so it was out of the United States. Some families did leave. One party from Jefferson county left for South America. They consisted of Mr. B. P. Worthington and family, his three brothers named Truss, and their families, Mr. William Vann, Dr. R. Green, and others. They sailed from New Orleans in the ship Neptune, in April, 1866. Their destination was Rio Janeiro, and when near the island of Cuba a terrific storm wrecked them on that coast. As far as I know, they all returned, determined "to bear their present ills" rather than "those they knew not of."

We had one friend who was enabled to look calmly into the future and to think that all would yet be well. He was our beloved pastor—Dr. Peirce. He had lost much by the war, so could well understand the feelings of his people. One of his congregation was so bitter that she would not say the Lord's prayer, and, of course, could not come to the Holy Communion. One Sunday he preached from the text, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." He told us that our future welfare depended upon the manner in which we took the defeat, which God in his wisdom had sent us. And if we bore up under our trial, as Christians should, these very people, who were our enemies now, would work for our good, as St. Paul did for the Christians that he had persecuted with so much zeal. In a manner this fact has been verified, though at the time I was as sceptical as many others on that subject.

The remains, of several of our heroes were brought from distant States, and shame to those responsible, were not permitted to pass the Union encampment, which was near the graveyard, and the solemn procession was compelled to take a circuitous route to reach that sacred precinct. As this outrage was committed in other places, and was well known, we were thankful to see both Democratic and Republican North-

ern papers condemn this heartless tyranny of those "clothed with a little brief authority." The remarks in the Northern papers in regard to the odium incurred by General Griffin in not permitting the remains of General Albert Sidney Johnston to be buried with honors, went far to show that there were people in the North who would not permit our most sacred feelings to be trampled upon without a protest.

On July 4, 1865, an order was issued that our public square, Bienville, was to be given up to the negroes. The Southerners heard this with stolid indifference, but not so the white Union soldiers, who were furious. We were told that their anger and indignation was so great, that the mayor requested the general in command not to allow any white troops to be on guard that day. Several of our young men friends told us that some of the soldiers begged them to join them and kill every negro in the place. No such feeling of animosity existed in the South, and besides that day had always been given the negroes as a holiday.

We were quite curious to know how the negroes would act, but as no ladies were likely to be out that day, we did not see how we could gratify our curiosity. Dr. Henderson's office being opposite the square, he advised us to put on thick veils and go down the back streets to his office and see the sight. We took his advice, and the scene we witnessed was quite suggestive and well calculated to make us think of our future. The square was thronged with men, women and children, and outside were open carriages filled with women lolling back and acting as they had seen their mistresses do on similar occasions. Young and old of the female part had on white dresses trimmed with blue and black; the black being mourning for Lincoln, and the blue, in honor of the Federal uniform. Platforms were erected inside of the square, on which were black and white men haranging the multitude.

On our return home we stopped at a friend's house, where we met one of her former slaves, a good-natured darkie, dressed in the regulation uniform. After we had quizzed her a good deal on her new mode of life, I said: "Edie, what are you going to do, the Yankees are about to put you all back into slavery?" She answered; "Well, missus, I tinks dey ought to put de ignorant country darkies back, for dey comes to the city and knows nuffin', and are only fit for slaves."

The whole State being under military rule, the bishop thinking it mockery to use the prayer for those in civil authority, ordered the clergy of the diocese to discontinue its use. As the president is prayed for in the same prayer, not using it gave great offence to General Thomas, who was in command of our district. He issued a pompous proclamation, ordering the use of the prayer, or he would close the churches and arrest any one who would attempt to hold service. Here was the dark ages upon us in earnest—being forced to bend our knees and offer up a prayer at the point of the bayonet.

The Sunday after the proclamation was issued, a guard of soldiers was placed around St. John's Church to see that it was not opened, and I suppose, the same was done to all the Episcopal churches throughout the State. The churches remained closed for many months, and on several Northern bishops appealing to President Johnston in our behalf, he immediately ordered General Thomas to rescind his order, which he very ungraciously did.

It was quite amusing the way some people tried to evade walking *under* the stars and stripes, not thinking that being under the flag was symbolical, and whether we walked over or around, we were under it to all intents and purposes. One day a number of school children were seen, at a certain place, to leave the sidewalk and all take the middle of the street. On

looking up, the cause of this strange movement was seen to be a Federal flag flying from a house they would have to pass.

The soldiers had given some trouble to a family living a short distance out of town. One of the young ladies of the house went to a station near to get the officer to send a guard to protect it as was customary. When she got to the station, she had quite an altercation with the soldier on guard, as he would not permit her to go around the flag instead of under it. The officer, hearing the noise, came out of his office to see what was the matter, and good naturedly gave the young lady her own way. He sent the guard, and I presume, superintended himself, for ere long the young lady and the officer were united in marriage. The indignation of her young friends at her faithlessness to the cause was unbounded, and no greater insult could be offered to a young lady than to say she might some day be guilty of the same *crime*.

One Sunday morning, a lady dressed in deep mourning for her young husband, killed in battle, walked into church escorted by a fine looking United States officer—I believe a general. The consternation depicted upon the countenances of the women portion of the congregation, was a sight to behold. That lady, in all of her attractive life, had never been the object of so much attention as she was that morning. How could a Southern woman so demean herself? was the query. On coming out of the church the indignation felt by her fair sisters was long and *loud*. I thought that nothing short of having the delinquent tried by court-martial would satisfy her friends. But the problem was solved without going to such extremities by whisperings from our gentlemen friends. There was a rumor afloat of confiscation, and this lady was taking conciliatory means to try and save her property.

In the fall of 1865, ships came from Great Britain, the

North and other places, to carry off what cotton had been accumulated during the war. The merchants made a rule of giving freight to foreign vessels and ignoring those from the North. This made the captains from these ports extremely bitter against us. A captain from an Eastern State, that we had known previous to the war, sent us word that he would like to call upon us. Knowing of the rumor of his class towards the South, we would much rather not have seen him. However, as we could not well refuse his request, we resolved to treat him with all the politeness in our power, and to let war and politics be far from our conversation. But he had come with no such pacific intentions, and much against our wishes, his visit was a succession of skirmishes from the beginning to the end. In vain we begged for a truce, telling him we craved peace, and had had as much of war as we cared for, and a good deal more. We also told him we thought the South was right, and had not yet changed our minds. But this *redoubtable* warrior was not to be daunted, and rushed on to the fray at every opening, and we ladies had our weapons ready at every onset. What else could we do but defend our cause from such an onslaught? One of his scornful remarks was, that he did not know how we could have expected to succeed when our army was nothing but a rabble. Of course, this speech roused all the latent fire within us, and I answered: "Yes, granted it was nothing but what you say—a rabble. What a glorious rabble, for it had presented one of the grandest sights to the whole world, that had ever been witnessed. That ragged, shoeless, half starved, magnificent rabble had kept the great North, assisted by the whole world, at bay for four long years." He said much more in the same style, but on leaving, coolly informed us, that in the event of another war Mobile would not get off so easily as it had done this time. We told him we had no idea of going to war again

until we remained long enough with the Yankees to imbibe some of their policy.

After his departure, we thought if this warlike captain, who by the way had never fired a shot during the war, was a specimen of our Northern brothers, we might well pray for God to have mercy upon us, as we would get very little of it from our foes.

“Peace, thy olive branch extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end ;
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet.”

APPENDIX.

MRS. ELLA KING NEWSOM.

THE subject of this sketch, Mrs. Ella K. Trader, widow of Dr. Frank Newsom, is a native of Brandon, Miss. Her father, Rev. T. S. N. King, emigrated west when she was quite a child. He settled in the wilds of Arkansas when the bear and panther roamed the forest. There being no carriage roads there then, her talent for horsemanship made it a useful accomplishment, and so she became a noted equestrienne. No doubt the roving life she led in the wilds and swamps of Arkansas, fitted her to endure the hardships and privations incidental to her subsequent life in the hospitals.

Dr. Newsom came from Tennessee and settled in Arkansas, where he wooed and won her, while yet in her teens, for his bride. He was a very handsome man of a noble and commanding appearance, an accomplished scholar, and suited in every way to make his girl-bride a happy woman. The union was a most congenial one in every respect, but death, who loves a shining mark, soon deprived her of her noble husband. Having been left quite wealthy, she resolved to devote her fortune and services as a memorial to the cause he had loved—hence her life in the hospitals.

She had, however, moved to Winchester, Tenn., for the purpose of educating her young sisters, but the war breaking out, they returned to the parental roof in Arkansas. Taking a number of her own servants and collecting hospital supplies, she went to Memphis, Tenn., where her work in the hospitals commenced.

Her initiatory work was in the City Hospital with camp soldiers ; Dr. Kellar, with a corps of Roman Catholic sisters, was in charge. She went from there to the Southern Mothers' Home, under Mrs. Law, who organized and managed that institution for some time.

After the battle of Belmont Mrs. Newsom was solicited by Drs. Tenner and Marstin, who were in charge of the Overton Hospital, to become its matron. She remained there until she saw from the abundant attentions bestowed upon the wounded and sick by the ladies of Memphis, that she could be of more service elsewhere.

Taking her servants and a car load of supplies, in December, 1861, she went to Bowling Green, Ky., where the most horrible sufferings and want of comforts prevailed in the hospitals. I have often heard her say that no language could express the heartrending sights of suffering and neglect of the sick soldiers at that place. There were no suitable buildings, few supplies of any kind, and the weather being extremely cold made matters so much worse. (There was little or no organization in the hospital department in nearly the whole South at that time.) An eye-witness says Mrs. Newsom went to work and bent all her energies to bring order out of chaos, and from 4 in the morning until 12 at night this devoted Christian woman was a ministering angel at the bedside of stricken, suffering Confederates. When General Floyd reached Bowling Green with his troops, the surgeons hearing of Mrs. Newsom and her noble work, waited upon her and requested her to take sole charge of the hospitals in Bowling Green, which she did. She remained there until the fall of Forts Donaldson and Henry. She then went to Nashville, Tenn., and organized the Howard High School into a hospital, and in a very short time had it ready for the wounded from these forts. Before Nashville fell into the hands of the enemy Mrs.

ewsom, along with Col. Dunn, had the wounded and sick placed in cars and carried to Winchester, Tenn., and there worked as assiduously as ever for the comfort of the sufferers. It was customary then, all of the churches and other large buildings were taken for hospitals, and the poor fellows were much pleased with the arrangements made for their benefit at they called the place the "Soldiers' Paradise."

The encroachments of the enemy making another move imperative, she went with the sick and wounded to Atlanta. She was summoned from the Empire City Hospital of that city, to Corinth, Miss., with her servants and supplies to minister to the wants of the wounded from the battle of Shiloh. She went to the Tishminga hospital, and from there to the Corinth House, where I first met her. I shall here copy from my journal, showing my first impression of our Florence Nightingale :

May 26.—This morning I visited Mrs. Williamson and Mrs. Crocker, ladies who came from Mobile with us. They are the hospital in the Corinth House, and there I saw a Mrs. Ewsom. I do not recollect of ever being so filled with admiration of a face at first sight. It expressed such purity and goodness that I was reminded of a description of one I had seen in poem :

" A face whose every feature telleth
How light they feel this earthly clod;
A face whose holy beauty showeth
Her walk is ever close with God."

As I gazed at her I felt that the verse connected would not be misapplied to her heart :

" A heart that is a casket holy,
With brightest jewels garnered there;
Gems that sorrow's hand hath polished
Richer gems than princes wear."

Mrs. Williamson told me who she was, and also informed me that her face did not belie the goodness and purity of her heart: and that she was a Christian in the truest sense of the word. Our next meeting took place when the writer was in Chattanooga in the Newsom hospital. She was then matron of a hospital in the Crutchfield House, called the Foard, where, with her servants, she worked as heroically as ever for the good of the cause.

Her beauty, goodness and fine mental attainments, won her many admirers, and of my own personal knowledge, several of our highest officers offered her their hearts and hands.

Like myself, she kept with the Western army, until the close of the war. At the time our army was retreating before the advance of Sherman's hosts, she was in Atlanta associated with a high-toned Christian lady, Miss Monroe, of Kentucky. The wounded men under their care were in tents, and the exposure was so great that the Sisters of Charity, who had previously had the hospital, were compelled to give it up. Mrs. Newsom's health giving away at this time, she took a vacation, and returned through the lines to her home, bringing back a young sister, Miss Fannie King, who assisted her a short time in the hospitals. Both of these ladies visited me while in Griffin, Ga., in March, 1865, when on their way to North Carolina, where they had a young brother in the army.

Shortly after the war she married Mr. Trader, a lawyer in Memphis, Tenn. She had several children, all of whom are dead excepting one, Miss May Trader. Mrs. Trader is a widow for the second time, and is now living in Washington.

I cannot close this sketch without paying a personal tribute to Mrs. Newsom's worth. I doubt if any war ever developed a more patriotic and whole-souled woman than she was during our four years of trial. In appearance she was youthful to girlishness, and her countenance expressed gentleness.



goodness and purity. She had little externally, that betokened the energy and zeal for her work, which were among her ruling traits. When duty called, her perseverance was inflexible. When lying very ill in Chattanooga, the doctors ordered me ice. There having been a thaw, the article was scarce, and many of our convalescents were sent off for some, but all returned empty handed. Mrs. Newson, taking one of her servants, and after going quite a distance, searching in all of the rivulets and shady nooks by the river, returned with the much sought-for article.

She and I once went "foraging" for milk, or anything else we could procure for our patients. We wandered unsuccessfully far into the outskirts of Chattanooga, when I proposed return, which was met with a decided negative. She then and there gave me a lesson in perseverance by pushing on until the desired object was obtained. It was while on these rambles that I saw much of her true character, as her conversation denoted a mind well stored with erudition of a very high order.

By the wounded and sick, to whom she ministered, she was looked upon as an ethereal being, and I have heard many of her patients speak of her as such. Being a devout Christian, her whole walk showed her love for her master's work. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The beauties of Christianity were so exemplified by her life that its influence radiated upon all with whom she came in contact.

She once told me that as soon as the war was over she intended opening an institution for soldiers' orphans. Of course, at that time, we never thought of such a thing as being defeated. She, like thousands of others, lost much by our failure. But the memory of her noble life spent in the cause of suffering humanity during our war will ever remain as a memorial of what can be done by a true woman.

TABLE OF APPROXIMATE VALUES OF GOLD AND CURRENCY

1862.

DATE.	Gold	Currency	DATE.	Gold	Currency	DATE.	Gold	Currency	DATE.	Gold
January... 1	100	120	April..... 1	100	165	July..... 1	100	190	October... 1	100
" 10	100	112	" 10	100	170	" 10	100	190	" 10	100
" 20	100	113	" 20	100	170	" 20	100	200	" 20	100
February... 1	100	113	May..... 1	100	170	August... 1	100	200	November.. 1	100
" 10	100	113	" 10	100	180	" 10	100	200	" 10	100
" 20	100	113	" 20	100	190	" 20	100	200	" 20	100
March..... 1	100	140	June..... 1	100	190	Septemb.. 1	100	225	Decemb... 1	100
" 10	100	150	" 10	100	190	" 10	100	225	" 10	100
" 20	100	160	" 20	100	180	" 20	100	250	" 20	100

1863.

January... 1	100	310	April..... 1	100	460	July..... 1	100	700	October... 1	100
" 10	100	320	" 10	100	410	" 10	100	800	" 10	100
" 20	100	320	" 20	100	500	" 20	100	900	" 20	100
February... 1	100	300	May..... 1	100	515	August... 1	100	1000	November.. 1	100
" 10	100	300	" 10	100	520	" 10	100	1200	" 10	100
" 20	100	310	" 20	100	550	" 20	100	1300	" 20	100
March..... 1	100	350	June..... 1	100	625	Septemb.. 1	100	1400	Decemb... 1	100
" 10	100	385	" 10	100	625	" 10	100	1500	" 10	100
" 20	100	400	" 20	100	640	" 20	100	1200	" 20	100

1864.

January... 1	100	1800	April..... 1	100	2000	July..... 1	100	1700	October... 1	100
" 10	100	1800	" 10	100	1900	" 10	100	1700	" 10	100
" 20	100	1800	" 20	100	1800	" 20	100	1800	" 20	100
February... 1	100	1900	May..... 1	100	1600	August... 1	100	2600	November.. 1	100
" 10	100	2000	" 10	100	2000	" 10	100	3200	" 10	100
" 20	100	2200	" 20	100	2000	" 20	100	3200	" 20	100
March..... 1	100	2000	June..... 1	100	1300	Septemb.. 1	100	3000	Decemb... 1	100
" 10	100	2000	" 10	100	1700	" 10	100	3000	" 10	100
" 20	100	2000	" 20	100	1700	" 20	100	3000	" 20	100

1865.

January... 1	100	3400	February... 1	100	5000	March..... 1	100	4700	April..... 1	100
" 10	100	4000	" 10	100	4500	" 10	100	5000	" 10	100
" 20	100	3500	" 20	100	4500	" 20	100	5000	" 20	100

This Table shows the value of Gold as compared with Currency on the 1st, 10th and 20 each month.

THOS. P. MILLER & CO., BANKERS, Mobile.

PRICES OF PROVISIONS.

This Price-Current was copied from a Mobile paper. Provisions rose fully 50 per cent. January, 1865, until the close of the war.

ARTICLES.	JAN. 1862.	JAN. 1863.	JAN. 1864.	JAN. 1865.	ARTICLES.	JAN. 1862.	JAN. 1863.	JAN. 1864.
Flour, extra... bbl.	\$11 25	\$57 00	\$100 40	\$300 00	Salt, Liverpool... sk.	\$10 00	\$.....	\$.....
" superf... bbl.	10 00	53 00	100 20	275 00	Soap, hard... lb.	12	50	80
" fine... bbl.	8 00	50 00	100 10	250 00	Tallow... lb.	18	80	1 50
Corn Meal... bush.	1 00	3 00		7 00	Potatoes, sw... bu.	1 10	2 50	5 00
" sack... 88	3 00	4 50	8 50		" Ir... bbl.	10 00		60 00
Coffee, Rio... lb.	60	3 25	11 50	50 00	Onions... bbl.	8 00		
" brown... lb.	7	35	3 00	12 00	Chickens... doz.	3 50	7 00	25 00
Sugar, refined... lb.	23	1 00	4 00		Turkeys... doz.	10 00	30 00	75 00
Butter, country... lb.	50	1 00	3 50	8 00	Rice... lb.	7	12	22
" doz... 20	1 00	2 00			Cow Peas... bu.	1 00	2 75	6 00
" lb. 21	30	3 25	3 75		Molasses, N.O. gal.	50	2 50	14 00
" lb. 19	53	3 00	3 00		Apples, dried... lb.	7	28	60
" lb. 8	15	85	1 25		Peaches, dried... lb.	17	38	90
Beef... lb.	14	30	1 25	1 50	Beeswax... lb.	30	90	1 75
Pork... lb.	5 00		150 00	200 00	Wheat... bu.	3 50		7 00
Shelby... lb.	75	2 00	12 00		Wood, oak... cord	2 50	15 00	30 00

List of the names of the men from Alabama who died in prison near New York City, and buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery, East New York, L. I.:

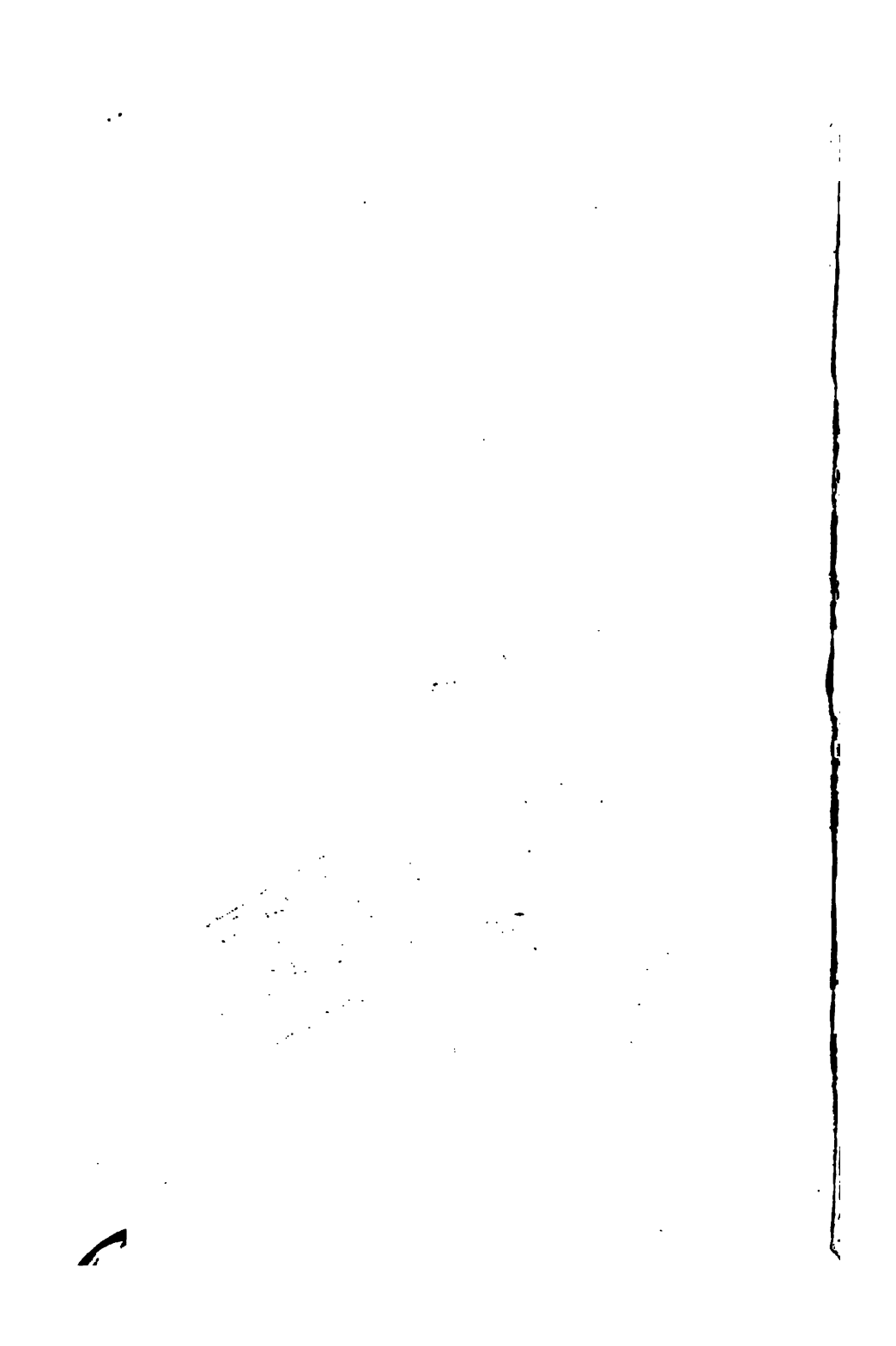
John Langdon	1st Ala. Reg't
Harry Chambers	48th Ala. Reg't
J. W. Parish	48th Ala. Reg't
F. M. Lapp	8th Ala. Reg't
P. C. Cash	48th Ala. Reg't
D. M. Harley	47th Ala. Reg't
Robert Carroll	3d Ala. Reg't
A. H. McDermot	1st Ala. State Artillery
David Phelps	1st Ala. State Artillery
Jefferson Watson	1st Ala. State Artillery
W. B. Smith	1st Ala. State Artillery
Jackson Turner	1st Ala. State Artillery

These names of Alabama troops were copied from a register kept near the grave yard, with no intention of having them published, or the names of those from the other Southern States would have been taken also.







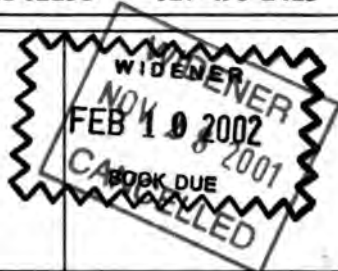


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